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THE NEW YORKER

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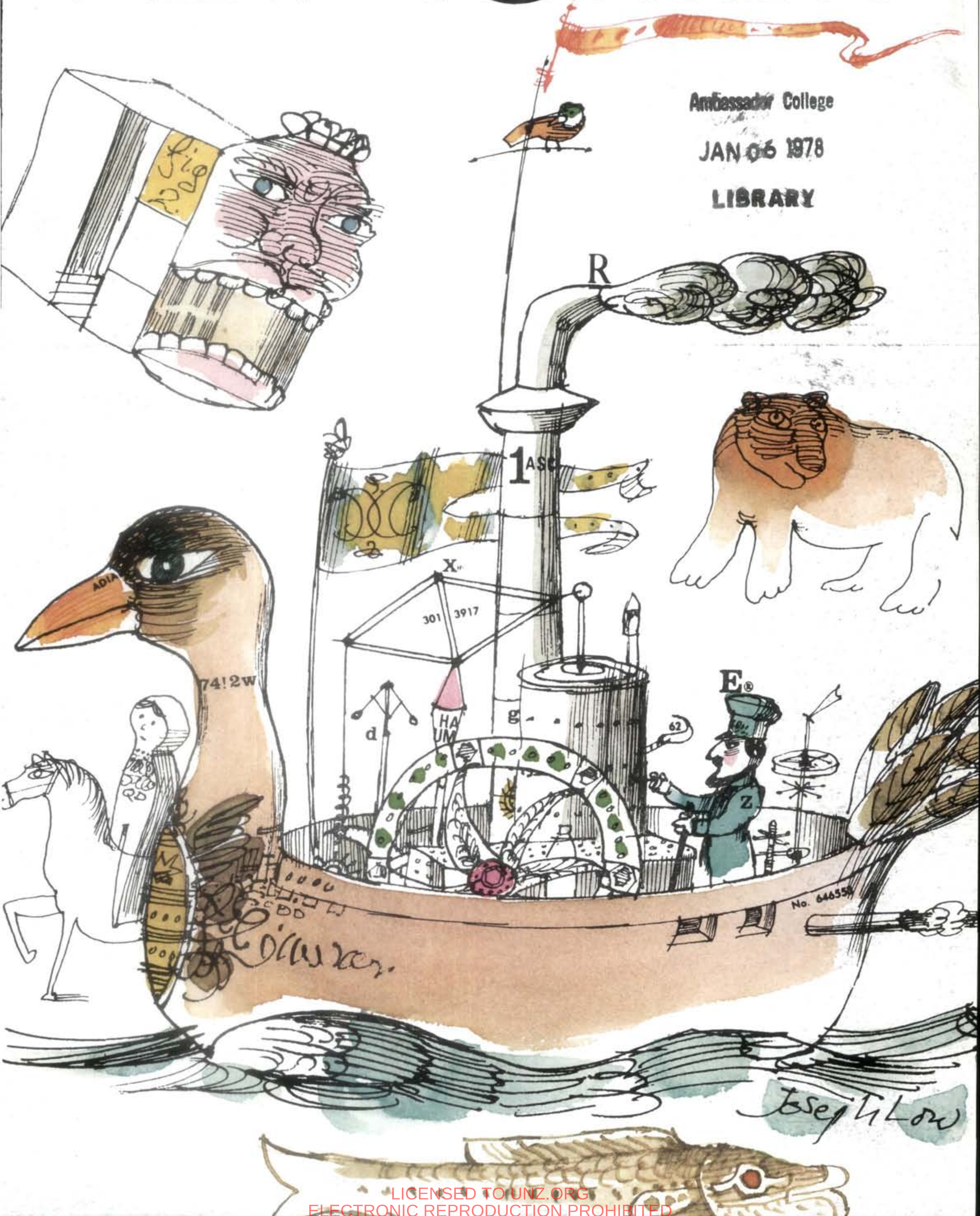
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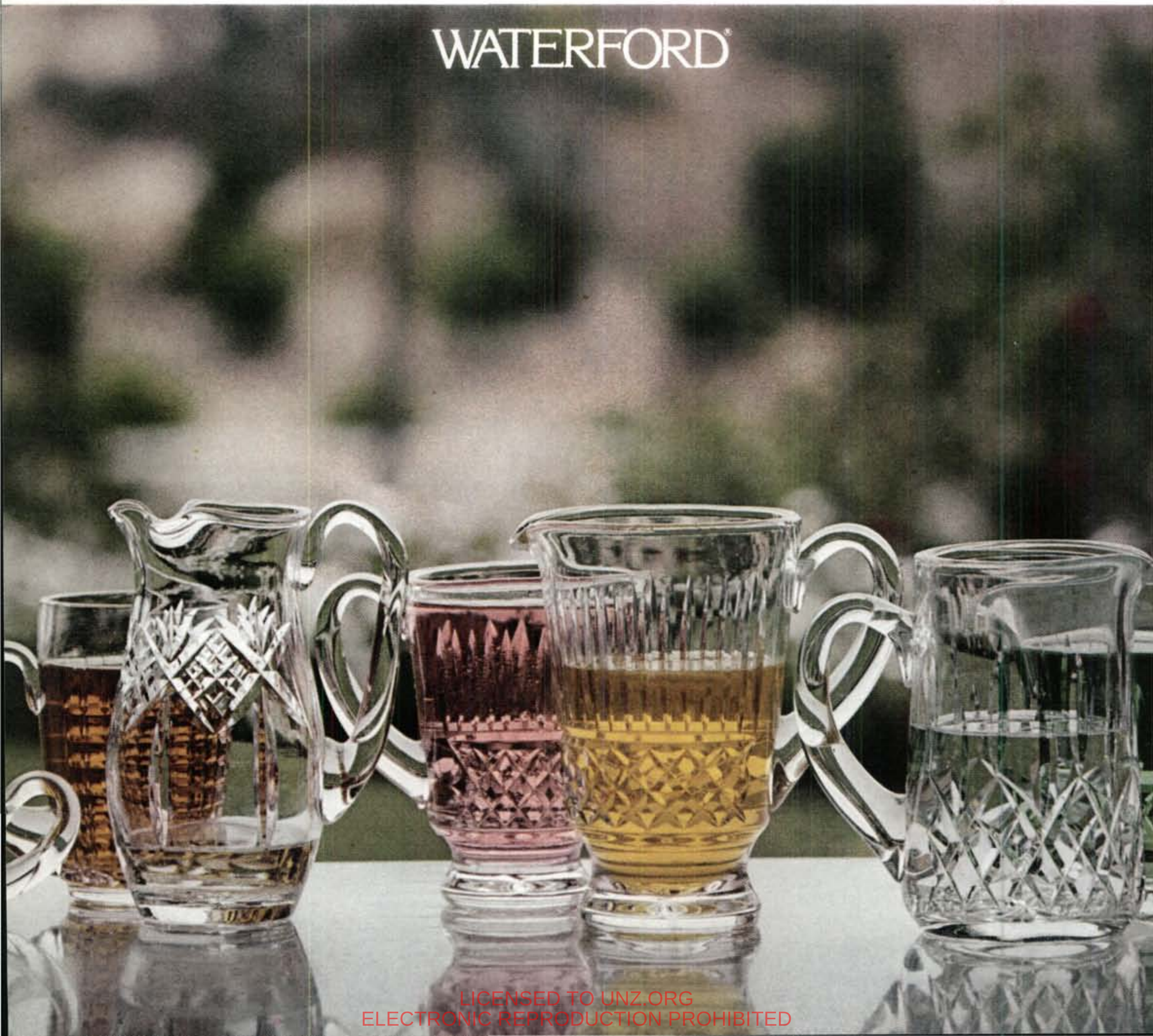

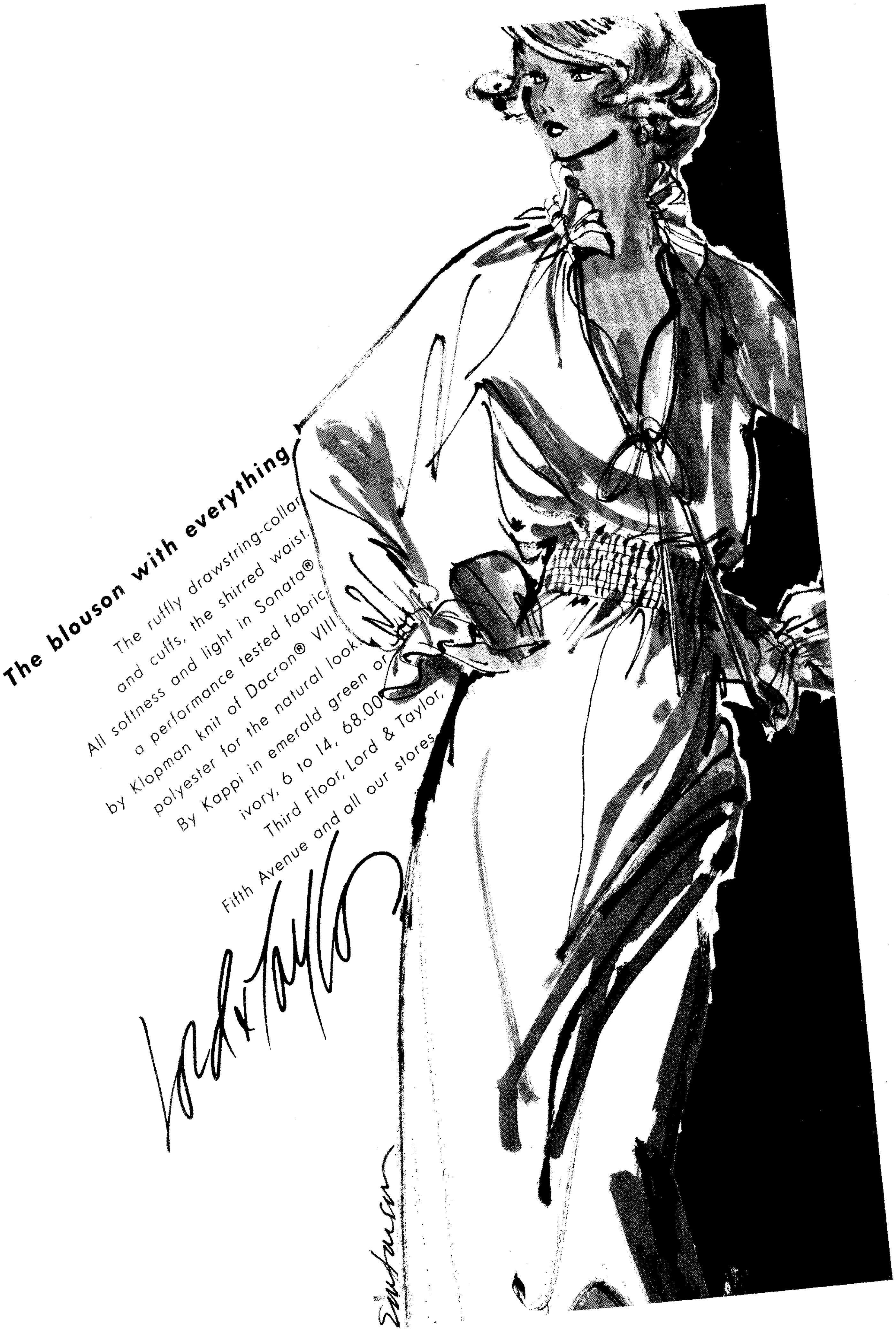

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

Annie—A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks, both altered for the purposes of an amusing book by Thomas Meehan. Dorothy Loudon is marvellous as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—Al Pacino pours his superb talent and energy into the role of the hapless Hummel and gives his miserable end an unexpected dignity. A model production of the David Rabe play about Vietnam. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Closes Saturday, Sept. 3.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Grand Kabuki—A company of more than sixty male actors, dancers, and musicians from Tokyo in the opening performances of an eleven-day engagement of YOSHITSUNE SENBON ZAKURA and KUROZUKA that will end on Sunday, Sept. 18. Simultaneous-translation sets will be available. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 31-Sept. 2, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 3-4, at 2 and 7:30.)

I Love My Wife—A musical that affects an unconvincing raunchiness. Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—A flabby production of Oscar Wilde's sparkling comedy, but with good performances by Mary Louise Wilson, Patricia Conolly, and Munson Hicks. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 28.)

The King and I—An irresistibly tuneful Rodgers and Hammerstein show, all the more pleasing for being somewhat old-fashioned. Yul Brynner is its superb star. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Miss Margarida's Way—Estelle Parsons is very funny as a mad, despotic schoolteacher in what is virtually a one-woman show, by the Brazilian dramatist Roberto Athayde. Miss Margarida, who embodies every conceivable aspect of tyranny over her helpless pupils (and every conceivable aspect of lunacy as well), is more entertaining than most benign rulers, as presented with relish and skill by Miss Parsons. But the play, clever as it is, is far too long. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4.)

Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Otherwise Engaged—Simon Gray's harsh but extremely funny account of a London publisher who seeks to keep life at arm's length. Life, as usual, has different ideas. Dick Cavett (Steven Sutherland fills in for him on Wednesday afternoons) stars, and the director is Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sepia Star—A musical with a book by Ed Bullins and music by Mildred Kayden. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 490-0077. Thursday through Sunday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 4. Closes Sunday, Aug. 28.)

The Shadow Box—Hard to believe, but this play by Michael Cristofer, whose subject is death, is a highly affirmative and sometimes comic affair, well acted by, among others, Josef Sommer, Gwyda DonHowe, Sloane Shelton, and Maria Tucci. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Side by Side by Sondheim—An evening of delectable songs by the cleverest (and sometimes the most touching) of contemporary popular composers. The performers are modest and charming, as well as talented. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sly Fox—Larry Gelbart has transmogrified Ben Jonson's "Volpone," with hilarious results. The cast includes Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, James Gallery, and John Heffernan. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Unsung Cole—And quite a lot of sung Porter, too, as presented by a young quintet (2 m., 3 f.), with results that are in-and-out good but always agreeable. Among the unsungs is a beautiful number, "If Ever Married I'm," excised from "Kiss Me, Kate," and it is very well done here by Maureen Moore. The other singers, all of them promising and attractive, are Gene Lindsey, Mary Louise, Margery Cohen, and John Sloman. The program was conceived and directed by Norman L. Berman. Costumes by Carol Oditz. Lighting by Arden Fingerhut. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave., S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Vinnette Carroll's singing-and-dancing redaction of the Book of Matthew. An exhilarating occasion. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Long Runs—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St.

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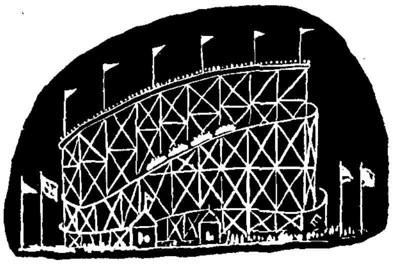
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **CHICAGO:** An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with a stunning performance by Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Aug. 27.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE CLUB:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **EQUUS:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Leonard Nimoy, Ralph Seymour, and Page Johnson. The director is John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,217 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Hope Lange and Don Murray. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A one-ring tent circus, sponsored by the New York School for Circus Arts. Comedy jugglers, acrobats, clowns, trapeze artists, and gymnasts. (Battery Park Landfill City. Wednesdays at 10:15 and 1:15; Thursdays through Saturdays at 1 and 7:30; and Sundays at 4. For information about tickets, call 586-3581.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Many of the best contemporary post-hard-bop and new-jazz musicians are booked into these quarters by its sympathetic proprietor, drummer Rashied Ali. Trombonist Marty Cook heads up an ensemble through Saturday, Aug. 27; on Tuesday, Aug. 30, a quintet directed by tenor saxophonist Roland Alexander will claim the hexagonal bandstand. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

AXIS IN SOHO, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—Jazz and organic apple juice. Drummer **ROY HAYNES** takes his quintet, the Hip Ensemble, through some familiar, and still moving, material on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 26-27. Saxophonist and composer **JIMMY GIUFFRE** will work with guitarist Bill Conners on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 2-3. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A long, narrow, very white room—white walls, white tables, and white chairs—with a self-conscious portrait of the club interior hanging near the stage. Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein wind up two weeks of tributes to Brecht and Weill on Saturday, Aug. 27. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 30, **AL CARMINES,** the composer of numerous Judson Memorial Church and Off Broadway productions, will sing in his pleasing, modest baritone and accompany himself on piano. His songs, simple and sentimental as many of them tend to be, are altogether charming, uplifting, and quite hummable. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Fridays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—This enlightened branch of a thirty-eight-part restaurant chain brings in a variety of jazz players to perform in its cocktail lounge. Right now (through Saturday, Aug. 27), it's **ROLAND HANNA,** a fireball pianist, who hunches over the keyboard, digs into the keys, and coerces the music out. On Wednesday, Aug. 31, singer, pianist, and composer **ANDY BEY** will come in with a few musical colleagues. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Flutist **JEREMY STEIG** trades sets with the **LARRY CORYELL-ALPHONSE MOUZON** band Friday through Sunday, Aug. 26-28; Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, have been reserved for rhythm-and-blues guitarist John Tropea and his band, along with comedian Richard Belzer; and Friday through Sunday, Sept. 2-4, percussionist **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and his group will be onstage. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner. Closed Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 24-25.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with dark pine panelling, patrons who like to talk, and good musicians, mostly pianists and their bassists, who don't seem to mind playing through the talking. **JOHN BUNCH** and **MICHAEL MOORE** are here until Friday, Aug. 26; **DON FRIEDMAN** and **FRANK LUTHER** will take over beginning Monday, Aug. 29. Music weeknights from ten. The Sunday chores are handled by **BARRY HARRIS** and his aides, from nine-thirty. Dinner.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Relatively subdued in the summer, while Bobby Short and his cohorts are away. **GEORGE SHEARING** holds down the piano through Friday, Aug. 26, and then, on Monday, Aug. 29, Hazel Scott will take her seat on the stage for a three-week stint. Mondays through Fridays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dinner and supper.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This mid-sixties-seedy, neo-Bowery bar presents mostly local, primitive rock bands. Talking Heads, a quartet, whose members met at the Rhode Island School of Design, offers its brand of art rock—offbeat, repetitive, harpsichordlike harmonies; simple, limited rhythms; and near-falsetto, chantlike vocals. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 25-27. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**GRETCHEN CRYER** and **NANCY FORD,** who write and sing songs about women and womanhood, alternate with pianist Jerry Wiggins through Saturday, Aug. 27; on Monday, Aug. 29, the wonderful **HELEN HUMES** will return to do delicate ballads and authoritative blues to the accompaniment of Mr. Wiggins. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** performs on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. They're here Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. On Tuesday, Aug. 30, trumpeter **JIMMY MAXWELL** will sit in with the regulars. On Sundays, **SCOTT HAMILTON,** a very young swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, is in charge of a quintet from eight-thirty; on Aug. 28, tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** will be the guest performer. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music: Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, **AL HAIG,** one of the first and best bop pianists, goes to town with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser. Wednesdays through Saturdays, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** holds down the fort while his senior partners, Sonny Greer and Russell Procope, take time off; singer Alicia Sherman and a bassist work with O'Brien from ten to three (Chuck Wayne will join them Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 3), and the trio spends most of Sunday here, too, playing from seven to three. Weeknights from five to ten, trumpeter Gene Roland, guitarist Sam Brown, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Billy Daniels, who has not dropped "That Old Black Magic" from his repertory,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is ensconced here for two weeks. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one o'clock. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer Irene Kral works with drummer Jackie Williams, bassist Milt Hinton, and pianist and ex-Woody Herman arranger Alan Broadbent through Saturday, Aug. 27. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups—aspiring and established ones—gather here. Music from about ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The **PERSUASIONS** sing remarkable street-corner-a-cappella interpretations of soul and gospel music through Saturday, Aug. 27. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Lots of tourists and a few sagacious natives populate Art Deco-land. Lee Castle and the Jimmy Dorsey orchestra play music for listening, dancing, or just gaping out the windows Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Judith Cohen, a short, wiry-haired, frenetic, and generally outrageous singer, appears before her devoted admirers through Sunday, Aug. 28. She is followed by five singers and a comedian: Marsha Malamet, on Monday, Aug. 29; Kim Carlson, on Tuesday, Aug. 30; Craig Vandenburgh, on Wednesday, Aug. 31; Joseph Costick, on Thursday, Sept. 1; and on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 2-3, Barbara Soehner and Tim Cahill (he's the comedian). Shows at ten most nights, except Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A big, warm, informal belowstairs room. **BILLY HARPER**, a young, heavily Coltrane-influenced tenor saxophonist, finishes up with his sextet on Saturday, Aug. 27. Tuesdays through Saturdays from about ten. Snacks. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Altoist **LEE KONITZ**, always worth hearing, fronts a nonet on Tuesdays and a trio on Thursday, Aug. 25; on Wednesdays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** drops by with a quartet that features trumpeter Warren Vaché; and on Fridays, trumpeter **JIMMY MAXWELL** fronts a traditional sextet. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Saturdays through Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Bassist **RON CARTER**, one of the most respected musicians around, soloes on piccolo bass with his wonderful quartet—pianist **KENNY BARRON**, drummer **BEN RILEY**, and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**. Through Saturday, Aug. 27, and it's apt to be crowded. Sunday through Wednesday, Aug. 28-31, pianist Dom Salvadore will bring in a Brazilian-flavored quartet. On Thursday, Sept. 1, trumpeter **WOODY SHAW** will arrive with a quartet. Music from about nine-thirty. Dinner.

Third Phase, 2864 Broadway, at 111th St. (749-0200)—Transplanted (from the West End, up the street) swing music. Trumpeter Franc Williams' quartet performs on Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 24-25; on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 26-27, boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** will head a quartet; on Sunday, Aug. 28, Ram Ramirez will be in charge of a jam session. Music from eight Sundays through Thursdays; from nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Light menu, no liquor.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

Music here, music there, music all over this Village landmark. Daphne **HELLMAN'S ANGELS** (harp, guitar, bass), powered by their nonpareil guitarist, **EDDIE BERG**, play in the bar Tuesdays from nine-thirty to midnight. At the Top of the Gate, bassist **CHARLES MINGUS** leads his quintet through Sunday, Aug. 28. On Tuesday, Aug. 30, the master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE**, will bring in his quintet. Music from ten. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A noble, if smoke-filled, institution. **SONNY FORTUNE**, the driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist who can make one grateful for the development of long, extended solos, heads his quintet through Saturday, Aug. 27. On Monday, Aug. 29, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** big band, another institution, will return to this its home base (it has been on tour for most of the summer), and blast forth for a week. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The soul-food craze is still going strong in this popular, out-of-the-way bar and restaurant. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith, who usually wears a floppy felt hat, is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays, pianist Harris Simon works with a bassist. Music from eight to two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Four-string guitarist **TINY GRIMES** leads a trio on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. The rest of the week is allotted to fledgling and more experienced musicians. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty, except Mondays. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

The Dictators, AC/DC, and Michael Stanley Band—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday, Aug. 24, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Peter Frampton—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Aug. 24, at 8.

Clifford Jordan Quintet—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Saturday, Aug. 27, from 2 to 5.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

George Rickey—Eight stainless-steel kinetic sculptures, the largest thirty-five feet high. Through Sept. 24. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Frankenthaler, Caro, Kline, and others. Through Sept. 6. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Unknown artists can show their works to professional curators three times a week here. The current exhibit is a selection of drawings inspected last winter. Through Saturday, Aug. 27. (Open Wednesday evenings until 9.). . . **DROLL-KOLBERT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Susan Crile, Charles Fahlen, and Pat Steir are three of the artists participating in a show of paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Through Friday, Sept. 2. (Closed Mondays.). . . **UNITED STATES COURT HOUSE**, 40 Centre St., on Foley Square: Forty-three members of the Organization of Independent Artists are displaying their works in the lobby of the Federal Courthouse and in the lunchroom on the fifth floor. Nearly all the works are wholly abstract. Through Sept. 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5:30.) . . . **WAUTERS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Eighty-two drawings from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries which afford some interesting contrasts—Delacroix nudes with one of Tom Wesselmann's, for instance. Through Sept. 17. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows of gallery artists, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway. . . . **GENESIS**, 41 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.). . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.

U.S. Custom House, Bowling Green at the foot of Broadway—An ongoing free exhibition of performing and visual arts. Among the works on view are ten upright prisms, nine feet tall, by Charles Ross, which cast rainbows of light into odd corners of the fine old structure; a series of plaster figures by Carol Parker; and drawings by Mimi Gross Grooms. . . . ¶ Musical and/or dancing groups perform Wednesdays at 12:30 and Sundays at 3. Through Sept. 11. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Chauncey Hare—A show of interiors of homes and other spaces has been mounted by the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Clarence H. White (1871-1925)—Close to a hundred works by a founding member of the Photo-Secession. Through Sept. 11. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; closed Mondays.)

Impressions of Cuba—In March, seven photographers from the United States spent three weeks photographing the island from end to end, and this exhibit consists of a hundred and fifty of their works. Through Wednesday, Aug. 31. (Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Thracian Treasures from Bulgaria" is an exhibition of exactly that, often wrought out of silver and gold. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers. Also works by other artists (Ingres, Delacroix, Renoir, Hokusai) which are said to have influenced Degas. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Paintings and graphics by Childe Hassam. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. Through Tuesday, Aug. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Prints and books published by the Paris art merchant Ambroise Vollard (1867-1939), who printed editions of, among others, Braque, Toulouse-Lautrec, Cézanne, and Picasso. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Book jackets, posters, magazine covers, and such, juxtaposed with architectural models, furniture, decorations—all produced in Holland, Germany, and the Soviet

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Union between 1920 and 1940—in a show that underscores the relationship between graphics and other art forms. Through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Recently acquired drawings by women artists, among them Mary Petty, Alexandra Exter, and Lee Krasner. Through Sept. 20. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Chauncey Hare. Through Oct. 23. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts of experimental music Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of sixty-seven Paul Klee works executed between 1895 and 1940. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ The paintings and sculptures of forty modern European artists in a show that observes the museum's fortieth year. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings dating from the fifties to the present by Americans Jim Dine, Jo Baer, Raymond Parker, and others. Through Sept. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The years 1890 to 1910 are covered in an exhibit of nearly three hundred paintings, graphics, and photographs by Thomas Eakins, Mary Cassatt, Charles Dana Gibson, Gertrude Käsebier, and others. Through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ An exhibit of works of twentieth-century artists—Burchfield, Calder, Christo, Johns among them—from collections owned by Friends of the Whitney. Through Sept. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 9, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ Wednesday evenings, from 6:20 to 9, the Mostly Mozart Trio performs classical, jazz, and popular music in the sculpture garden.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Two Centuries of Black American Art" includes paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, crafts, and decorative objects, dating from 1750 to 1950, by such artists as Joshua Johnston, Horace Pippin, Palmer Hayden, Alma Thomas, and Romare Bearden. Through Sept. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—More than a hundred cone shells and cowrie shells collected from tropical waters and displayed in mirrored cases. Through Wednesday, Aug. 31. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of sixteen large wooden models, built to scale, of villas, palaces, and churches designed in the sixteenth century by Andrea Palladio. In addition, photographs of the buildings as they appear today. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the prominent American sculptor Chaim Gross includes as well drawings, watercolors, prints, and tapestries. Through Oct. 24. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive exhibit of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century folk-art objects (frakturs, rugs, furniture, paintings, weathervanes, pottery) assembled from the collections of the museum's members. Through Saturday, Sept. 3. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, works on paper, and poetry are displayed jointly in a big show murkily entitled "The Object as Poet." It is intended to celebrate the interaction between a poet's work and a craftsman's work; in some cases the interaction is direct collaboration (Howard Moss and Cletus Johnson), and in others it is more tenuous, or even a one-man operation (Saul Steinberg, Margaret Israel, Betye Saar). Through Sept. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Diaries kept by writers (Virginia Woolf, Sean O'Casey, Herman Melville, and William Inge among them) from the seventeenth century on make up the latest show from the Berg Collection. Through Sept. 16. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 13—Wednesday evening, Aug. 31: "Mefistofele," with Johanna Meier, Samuel Ramey, and Ermanno Mauro; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 1: "Turandot," with Nancy Tatum, Catherine Malfitano, Kenneth Collins, and Richard T. Gill; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 2: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Johanna Meier, Henry Price, Charles Roe, David Holloway, David Rae Smith, Richard McKee, and Coley Worth; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 3: "La Traviata," with Mariana Niculescu, Jack Trussel, and Richard Fredricks; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 3: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Maralin Niska, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and William Justus; and "Pagliacci," with Diana Soviero, Herman Malamood, Pablo Elvira, and Charles Roe. Cal Stewart Kellogg conducting both. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC CELEBRATION OF BLACK COMPOSERS—A series of three orchestral concerts and two free recitals devoted to music spanning two centuries. **AVERY FISHER HALL.** Tuesday, Aug. 30, at 8:30: Paul Freeman directing, with Aaron Rosand, violin; Faye Robinson, soprano; Hilda Harris, mezzo-soprano; William Brown, tenor; Benjamin Matthews, bass; and the Morgan State University Chorus. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 1, at 8:30: Paul Freeman conducting, with Sanford Allen, violin, and Natalie Hinderas, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 2, at 8:30: Leon Thompson conducting, with Irene Oliver, soprano, and Eugene Moye, cello. . . . **NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER.** Monday, Aug. 29, at 8:30: A piano recital by Leon Bates. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 31, at 8:30: Art songs sung by the Misses Robinson and Harris; Mr. Brown; and Willis Patterson, bass. (111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Tickets at the door on the nights of the recitals.)

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 24: Mario Bernardi conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 25: Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, and Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano, with Beverly Lauridsen, cello. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 26-27: Mr. Rampal conducting the orchestra and acting as soloist in an all-Mozart program, with Mr. Pommier. (Avery Fisher Hall.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 26, at 7: A recital by Janos Starker, cello, and Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 26, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony, with Claudio Arrau, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 27, at 8:30: Joseph Silverstein conducting, with Mr. Starker. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 28, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of Mahler's Third Symphony, with Birgit Finnila, contralto; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 2, at 7: Jackson Browne. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 4, at 2: Emmylou Harris, Randy Newman, Jesse Winchester, and the Pousette-Dart Band. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Aug. 24, at 8:15: Gunther Schuller conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra in a program of ragtime, marches, and other American music;

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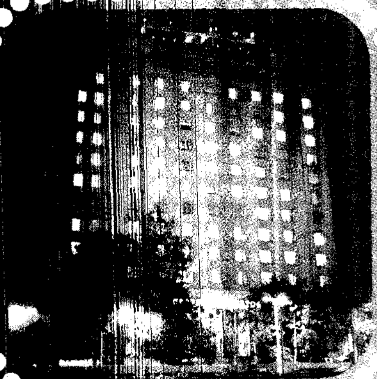

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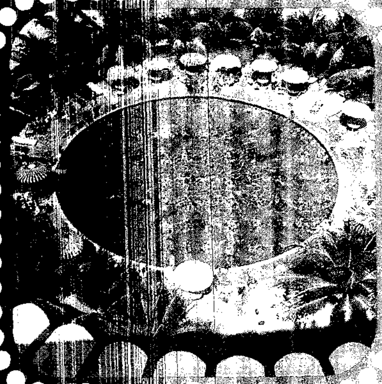

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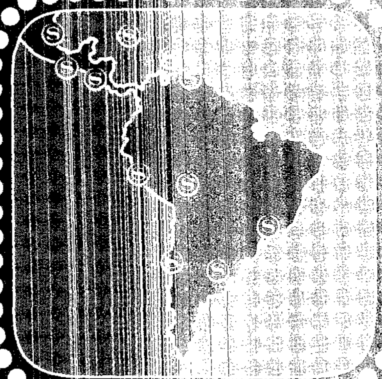

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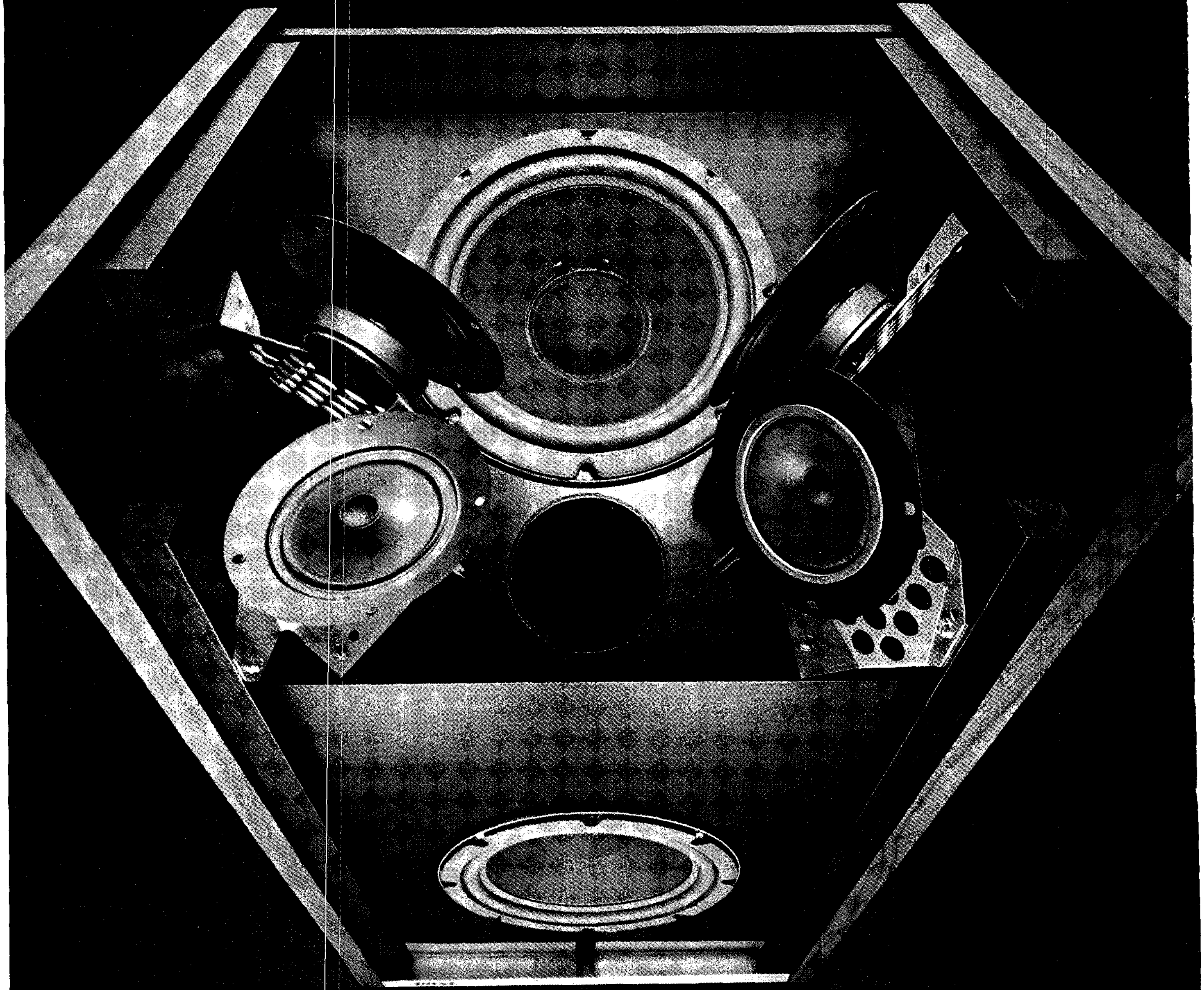

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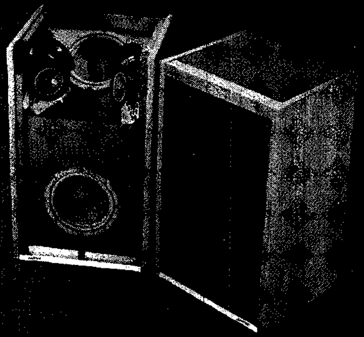

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 25, at 8:15: Robert Irving conducting the orchestra, with Suzanne Farrell and Peter Martins, soloists from the New York City Ballet. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 26, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Horacio Gutierrez, piano; Frank Kadarabek, trumpet; and Alan Wagner, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 27, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting the final concert by the orchestra, with Pavel Kogan, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 28, at 8:15: Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 29, at 7: Sha Na Na. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 30, at 7: Leo Sayre with Melissa Manchester. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 31, at 7: The Beach Boys. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 1, at 7: Jackson Browne. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 2, at 7: The Marshall Tucker Band with Sea Level. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 3, at 7: Emmylou Harris and Willie Nelson. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 27: Joyce Cuoco and Youri Vamos, the Contemporary Dancers of Winnipeg, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, Sept. 2-4: The Hartford Ballet Company. (Lee, Mass. Wednesday, Aug. 24, at 8:40; Thursday, Aug. 25, at 3; Friday, Aug. 26, at 8:40; Saturday, Aug. 27, at 3 and 8:40; Friday, Sept. 2, at 8:40; and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 3-4, at 3 and 8:40. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL—Final performances of a week's engagement in Newport. Wednesday, Aug. 24, at 8: Annabelle Gamson. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 25, at 8: Carmen de Lavallade. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 26-27, at 8: Pilobolus Dance Theatre. (Rogers High School Auditorium, Wykeham Rd., Newport, R.I.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 24-25, at 8. . . . ¶ Texas, Friday, Aug. 26, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 27-28, at 2. . . . ¶ Kansas City, Monday, Aug. 29, at 2. . . . ¶ Seattle, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 30-31, at 8. . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Atlanta, Friday, Sept. 2, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Sept. 3, at 2:05.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Penn State vs. Rutgers. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J. Friday, Sept. 2, at 8:30.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Buffalo Bills, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J. Monday, Aug. 29, at 8.)

GOLF—Walker Cup Matches. (Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, Southampton. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 26-27.)

RACING—At SARATOGA: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 27. The Seneca Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 24; the Spinaway, Friday, Aug. 26; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 27. . . . BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Aug. 29, through Saturday, Oct. 15. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Monday, Aug. 29, and the Gazelle Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 3. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, Sept. 5. The Choice Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 27. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 12:05.). . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:45; through Monday, Sept. 5. The World's Playground, Saturday, Sept. 3.

SOCCER—Cosmos vs. Rochester, in the second game in the North American Soccer League's semifinal playoff series. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J. Wednesday, Aug. 24, at 8:05. For information about tickets, call 484-6010.)

TENNIS—Lionel Tennis Week: Guillermo Vilas, Ilie Nastase, Matt Mitchell, and five others, in round-robin play. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday, Aug. 25, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 26-27, at 1 and 7:30; Sunday, Aug. 28, at 2; and Monday, Aug. 29, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 914 967-3240.). . . ¶ United States Open Tennis Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills Wednesday, Aug. 31, through Thursday, Sept. 8, at 11 and 7:30, and Friday through Sunday, Sept. 9-11, at 11. For information about tickets, call 651-5200.)

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 5. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 19.

YACHTING—America's Cup final trials, American yachts. (Newport. Through Monday, Sept. 5.). . . ¶ Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 24-28.). . . ¶ Australia vs. Sweden in the final elimination series for the right to challenge the United States in the America's Cup races. (Newport. Starting Thursday, Aug. 25.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of a revived production of Andrei Serban's odd but often effective interpretation of AGAMEMNON, the terrifying play by Aeschylus. The second of two Beaumont Theatre productions being presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 28. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NEW YORK DANCE FESTIVAL—The first two in a series of twelve free performances will be presented by the Joyce Trisler Danscompany, Joan Lombardi and Dancers, the San Francisco Ballet, Saeko Ichinohe and Company, and Tina Ramirez's Ballet Hispanico of New York. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 2-3, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

LINCOLN CENTER OUT-OF-DOORS—A three-week festival of dance, chamber music, cabaret, country music, jazz, and street theatre. LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA: Wednesday, Aug. 24, the Dreamstuff Company's "Peter Pan" (for children) at 11, St. John's Street Theatre Company at 2:30, and the Garden Variety Mime Theatre at 5. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 25, Charles Rouse's quartet at noon. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 26. INTAR (in Spanish, for children) at 11, the Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre at 2:30, and the Judith Scott Dance Theatre at 5. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 27, exotic dancer Morocco and storyteller Theresa Moore at noon, the Richard Morse Mime Theatre at 2:30, and the International Afrikan-American Ballet at 5. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 28, Morocco and Theresa Moore at noon, Elmira Teen Family at 2:30, and Everyman Company of Brooklyn at 5. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 29, Jimmy Owens' quartet at noon, Charles Moore's Dancers and Drummers of Africa at 2:30, and the New York Street Theatre Caravan at 5. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 30, Archaesus Productions (for children) at 11, the Chinese American Arts Council at 2:30, and the Medicine Show Theatre Ensemble at 5. . . . DAMROSCH PARK: Wednesday, Aug. 24, at 8:15, Friends of Country Music Concert. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 25, at 8:15, Paschal Guzmán/Downtown Ballet, with Piri Thomas, narrator. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 27, at 8:15, the Chuck Davis Dance Company. . . . ¶ Monday through Saturday, Aug. 29-Sept. 3, at 8, Bahamian singer Exuma in a musical entitled "Junkanoo Drums."

WOLLMAN RINK—The final performances in the Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival. Wednesday, Aug. 24: Chuck Mangione with the Chuck Mangione Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 26: Melanie. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 27: Leo Sayer and Cathy Chamberlain. (Evenings at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of FINIAN'S RAINBOW, with Beth Fowler and Christopher Hewett. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 4. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

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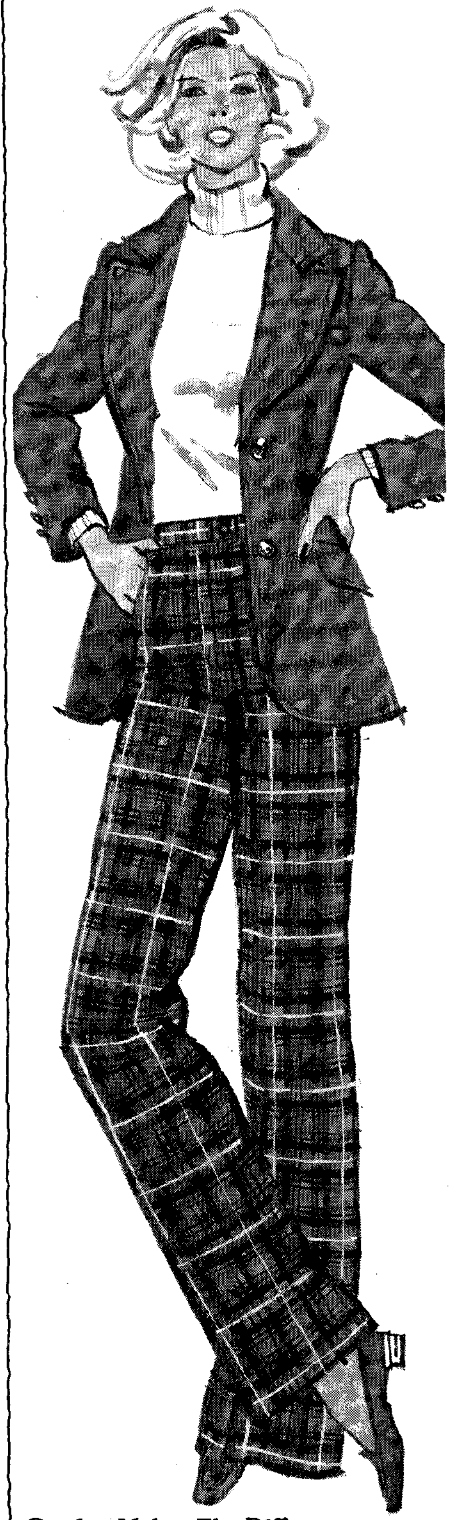

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Beauty Salon
CANDY
SODA

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 30: "In the Realm of the Senses."
From Aug. 31: To be announced.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Aug. 30: "Orca" and "Lifeguard."
From Aug. 31: "New York, New York" and "Where's Poppa?"

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 30: "The Deep."
From Aug. 31: "3 Women."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Star Wars."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Kentucky Fried Movie."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Last Remake of Beau Geste."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Sandakan 8."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"In the Realm of the Senses."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pardon Mon Affaire."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Other Side of Midnight."

59TH ST. EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Fantastic Animation Festival."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"I Never Promised You a Rose Garden."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Outrageous."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"La Grande Bourgeoise."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The First Nudie Musical."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"One on One."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 30: "Orca."
From Aug. 31: "New York, New York."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"New York, New York."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Kentucky Fried Movie."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Wars."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Aug. 30: "Cinderella" and "The Boatniks."
From Aug. 31: "The Rescuers" and "Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Aug. 30: "Ruby."
From Aug. 31: "Walking Tall, Final Chapter."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Aug. 30: "Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger."
From Aug. 31: "You Light Up My Life."

RENOIR CINEMA, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Aug. 24: "Illusion Travels by Streetcar."
From Aug. 25: "Death in the Garden."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Fantastic Animation Festival."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"A Bridge Too Far."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "One on One."
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 30: "Cinderella" and "The Boatniks." From Aug. 31: "The Rescuers" and "Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo."
Theatre 3: "The Kentucky Fried Movie."
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 30: "New York, New York." Aug. 31: "A Night at the Opera" and "A Day at the Races." Sept. 1: "A Day at the Races" and "Go West."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"MacArthur."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 30: "Orca."
From Aug. 31: To be announced.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Sensual Man."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Black and White in Color."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Cría!"

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Fantastic Animation Festival."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Aug. 30: "Stroszek."
From Aug. 31: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Aug. 30: "Man on the Roof."
From Aug. 31 (tentative): "New York, New York."

LOEWS 83RD TRIPLEX, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "A Bridge Too Far."
Theatre 2: "Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger."
Theatre 3: "The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Chac."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 30: "Orca" and "Lifeguard."
From Aug. 31: "The Rescuers" and "Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through Aug. 25: "Repulsion" (1965), directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve; and "The Tenant" (1976), directed by, and with, Roman Polanski.
April 26-27: "Animal Crackers" (1930) and "Horsefeathers" (1932), both with the Marx Brothers.
Aug. 28-29: "The Long Goodbye" (1973), directed by Robert Altman, with Elliott Gould, Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell; and "Nickelodeon." (†)
Aug. 30: "Les Enfants Terribles" (1950; "The Strange Ones"), in French, directed by Jean-Pierre Melville, with Nicole Stéphane, Edouard Dermithe, Renée Cosima, and Jacques Bernard; and "Testament of Orpheus" (1962), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau.
Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Notorious" (†) and "Rebecca." (†)

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 24: "Mickey" (1916), directed by Mack Sennett, with Mabel Normand; and "Down Memory Lane" (1949), an anthology of comedy films.
Aug. 25: "Girl Shy" (1924), directed by Fred Newmeyer, with Harold Lloyd; and "City Lights" (1931), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.
Aug. 26: "The Big Sleep" (1946), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers; and "High Sierra" (1941), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Humphrey Bogart, Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie, and Arthur Kennedy.
Aug. 27: "Holiday" (†) and "My Man Godfrey." (†)
Aug. 28: "Carousel" (1956), directed by Henry King, with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones; and "The King and I" (1956), directed by Walter Lang, with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner.
Aug. 29: "The Sorrow and the Pity" (1970), directed by Marcel Ophuls, a documentary on the German Occupation of France.
Aug. 30: "Irma la Douce" (†) and "Kiss Me, Stupid." (†)
Aug. 31: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara, with Eiji Okada; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour." (†)
Sept. 1: "Seven Chances" (1925), directed by, and with, Buster Keaton; and "Long Pants" (1927), directed by Frank Capra, with Harry Langdon.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 25: "End of the Road" (1970), directed by Aram Avakian, with Stacy Keach, Dorothy Tristan, Harris Yullin, and James Earl Jones; and "Marat/Sade" (1967), directed by Peter Brook, performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company.
Aug. 26-27: "A Star Is Born" (1937), directed by William Wellman, with Janet Gaynor and Fredric March; and "A Star Is Born" (1976), directed by Frank Pierson, with Barbra Streisand and Kris Kristofferson.
Aug. 28-29: "A Thousand Clowns" (†); and "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.
Aug. 30: "That'll Be the Day" (1974), directed by Claude Whatham, with David Essex and Ringo Starr; and "Stardust." (†)
Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Gilda" (†) and "Cover Girl." (†)

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Aug. 24: "Jailhouse Rock" (1957), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Elvis Presley; and "Elvis: That's the Way It Is" (1970), directed by Dennis Sanders, films of performances in Las Vegas.
Aug. 25-27: "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" (1954), directed by Stanley Donen, with Jane Powell and Howard Keel; and "The Harvey Girls" (1946), directed by George Sidney, with Judy Garland, John Hodiak, Angela Lansbury, and Ray Bolger.
Aug. 28-30: "It's Always Fair Weather" (†) and "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." (†)
From Aug. 31: "Ninotchka" (†) and "The Philadelphia Story." (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Aug. 25: "The Medium" (1951), directed by Gian-Carlo Menotti, with Marie Powers, Leo Coleman, and Anna Maria Alberghetti; and "First Position" (1973), directed by William Richert.
Aug. 26-27: "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Smile." (†)
Aug. 28-30: "Long Day's Journey Into Night." (†)
Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "The Mystery of Kaspar

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Hauser" (1975; "Every Man for Himself and God Against All"), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Bruno S.; and "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 24: "Together Again" (†) and "Over 21." (†)

Aug. 25: "Playboy of Paris" (†) and "The Rage of Paris." (†)

Aug. 26-27: "The Lady Eve" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, Charles Coburn, and Eugene Pallette; and "Sullivan's Travels" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea.

Aug. 28-29: "Craig's Wife" (1936), directed by Dorothy Arzner, with Rosalind Russell and John Boles; and "First Comes Courage" (1943), directed by Dorothy Arzner, with Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne.

Aug. 30: "Love Me Tonight" (†) and "Applause." (†)

Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "The Invisible Man" (†) and "The Invisible Man Returns." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 25 at 2:30: "Night World" (1932), directed by Hobart Henley, with Lew Ayres and Boris Karloff. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 6: "Bad Sister" (1931), directed by Hobart Henley, with Conrad Nagel and Bette Davis. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 8:30: "The Tower of London" (1939), directed by Rowland V. Lee, with Basil Rathbone, Boris Karloff, and Vincent Price. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 2:30: "The Ghost of Frankenstein" (1942), directed by Erle C. Kenton, with Lon Chaney, Jr., and Evelyn Ankers. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 6: "At the Edge of the World" (1927), directed by Karl Grune, with Brigitte Helm and Wilhelm Dieterle; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at noon: "Dracula" (1931), directed by Tod Browning, with Bela Lugosi and David Manners. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 2:30: "Dracula's Daughter" (1936), directed by Lambert Hillyer, with Otto Kruger. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 5: "Dracula" (1931), in Spanish, directed by George Melford; third reel missing. . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at noon: "Frankenstein" (1931), directed by James Whale, with Boris Karloff, Mae Clarke, and Colin Clive. . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 2:30: "The Bride of Frankenstein" (1935), directed by James Whale, with Elsa Lanchester and Boris Karloff. . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 5: "Easter Island" (1934), directed by John Ferno, *French narration, no English titles*; and "Tabu" (1931), directed by F. W. Murnau and Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at noon: "The Hakone Open-Air Museum" (1976); and "Kyoto" (1968), directed by Kon Ichikawa, English commentary. . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 2:30: "Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein" (1948), directed by Charles Barton, with Abbott and Costello, Bela Lugosi, and Lon Chaney, Jr. . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 6: "Son of Frankenstein" (1939), directed by Rowland V. Lee, with Boris Karloff, Basil Rathbone, Bela Lugosi, and Lionel Atwill; and "Son of Dracula" (1943), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Lon Chaney, Jr. . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at noon: "The Hakone Open-Air Museum" and "Kyoto." . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 2:30: "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" (1918), directed by Marshall Neilan, with Mary Pickford. . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 6: "Law and Order" (1932), directed by Edward L. Cahn, with Walter Huston and Andy Devine. . . . ¶ Sept. 1 at 2:30: "The Impatient Maiden" (1932), directed by James Whale, with Lew Ayres, Mae Clarke, and Una Merkel. . . . ¶ Sept. 1 at 6: "Remember Last Night?" (1935), directed by James Whale, with Robert Young and Constance Cummings. . . . ¶ Sept. 1 at 8:30: "One More River" (1934), directed by James Whale, with Diana Wynyard and Colin Clive. (A limited number of tickets are available, but *only to those applying for them in person at* the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AGUIRRE, THE WRATH OF GOD (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadores, in cumbrous armor ill fitted to their trek, start to think themselves living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with delusions of demagogy. In German. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/11/77.) (Cinema Studio; starting Aug. 31.)

APPLAUSE (1929)—Helen Morgan, Joan Peers, Henry Wadsworth, and Dorothy Cumming in a revolutionary talkie about burlesque by Rouben Mamoulian. The talk is trite but the techniques aren't. Made in Paramount's New York studios. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 30.)

THE BAD NEWS BEARS IN BREAKING TRAINING—With William Devane and Clifton James, directed by Michael Pressman. (34th St. East, Trans-Lux East, 86th St. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

BLACK AND WHITE IN COLOR—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud; at first anecdotal, then ironic and sharp and charming. The scene is West Africa in 1915, when the local French and German garrisons learn that they are at war. The hero is a good-looking, decisive French geographer called Hubert (Jacques Spiesser), who turns a tribe into a pukka regiment. In French. (5/23/77) (Paris.)

THE BOATNIKS (1970)—From Disney: Robert Morse, Stefanie Powers, and Phil Silvers in a comedy about the Coast Guard and a trio of crooks. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Quad Cinema; through Aug. 30.)

A BRIDGE TOO FAR—*A film too long. Inaccurate*, to boot. About Arnhem in the Second World War, with a list of stars of whom only Laurence Olivier is worth your ticket money. (6/20/77) (Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

CHAC—A film about the Mayan Indians today, directed by Rolando Klein. In the Tzeltal and Mayan dialects. (New Yorker.)

CINDERELLA (1950)—A full-length Walt Disney animated film. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Quad Cinema; through Aug. 30.)

COVER GIRL (1944)—The plot is a shambles, and there's a prolonged flashback that is almost ruinous, but this big, bright, Technicolor musical from Columbia has a lot to recommend it: Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, Phil Silvers, and songs by Ira Gershwin and Jerome Kern, including "Put Me to the Test," and the slurpy but affecting "Long Ago and Far Away." Kelly and Silvers are a better team than Kelly and Hayworth, though she does look sumptuous, and her big smile could be the emblem of the period. The cast includes Lee Bowman, Otto Kruger, Jinx Falkenburg, and dozens of celebrated models. Charles Vidor directed. (Cinema Village; Aug. 31-Sept. 1.)

CRÍA!—A moving Spanish film, set in Madrid, with Ana Torrent as a nine-year-old called Ana. Her mother and her adult self are both played with great beauty by Geraldine Chap*lin. Carlos Saura directed, and wrote the* screenplay himself. Surrounded by deaths—of her mother, her father (discovered by her in bed with her mother's best friend), her guinea pig—the child has a delicate sense of play; there is a marvellous scene in which she and her sisters dress up and make up and talk as they imagine grownups do when alone together. In Spanish. (6/6/77) (Cinema 3.)

A DAY AT THE RACES (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 31-Sept. 1.)

DEATH IN THE GARDEN (1956)—With Simone Signoret and Georges Marchal, directed by Luis Buñuel. In French. (Renoir Cinema; starting Aug. 25.)

THE DEEP—Don't plunge. From the Peter Benchley novel, with Robert Shaw, Jacqueline Bisset, and Nick Nolte; directed by Peter Yates. (7/4/77) (Gramercy; through Aug. 30.)

FANTASTIC ANIMATION FESTIVAL—A film made up of eighteen award-winning animated short subjects. (D. W. Griffith, 8th St. Playhouse, and Paramount.)

THE FIRST NUDIE MUSICAL—A spoof of low-budget porno films and the musical comedies of the thirties and forties, with Stephen Nathan, Cindy Williams, and Bruce Kimmel; directed by Mr. Kimmel and Mark Haggard. R-rated. (68th St. Playhouse.)

GILDA (1946)—The story is turgid, melodramatic nonsense, but Rita Hayworth is at her most sexy-masochistic, and does that marvellous fully dressed striptease as she sings "Put the Blame on Mame." With Glenn Ford and George Macready. Charles Vidor directed. (Cinema Village; Aug. 31-Sept. 1.)

GO WEST (1941)—The Marx Brothers in what is, arguably, their worst picture; "Love Happy" is possibly even worse. This one—set in the old West—has a good opening sequence and not much else. The cast includes John Carroll, Walter Woolf King, and Iris Adrian; Edward Buzzell directed, and the script can be blamed on Irving Brecher. (Quad Cinema; Sept. 1.)

LA GRANDE BOURGEOISE—A noble, beautiful piece of work by Mauro Bolognini, set in the Italy of 1897. The story has the quality of a fable. The Countess (Catherine Deneuve), daughter of the famed and powerful house of Murri, is married to a boorish doctor but in love with her brother (played by Giancarlo *Giannini). Luck flickers around the appar*ently blessed Murris, children of a great scholar (played by Fernando Rey). The Murris are rich Socialists; they excite the rage and envy of poorer fellow-Socialists and traditional monarchists alike. Bolognini has made an intellectually exquisite film. In French and Italian. (8/8/77) (Beekman.)

HERBIE GOES TO MONTE CARLO—From the Disney studios: the further adventures of Herbie, the self-willed VW beetle. With Dean Jones, Don Knotts, and Julie Sommars; directed by Vincent McEveety. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, and Olympia; starting Aug. 31.)

HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 31.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—In the thirties, Katharine *Hepburn's wit and nonconformity made or*dinary heroines seem mushy, and her angular beauty made the round-faced ingénues look piggy and stupid. Here she is in her archetypal role, as the rich tomboy Linda in Philip Barry's romantic comedy. She had understudied the role in 1928 on Broadway and had used it for her screen test, and she was the moving force behind this graceful film version, which Donald Ogden Stewart tailored for her and which George Cukor directed. In the pivotal role of a man who wants a holiday in order to discover his values, Cary Grant manages to make a likable and plausible character out of a dramatist's stratagem. With Lew Ayres as Linda's brother; Edward Everett Horton and Jean Dixon as her friends; Doris Nolan as her stuffy, patrician sister; and Henry Daniell and Binnie Barnes among her obnoxious relatives. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 27.)

ILLUSION TRAVELS BY STREETCAR (1953)—Directed by Luis Buñuel, in Mexico. In Spanish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Renoir Cinema; Aug. 24.)

I NEVER PROMISED YOU A ROSE GARDEN—Anthony Page treats the topic of a pretty, schizophrenic girl (Kathleen Quinlan) with charity and distress. Bibi Andersson plays—marvellously—the therapist who works with the girl in the frightened margins of her life, which is hedged with demons. The "cure" is not complete, but we were never promised a rose garden. (8/8/77) (Cinema I.)

In the Realm of the Senses—With Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji, directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (Plaza. . . . ¶ Art; through Aug. 30.)

The Invisible Man (1933)—James Whale, the director of "Frankenstein," made this handsomely tricked-up version of H. G. Wells' fantasy, from a well-written adaptation by R. C. Sherriff (and Philip Wylie, though he's not credited); the dialogue is unusually important, since the star (Claude Rains) is disembodied during most of the movie and has to do all his acting with his voice. Rains plays a scientist who experiments with a drug that, while making him invisible, also turns him into a megalomaniac murderer. A little poky but impressively well done, with witty special effects (by John P. Fulton) and traces of the Whale humor that enlivened his "Old Dark House" and "The Bride of Frankenstein." With blond, bosomy Gloria Stuart—a flesh heroine for a fleshless hero—and Dudley Digges, Una O'Connor, William Harrigan, Henry Travers, and E. E. Clive. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 31-Sept. 1.)

The Invisible Man Returns (1940)—Vincent Price and Cedric Hardwicke star in Universal's attempt to repeat the success of James Whale's 1933 picture; Hardwicke is a murderer who contrives that the blame for his crime be put on his victim's brother, and Price is the brother, who escapes from the death cell by means of a chemical that makes him invisible. John P. Fulton is once again in charge of special effects, but this time the director is Joe May, working from a script by Curt Siodmak and Lester Cole. Though the film has its bright moments, and some weird ones, too, the first freshness is gone. Even the effects seem repetitive. With Nan Grey as Price's relentlessly devoted fiancée, and Cecil Kellaway, John Sutton, and Alan Napier. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 31-Sept. 1.)

Irma la Douce (1963)—Abominable, inexplicably popular sex farce, adapted from a stage musical comedy, but with the score omitted. Billy Wilder, the producer-director, and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, hit us over the head with the old rotten jest that prostitution is a petit-bourgeois way of life like any other. Shirley MacLaine and Jack Lemmon, vivid and gifted comics, wrestle painfully with the gross dialogue. Sample: MacLaine, showing Lemmon her attic apartment, explains that it once belonged to an artist who cut off his ear. "Oh," says Lemmon. "Was his name van Gogh?" "No," says MacLaine, "Schwartz." With Lou Jacobi and Herschel Bernardi. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 30.)

It's Always Fair Weather (1955)—Comden and Green's tart followup to "On the Town," with Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey, and Michael Kidd as three buddies who swear eternal friendship at war's end. At their reunion ten years later, they discover they hate each other and themselves, and go looking for the hopes they abandoned. The movie compromises on some of its best ideas, but it's still a topnotch musical, full of exhilarating numbers, most notably Dan Dailey's Chaplinesque satire of "advertising-wise" jargon, brassy Dolores Gray singing "Thanks a Lot but No Thanks," and Cyd Charisse in a song and dance about Stillman's Gym. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed. (Regency; Aug. 28-30.)

The Kentucky Fried Movie—With David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; directed by John Landis. (Eastside Cinema, U. A. East, and Quad Cinema.)

Kiss Me, Stupid (1964)—This Billy Wilder box-office failure isn't more grating than some of his hits—it's just more insecure. Essentially, it's an old-fashioned boulevard farce, but it was generally panned as "coarse and smutty" and "repellent," and it was condemned by the Catholic Legion of Decency (the first such condemnation of a major-studio production since "Baby Doll," in 1956). United Artists, uneasy about public criticism, sent it out under the label of Lopert Pictures, a subsidiary that usually distributed foreign films. Bad luck plagued this marital-mixup comedy from the start: Peter Sellers, who was cast as the central character (a composer stuck teaching piano in the desert town of Climax, Nevada), had a heart attack a few weeks into shooting and was replaced by Ray Walston, who is singularly charmless in the role. The plot has the composer attempting to sell his songs to the lecherous star Dino (Dean Martin), who happens to be passing through town, but he's so fearful that Dino will seduce his wife (Felicia Farr) that he sends her away overnight and brings in the local B-girl, Polly the Pistol (Kim Novak), to pose as his wife. The central miscasting is compounded by the chortling tone, the overemphatic double-ententendres, and the drab look of the film, but there's something going on in it. Maybe because of all the dumb leering, Kim Novak is touching in her dreamy-floozy, Marilyn Monroe-like role. Her clothes are so tight she seems to be wearing her dresses under her skin; she seems exposed, humiliated. Her lostness holds the film together. With Henry Gibson, Cliff Osmond, Alice Pearce, Doro Merande, Barbara Pepper, and Mel Blanc. Script by Wilder and I. A. L. Diamond, based on a play by Anna Bonacci. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 30.)

The Last Remake of Beau Geste—Sir Hector Geste, of Geste Manor, gnashes his teeth when his nice wife bears him a beautiful daughter instead of the son he has pined for. At the Wormwood & Gall Boys Orphanage, he picks out the very lad: strong-jawed, blond, destined to grow up into Michael York, a twin wildly held to be identical to the slithery-eyed boy destined to grow up into Marty Feldman (who wrote and directed this recklessly funny film). Side benefits include a Chinese Legionnaire who sings soppy Irish ballads, some bookish-looking camels, and Peter Ustinov as a leader cheerfully called the Kraut, who has a peg leg, a peg-legged horse, and a peg-legged Teddy bear. (7/25/77) (Sutton.)

Lifeguard (1976)—With Sam Elliott, Anne Archer, and Stephen Young; directed by Daniel Petrie. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Aug. 30.)

Long Day's Journey into Night (1962)—The best film ever made from an O'Neill play, and it's O'Neill's greatest, most exalted play—one that takes an American family to mythic heights. Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell are the quartet. Sidney Lumet directed; Boris Kaufman did the cinematography. (Thalia; Aug. 28-30.)

Love Me Tonight (1932)—Cut-rate Ziegfeld, directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with an expert Rodgers and Hart score. In this one, Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald could be called good only in the most perversely camp way. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 30.)

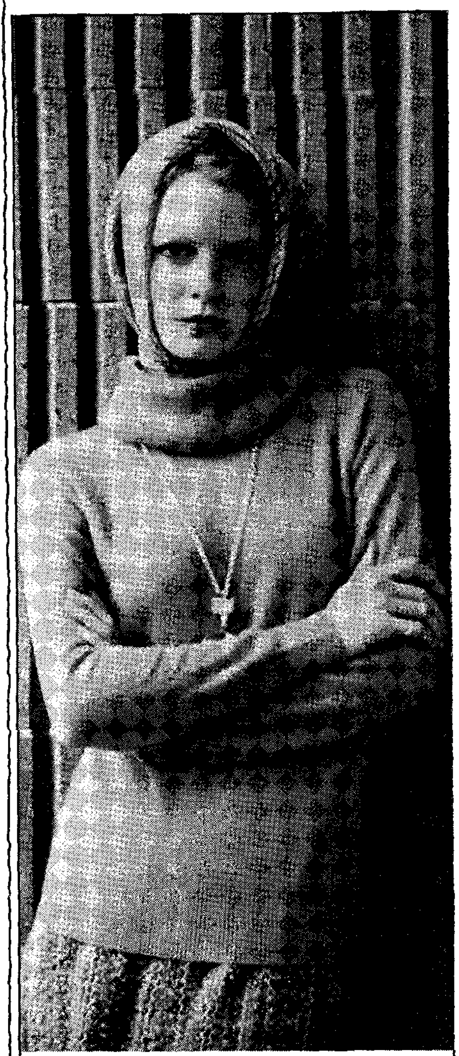
MacArthur—A blockbuster film that is an act of homage to egocentricity and battle hunger. Gregory Peck plays the General perfectly: his skill at reproducing the characteristics of a noisy, obtuse, brave, Red-baiting man makes the actor and subject seem uncannily matched. At West Point, stripped of his command, the General has some moving moments: you feel that without war this authoritarian man is made inert and void. (7/11/77) (Music Hall.)

Man on the Roof—Based on a Maj Sjöwall-Per Wahlöö book. With Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt, directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 30.)

My Man Godfrey (1936)—Carole Lombard shrieking happily as a beautiful rich ninny, and William Powell modulating impeccably as a suave, bitter victim of the Depression, in an entertaining (and hugely successful) screwball comedy with a muddled social conscience. The movie starts out with a promising satiric idea and winds up in box-office romance, but it's too silly and good-natured to be offensive. With Mischa Auer doing a simian imitation to amuse his patron, Alice Brady. Also with Franklin Pangborn, Grady Sutton, Jean Dixon, Gail Patrick, Alan Mowbray, Eugene Pallette, and, in a bit part, Jane Wyman. Gregory La Cava directed, from a screenplay by Eric Hatch and Morrie Ryskind. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 27.)

New York, New York—It begins on V-J Day; Liza Minnelli is a struggling singer, Robert De Niro is a struggling saxophonist, both parts written so as to represent the Hollywood chestnut that ruthlessness is necessary for success. The best thing about this movie is De Niro's firm, swift performance. Directed by Martin Scorsese. (7/4/77) (Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; starting Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Aug. 31, tentative.)

Nickelodeon—Peter Bogdanovich intended a slapstick homage to early fly-by-night moviemaking. The result is sustained clutter: "Once in a Lifetime" played at the wrong speed—a movie with a large cast (Burt Reynolds, Ryan and Tatum O'Neal, Brian Keith,



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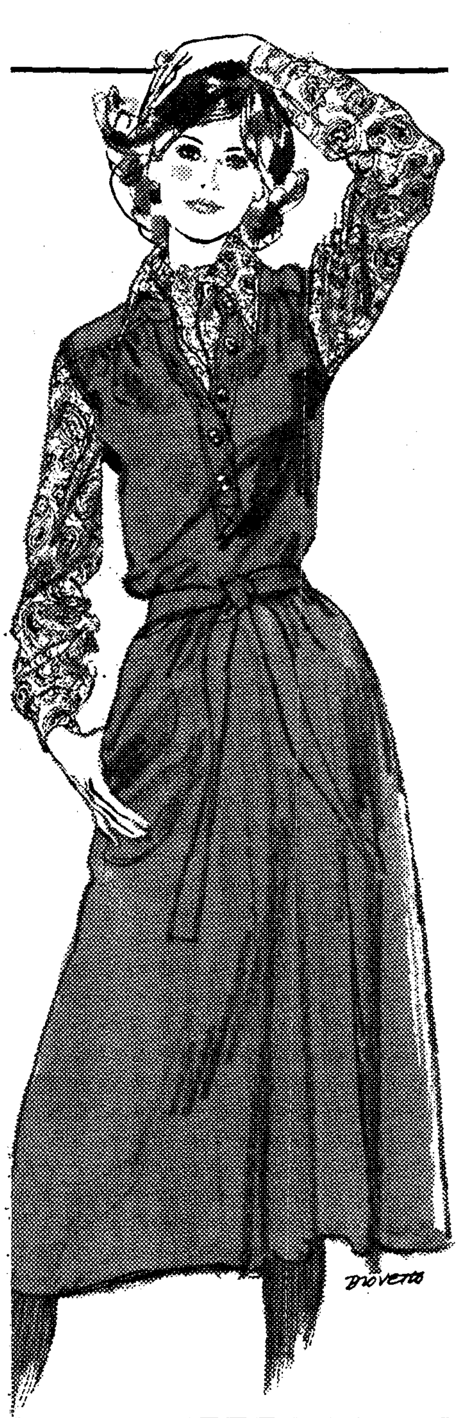

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and Stella Stevens) and everyone on his own. (1/17/77) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 28-29.)

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 31.)

NINOTCHKA (1939)—Garbo in Lubitsch's comedy—the one famous for her laughing for the first time, though it should be even more famous for the way her innate eloquence pierces the Lubitsch kitsch. She is a Russian on the run—to flee a country, or to look for a love, which she somehow manages to make seem everyone's condition. Garbo is implicitly omniscient as no other actress ever seems to have been—the world's parent. (Regency; starting Aug. 31.)

NOTORIOUS (1946)—Alfred Hitchcock's amatory thriller stars Ingrid Bergman as the daughter of a Nazi, a shady lady who trades secrets and all sorts of things with American agent Cary Grant. The suspense is terrific: Will suspicious, passive Grant succeed in making Bergman seduce him, or will he take over? The honor of the American male is saved by a hairbreadth, but Bergman is literally ravishing in what is probably her sexiest performance. With Claude Rains, Louis Calhern, and Madame Konstantin; script by Ben Hecht. Great trash, great fun. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 31-Sept. 1.)

ONE ON ONE—With Robby Benson and Annette O'Toole, directed by Lamont Johnson. (Loews Tower East, and Quad Cinema.)

ORCA—More underwater killers snooping about. An incensed whale this time. With Richard Harris and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Michael Anderson. (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, Playboy, and Olympia; through Aug. 30.)

THE OTHER SIDE OF MIDNIGHT—A fatuous, money-spinning film from a fatuous, money-spinning book about a girl called Noelle Page (Marie-France Pisier), who rises from lowish life in Marseilles to become the most famous and best-dressed film star in France. The dialogue and the plot are so dull that the film chiefly embeds itself in the memory as a conversation between women's clothes. (7/11/77) (Coronet.)

OUTRAGEOUS—With Craig Russell and Hollis McLaren, directed by Richard Benner. (Cinema II.)

OVER 21 (1945)—Ruth Gordon wrote the play on which it is based, and she opened on Broadway as the heroine, America's most spectacular woman wit, a Dorothy Parker-ish refugee from the Algonquin and the fleshpots of Hollywood, who accompanies her middle-aged husband, the editor of a liberal paper, to officers' training camp. Unfortunately, this heroine (played here by Irene Dunne) is extremely articulate but not nearly as funny as she's meant to be; many of the jokes turn on the mad, charming inconsequence of the feminine mind, and the whole comedy is too obviously set up, and rather self-congratulatory. With Alexander Knox, effective as the husband until he reads us an editorial sermon on the brotherhood of man, and Charles Coburn, Cora Witherspoon, Jeff Donnell, and Lee Patrick. Directed by Charles Vidor, from Sidney Buchman's adaptation. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 24.)

PARDON MON AFFAIRE—A soubrette of a movie, about a long-faced and very accident-prone Lothario (Jean Rochefort). Directed by Yves Robert, who made "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe." Sabotaged sometimes by coquetry, but its high spirits save it. In French. (8/8/77) (Baronet.)

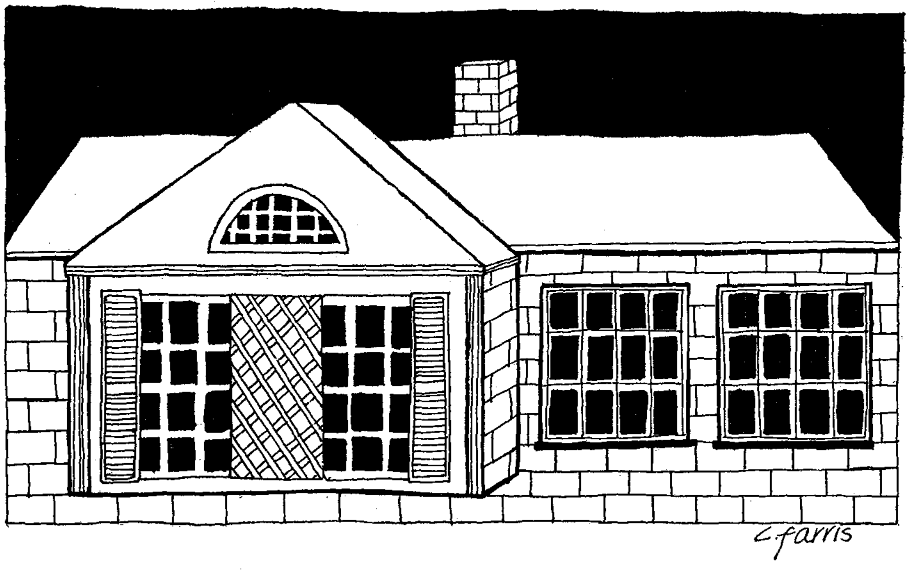
THE PHILADELPHIA STORY (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway and on the screen; shiny and commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining—one of the high spots of the big-studio system of movie-making. As the priggish, wisecracking, patrician Tracy Lord, Hepburn has her choice of Cary Grant and James Stewart, both at their most attractive. Donald Ogden Stewart did the witty adaptation. George Cukor directed. (Regency; starting Aug. 31.)

PLAYBOY OF PARIS (1930)—The French revue star Maurice Chevalier got into American talkies very early (in 1929), but he was already past forty, and, looking at his practiced urchin manner, it's hard to recapture the freshness and charm he had for moviegoers in those days. In this vehicle, he sings "My Ideal" and "It's a Great Life If You Don't Weaken" as well as lesser songs, but the musical material is tacked on to a musty 1912 French farce, "Le Petit Café." He's a waiter who inherits a fortune and chases after a gold-digger (Dorothy Christy), while Frances Dee, the daughter of the café owner (O. P. Heggie), chases after him. With Stuart Erwin, Eugene Pallette, and Cecil Cunningham. Directed by Ludwig Berger. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 25.)

THE RAGE OF PARIS (1938)—Hollywood's attempt to make an American star of the rapturously beautiful young Danielle Darrieux—it's easy to see why it failed. In this innocuous bedroom farce, the arch frilliness of Universal's conception of a *jeune fille* robs her of any depth. She is cast as a poor French girl working as a model in New York; financed by Helen Broderick and Mischa Auer, she sets out to capture a millionaire. Under the direction of Henry Koster (who, after leaving Germany, had made his reputation here on the Deanna Durbin musicals), Darrieux pouts relentlessly, and after many misadventures wins Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 25.)

REBECCA (1940)—Magnificent romantic-gothic corn, full of Alfred Hitchcock's humor and inventiveness. It features one of Laurence Olivier's rare poor performances, but even when he's bad he's more fascinating than most actors. With Joan Fontaine, giving one of her rare good performances, and Judith Anderson (as Mrs. Danvers), George Sanders, and Florence Bates—all three in superb form. From Daphne du Maurier's novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 31-Sept. 1.)

THE RESCUERS—A full-length animated film from



the Disney studios. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, and Olympia; starting Aug. 31.)

Ruby—With Piper Laurie and Stuart Whitman, directed by Curtis Harrington. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Aug. 30.)

Sandakan 8—A marvel of a Japanese film, directed by Kei Kumai, about a young, Westernized woman historian who stumbles into a moving friendship with an old woman who was shipped to Borneo at the age of thirteen to become a prostitute. The old woman lives now in a shack, with innumerable cats, and the visit of the young woman gives her as much gaiety in her privation as we often find in Beckett's last-ditch and oddly festive situations. In Japanese. (8/15/77) (Fine Arts.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

The Sensual Man—Written and directed by Marco Vicario, with Giancarlo Giannini as an Italian growing old in the grip of a ravaging sensuality. The most touching character is actually his father, the odd man out in a noisy family; he says on his deathbed to his son, about the relatives waiting outside the bedroom door for the excitement of last rites, "Don't let them shout." The agony of the hero himself is rather limply characterized. Why such misery, forcing himself to chase whores and breaking his heart in his search for a good and simple girl? In Italian. (8/22/77) (Little Carnegie.)

Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger—With Patrick Wayne and Taryn Power, directed by Sam Wanamaker. (Guild, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Aug. 30.)

Smile (1975)—A fresh, mussed-up comedy about the California finals of a national "Young American Miss" contest. A cousin to "Lord Love a Duck," the film is an affectionate satirical salute to the square; though we laugh at the gaffes of the rawboned teen-age girls, the laughter isn't cruel. Bruce Dern plays the chief judge, a booster who talks in homilies that express exactly how he feels; he's a donkey, but he doesn't have a mean bone in his body. With Barbara Feldon as the girls' den mother, Michael Kidd as the choreographer brought in to stage the beauty pageant, and several talented new actresses—Maria O'Brien, Joan Prather, and Annette O'Toole. Michael Ritchie's direction is highly variable in quality, but he's a whiz at catching details of frazzled behavior. The script is by Jerry Belson. (10/6/75) (Thalia; Aug. 26-27.)

The Spy Who Loved Me—This time around in the James Bond cycle, Roger Moore is 007, and his girl-object, a coldly luscious Russian woman spy, is Barbara Bach. Much ingenuity of blood lust. Gone are the days of the early Bond pictures, with their vivacity and circus hucksterism. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (8/8/77) (Columbia I, Columbia II, and Loews Ciné.)

Stardust (1975)—A hyperbolic English melodrama about the rise of a working-class rock group which never invites the viewer into the story. At first, the central character, played by David Essex, seems to be a crude punk, pushed to the top by shrewd mercenaries, but by the time he has been insulted by riches and stardom, the film's nastiness turns against the crowds who pursue him. The director, Michael Apted, shows his usual flashes of talent, and, as usual, he overreaches. The editing is irritatingly mannered, and the exposé aspects are fuzzy-minded. The hipness and bitterness aren't entertaining, and they don't serve any serious purpose, either. When the hero ODs on a big international live TV show, the neo-Nazi grandiloquence of the spectacle is too sodden to be satirical. Written by Ray Connolly, the film continues the story of the film "That'll Be the Day," which dealt with the hero's earlier days. With Adam Faith as the manager, Keith Moon, Marty Wilde, and Larry Hagman. (Cinema Village; Aug. 30.)

Star Wars—A film, written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

Stroszek—Werner Herzog, the West German who wrote and directed this wonderful film, describes it as a ballad. Stroszek, played by Bruno S., feels himself like a castaway going round and round forever—merry-go-round or mill wheel, he doesn't know which. Released from jail, he plays his piano with all the focus that was missing in his dealings with the prison authorities—a lack of focus that will make some sophisticates think him simpleminded when he is simply bereft. There is a marvellous performance by a paper-faced old man called Scheitz (Clemens Scheitz), who has a nephew in Wisconsin. In a key scene, early in the film, a befriending doctor tells Stroszek that he doesn't know how to look after himself, and then shows him a premature baby who, like Stroszek, will be all right, given a little help. A masterwork. In German and English. (7/25/77) (Cinema Studio; through Aug. 30.)

Take Me Out to the Ball Game (1949)—This big M-G-M musical, set in the early part of the century, began with a not too inspired script idea from Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, and after it went through a series of cast changes and then got assigned to Busby Berkeley to direct, it was a full-scale mess. Kelly and Frank Sinatra are vaudevillians who are also baseball players; Esther Williams, the manager of the baseball team, is in love with Kelly, but Sinatra is in love with her. And there are gangsters trying to get the boys to double-cross her and lose a game. This asinine story just about smothers the good-natured hoofing. Comden and Green and Roger Edens did the songs, but the musical numbers have that flag-waving Irish-American cheeriness which also blighted many Fox musicals made in the same period. With Betty Garrett and Jules Munshin, who work well with Kelly and Sinatra. They all got together—*sans* Esther Williams—the following year in "On the Town." The finale here isn't by Berkeley; it was co-directed by Kelly and Donen, and served to convince the studio to let them co-direct "On the Town." (Regency; Aug. 28-30.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards as the rebellious TV writer. In this kind of comedy, his rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV. With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, lamely. (Cinema Village; Aug. 28-29.)

3 Women—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged. Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. (4/18/77) (Gramercy; starting Aug. 31.)

Together Again (1944)—The title refers to the earlier pairing of Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer in "Love Affair" and "When Tomorrow Comes." This time, she's a widow, a small-town mayor who doesn't know that she needs love, and he's a sculptor from the big city, commissioned to do a commemorative statue of her late husband. Their patently contrived romance isn't likely to fool anybody. During their various misunderstandings, each becomes engaged to a high-school student, and a million laughs ensue, all of them from the people in the picture. With Charles Coburn, Mona Freeman, and Elizabeth Patterson. Directed by Charles Vidor; among the many writers employed were Virginia Van Upp and Herbert Biberman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 24.)

Walking Tall, Final Chapter—With Bo Svenson again playing Buford Pusser. Directed by Jack Starrett. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Aug. 31.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and the charming Trish Van Devere. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Aug. 31.)

You Light Up My Life—With Didi Conn, Joe Silver, and Michael Zaslow; directed by Joseph Brooks. (Waverly; starting Aug. 31.)

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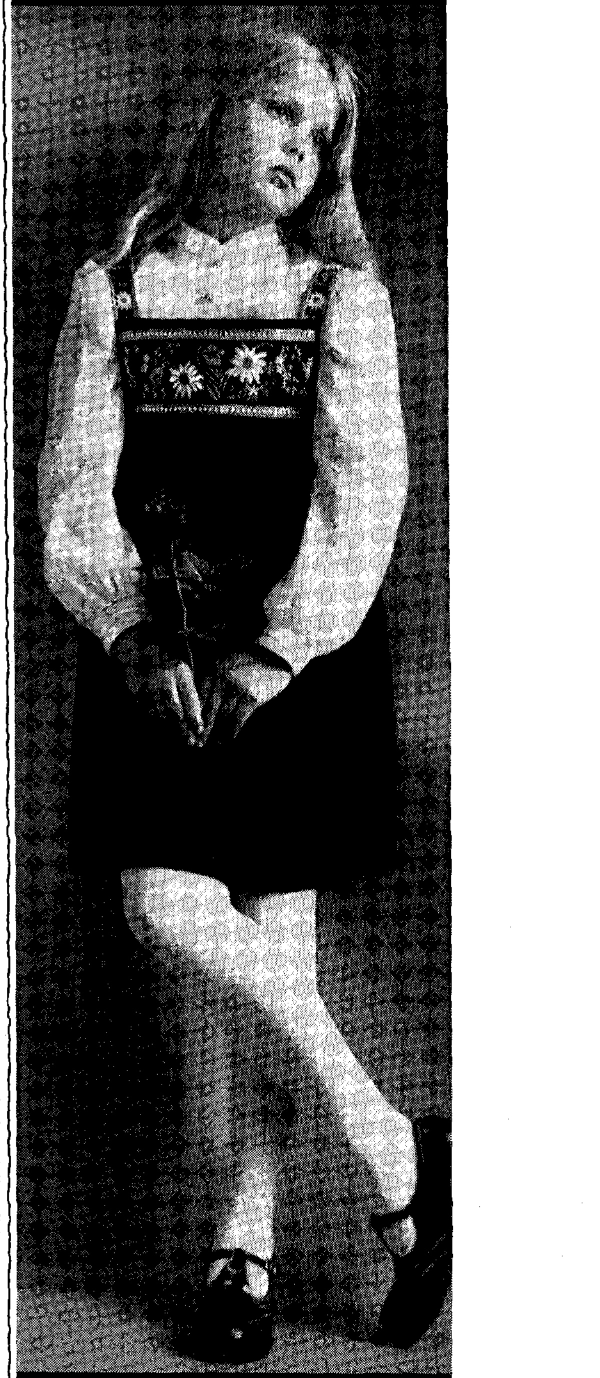

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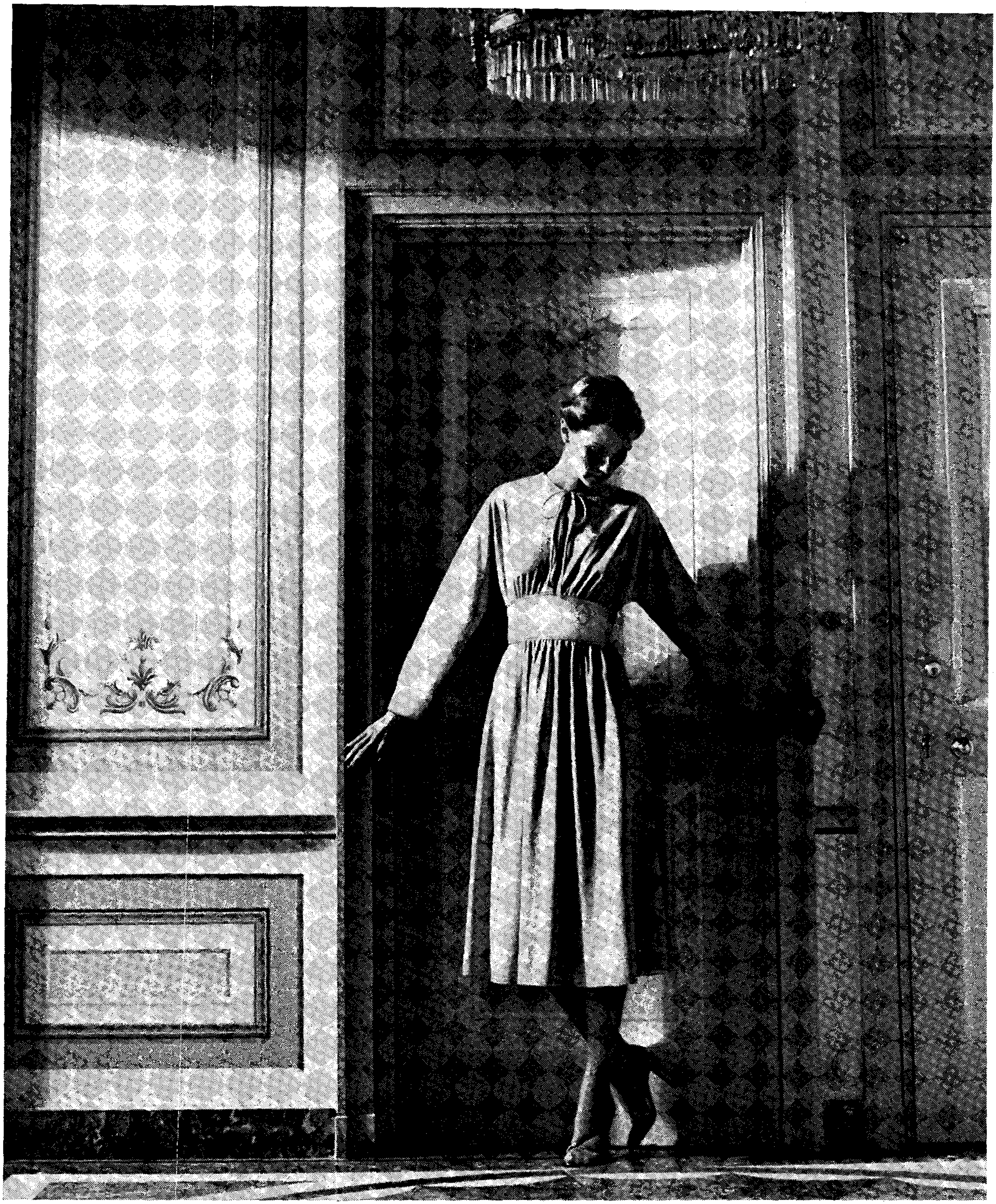

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have a letter from a man who was thirteen years old in 1956:

I would like to tell you about one song recorded by Elvis Presley. It is a song he recorded in 1954 for the Sun label in Memphis, and it is called "That's All Right." I heard it two years later. The first words of the song are:

> Well, that's all right, Mama,
> That's all right for you.
> That's all right, Mama,
> Just any way you do.

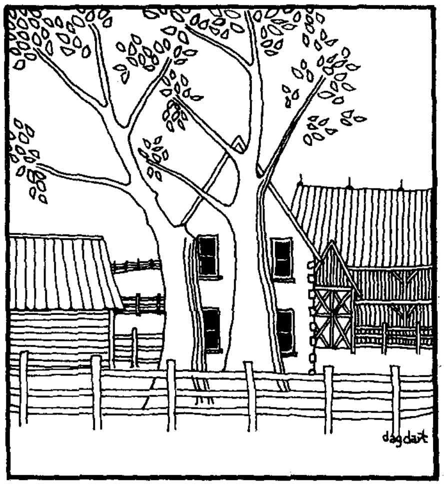
Elvis Presley's voice is like a high, sharp shiver. There isn't any part of the song not covered by a thrilling energy. This is a significant American song, sung by a significant man. I still have my copy of "That's All Right," on a long-playing album called "For LP Fans Only." That is a stupid name for an album—"For LP Fans Only." Whoever gave that title to that album understood the nature of Elvis Presley's simple energy but was afraid of it. The album is under the RCA label, but it has a number of songs, like "That's All Right" and "Mystery Train," that he recorded for Sun. Elvis Presley was a cool guy. He was the coolest guy I have ever seen. He had a gift—a gift as great as, say, the gift of Marilyn Monroe for romantic comedy—and he had an instinctive generosity, too. He didn't know what he was about, but he was protected for a while by his naïveté and by his simple energy. He cut through gruesome layers of self-consciousness, although they closed in on him later. But they didn't close in on him completely, you know. Whatever there was toward the end of his life which was grotesque was probably the result of an attempt to keep his integrity and his cool—as he, imperfectly, understood the nature of his integrity and his cool. And he was cool up to the end. His single "Way Down" was on the charts the week he died. I haven't seen anything on television or in the papers that gets to the point about how cool he was. Just drugs and money, and bad movies and Las Vegas and bodyguards and "hip-shaking" and getting fat. I saw a television newscast about Elvis and it made me mad, because the newsman who conducted it was exactly the kind of nineteen-fifties guy—full of false inflection and false authority—who was completely blown away by Elvis; and there he was again, full of false inflection and false authority still, condescending to him. The newsman cut away to a little group of post-adolescent "experts," and they were worse. The new false post-adolescent authority that needs to be blown away by somebody. The only decent tribute I saw to Elvis was in the hallway of a building at the corner of Sullivan and Prince Streets. Somebody had put an old pair of blue shoes on a chest of drawers in the hallway with a handwritten sign. "Don't Step on My Blue Suede Shoes—In Memory of Elvis," the sign said.

• •

Sunday

MESSAGE from a young woman we know:

A hot Sunday in August. At a window on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Eighty-second Street. 7 A.M.: No one and nothing. 8 A.M.: Still a desert. 9 A.M.: One cyclist and two cars, headed downtown, have stopped at the light on East Eighty-second Street, and in front of the Met a woman with a dog looks up at the sky. A young couple in shorts run up the flights of steps, only to run down again once they have read a sign in front of the entrance. The museum opens at eleven. At about twenty to eleven, a straggly line begins to form on the steps.



I join it. Where to? Egypt, perhaps? Egypt never lets you down, and looks its best when it's hot outside. Or shall I go see the Degas again? No, he would not be right for this blatant morning: slightly finical, and, in the end, repetitious. The Thracian gold? It's now or never. Let's go.

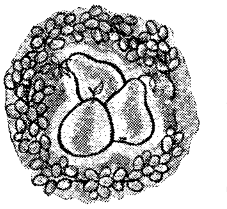
In the semidarkness, unpolished silver overtoned with black looks cold next to the warm, deep gold. The perfect downward curve of the mane of a silver-and-gilt horse on a rhyton; the double upward curve of the horns on the head of a bull; a winged-lion-griffin on a helmet; a heavy gold stag's head forming another rhyton—so many beautiful animal shapes.

Right then, I have an irresistible urge to go down to the zoo. Actually, it's been years since I've been to the Central Park Zoo.

But first: Suppose you could steal one thing from this museum, one thing only, and no one would even notice—what would you take? I know what I'd take. It would be *one* apple from that Cézanne over there on my left. Not one of those fake apples he used to buy because he took so long over painting apples that the real ones began to rot. No, I'd take one of Cézanne's own, timeless apples and run all the way down the steps with it.

Outside, the sun threatens to become brutal. On Eighty-first Street, a seller of semiprecious stones has covered a wooden table with a white plastic cloth. He has already set out a few necklaces; now he shakes a transparent plastic bag and spills out tiny stone hearts onto the table, next to a pile of larger ones. Carnelian, agate, crystal, coral, pale jade. For seven dollars you can buy a necklace of baroque garnets with an imitation-gold clasp.

A billboard announces "AGAMEMNON" and, underneath, "August 2—August 28" and, underneath that, "ADMISSION FREE." I walk into the Park at Seventy-ninth Street. The playground a few blocks south is quiet. Most children have fled. A huge navy-blue English pram with a nearly naked very new baby asleep in it is being wheeled gently back and forth, back and forth, from a bench. I note the perfect circles of the pram's outsize metal wheels. The fringe on its canopy sways calmly, back and forth, back and forth. And then a bicycle goes by, very quickly. The eye registers a crude-blue sort of dental tool that juts upward from the left handlebar. A toothbrush? Impossible. Anyway, its top was round. A glance backward: Of course. It was a rearview mirror.



In the boat basin, a single majestic model sailboat glides in the distance, but right here, by the bank, a subchaser lurches forward on the calm water and comes to a stop as a black sub surfaces at its side. A gray-haired man with a beard, dark glasses, and a khaki cap, who apparently owns the destroyer, squats by his transmitter. Suddenly, he laughs, turns to his friend, who apparently owns the sub, and says, "I have a tank running about the living room. I finally found the right motor. Now I have to wait for the snow so I can bring it out." In a calmer spot, a cocker spaniel struggles to keep afloat. "How do you feel?" asks its owner, a tanned young boy with sun-streaked hair.

At Seventy-second Street. The watermelon stall and its vender, both seen from the back, could be transported intact to Port-au-Prince. But where would I set down the man who sells hot bagels? And why does he sell hot bagels on a day like this? Who will buy them? Three women do.

The Hare Krishna have taken over a large piece of shady lawn. They are setting out their wares: 1977 Bhaktivedanta Book Trust calendars, incense, printed bedcovers, cassettes bearing the trademark Golden Avatar. A very pale, tired-looking young man in faded-tangerine robes, with a shaven head and a long ash-blond ponytail, like Taras Bulba's, which swings back and forth as he comes toward me, proposes a 1 P.M. performance in return for my attendance. He promises music, a puppet show, a lecture on the Philosophy, and a free vegetarian meal. "It's going to be very colorful," he says. "Please stay. You know, the monks in their robes and the women in their saris." But I've seen a monk before, and a sari. What interests me is what could make that young monk look so pale and so tired. I ask about this. "We get up every morning at four for meditation," he says.

The Park's loonies fall into two categories: male and female. The women tend to be combative, and often feed squirrels, pigeons, and sparrows, while the men tend toward chaotic beards and loud mutters. The range of their monologues is, of course, excessive: all the way from comfortable obscenity to a manic "Excellent, excellent," followed by an approving nod of chin and beard.

A young man sits cross-legged on the grass, his head bent forward and down toward a whispering black box. Needless to say, the box is an r-a-d-i-o, as e. e. cummings used to spell it out for fear of hearing the word mentioned. "I love you," the black box stage-whispers as I walk by.

Near the Children's Zoo, furtively, attentively, a chicken crosses the road. A man with a lethal-looking orange tank of helium is creating something. A red circle pops out, and then another; a moon face appears; an arm, two arms, a round body, two legs and feet. It's Mickey Mouse, imprisoned inside a star-dusted transparent balloon. At this man's stall, for two dollars, you can get your picture taken with a Polaroid, and it is soon made up into a large button you can wear to identify yourself.

At the zoo, the great cats doze; only one lioness paces. A sign on one of the three bear cages tells visitors that the bear from that cage is hibernating in Prospect Park Zoo. In his stead, a pigeon floats on his pool like a duck. Two doors down, the polar bear does laps. He swims forward until his chin rests on the rim of his pool, and, by a single slow movement of his body, reverses himself onto his back, and in this position soon bumps his back against the opposite side. Then he repeats the lap. He owns an empty dull-metal beer keg, which floats, and moves as he swims—a piraty sort of prop for a polar bear to have. "Ooh! Mishka! Mishka! Mishka!" shouts a tiny Russian boy. Wild with excitement, he tries to stand up in his sit-down pram. "*Da. Eto Mishka*," his father answers quietly. The father is very thin and young, and his hair is close-cropped. (Mishka is the name that all Russian children traditionally give their Teddy bears—only, for them it replaces the word "bear.")

On to the lone sea lion, diving, and the baboon, gripping the bars halfway up his cage. The chimpanzee is playful, but the great gray-brown-black gorilla sits in profile, totally still. He has rolled his toy, a big spare tire, against his side and uses it as a rest for his long left forearm and his elbow. His chin rests on his locked left hand. Who is he? What is he? Like all apes, he reminds me of someone. Yes. Rodin's "Thinker."

A clock loudly chimes the hour, loudly, and canned music intones a familiar tune whose words I have forgotten—mercifully—except for the last line of the refrain: "And it isn't even spring." People stop to listen. The sea lion barks twice. The bronze gorilla has not budged.

I go to see the aoudad. He sits on top of his rock with his eyes closed and ruminates. His head is crowned by two perfect crescents of striated horns. They would be beautiful in Thracian gold. His full beige beard is carefully spread out over the steep rim of the rock. It's a shame that the aoudad cannot sit in the shade of a baobab. Where did I ever see a baobab? In "The Little Prince." The baobab is a tree, and the aoudad is a Barbary sheep.

Past First Aid and Lost Children, past a ragged orchestra that is playing one of "Three Scott Joplin Rags," and out onto Sixty-first Street. The traffic light is against me.

A building is going up at the corner of Sixty-first, across the street from the Hotel Pierre. Yesterday, Saturday, when life went on but transactions supposedly lagged behind, a friend of mine bought an apartment in it, and last night she and I went on reconnaissance.

"How many floors can you see?" she asked as we stood on the sidewalk across Sixty-first Street.

I counted fifteen or sixteen; I'm not good at counting in the dark, and the fence around the bottom floor or floors confused me.

"I'll be on the twenty-first," my friend said, and she pointed to the black sky.

"Does it give onto Fifth?" I asked.

"The kitchen might. I have the plans at home. I'll show you. I know that the bedroom will look out all the way to the East River."

"But why didn't you take one with a view of the Park and the zoo?"

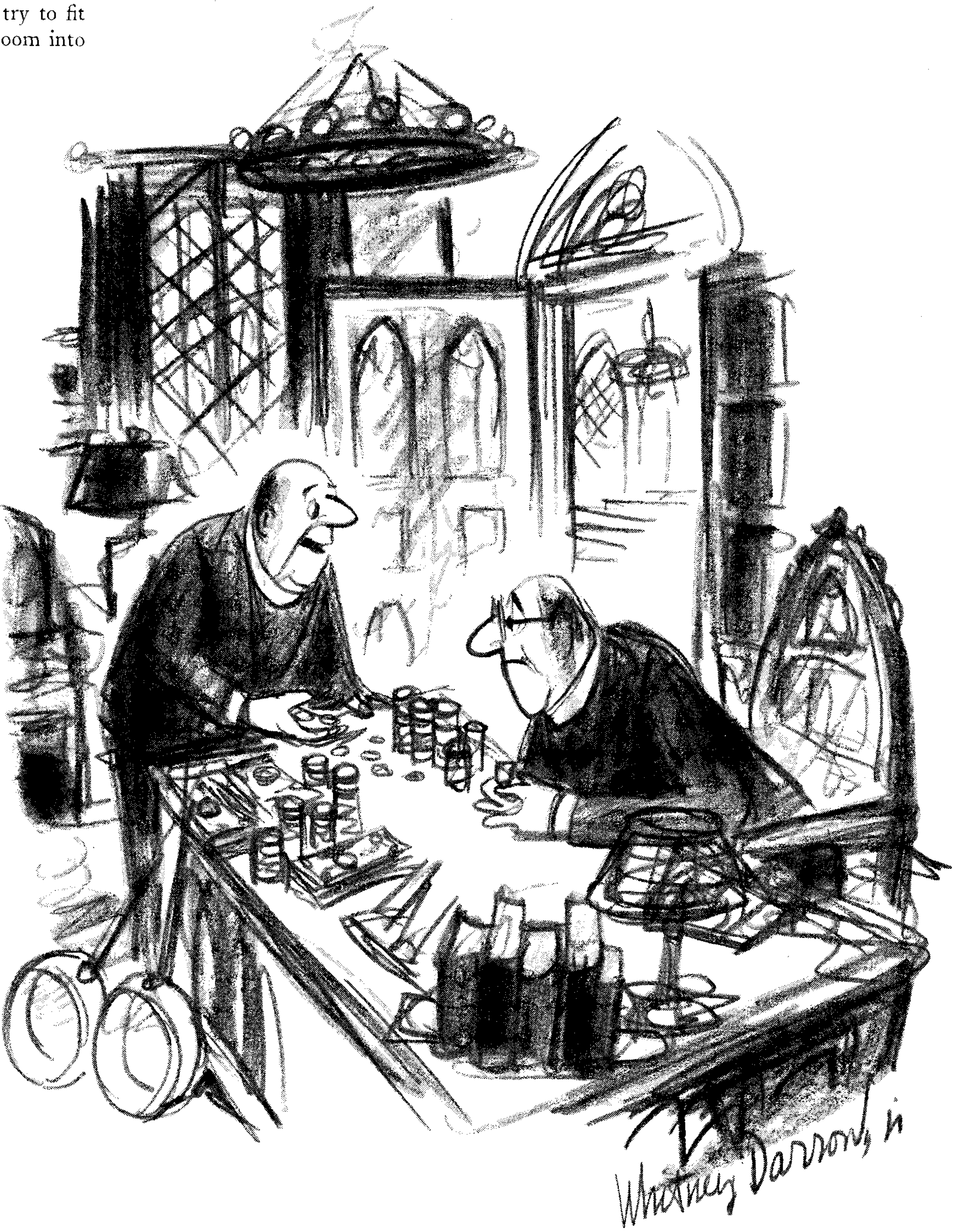
"Because I wanted a balcony, and the apartments facing the Park don't have any, that's why," my friend answered. She thought for a few moments. Then she said, "And I have no idea where I'm going to be able to buy a loaf of bread around here."

So there we stood, on the sidewalk, judging a celestial apartment she had owned for half a day in exchange for a few signatures. ("Sign here. Firmly, please. Thank you so much. Good day, Madam, and here—don't forget your plans.")

The heat has become a presence. A vast presence. I look toward the half-risen building. A red crane stands still, pointing westward. I try to fit my friend's apartment into a piece of implacable blue sky, and then I try to fit her complete Empire dining room into that. Immediately, I give up, cross the Avenue, and, with only a slight stab of conscience, take a cab home.

Nothing Undone

AT a corner table in the Zum Baden Room of the Valhalla Inn, a motor hotel in Kitchener, Ontario, Timothy S. Mayer, a talented young director and playwright who no longer works in the theatre but who had driven a car from Boston so that he might see two theatrical productions enfolding the talents of Maggie Smith—at the Stratford Festival in Stratford, Ontario—turned some of his attention downward, to a paper placemat decorated with unambitious puzzles. One of the puzzles involved an elaborate representation of an automobile accident; another involved a small boy who wanted to find his way home through a maze; a third involved triangles. "The point about Maggie Smith," Timothy Mayer said to us, without removing his gaze from the puzzles, "is that she is a wonderful, wonderful actress—maybe the best." He took out a pencil and brought it close to the puzzle involving the boy in the maze. "She is a *high* actress," he continued. "When she performs, there is nothing that remains undone. There is nothing that you wish you had seen but didn't see." He applied his pencil to the placemat. "Let's get this tot right *home*," he said, moving the pencil through the maze. His eyes were opened wide. He moved the pencil with great care. But then he stopped. He discarded his interest in the puzzle and raised his head to a sensible conversational angle. His voice, never without resonance, deepened into a tone of authority. He said, "The first time I saw Maggie Smith was in 1966 in the Olivier 'Othello'—the film of the Olivier 'Othello.' She played Desdemona. Then, later that year, in England, I saw her in 'Trelawny of the "Wells,"' which is a play by the never to be sufficiently studied Arthur Wing Pinero. She played the brassy comedienne. It's a play about show folk, you see, and the comedienne plays the Principal Boy in the Panto season. Do you know about the Panto season? A very specific part of the repertory of an English theatrical troupe. Slapstick pantomime. The Principal Boy is always played by a woman. Which is to say that Maggie Smith, as the Principal Boy, came on in tights that showed off her legs. Maggie Smith has very good legs. I had a crush on her all through 1966. But what won my heart for good was the Zeffirelli production of 'Much Ado



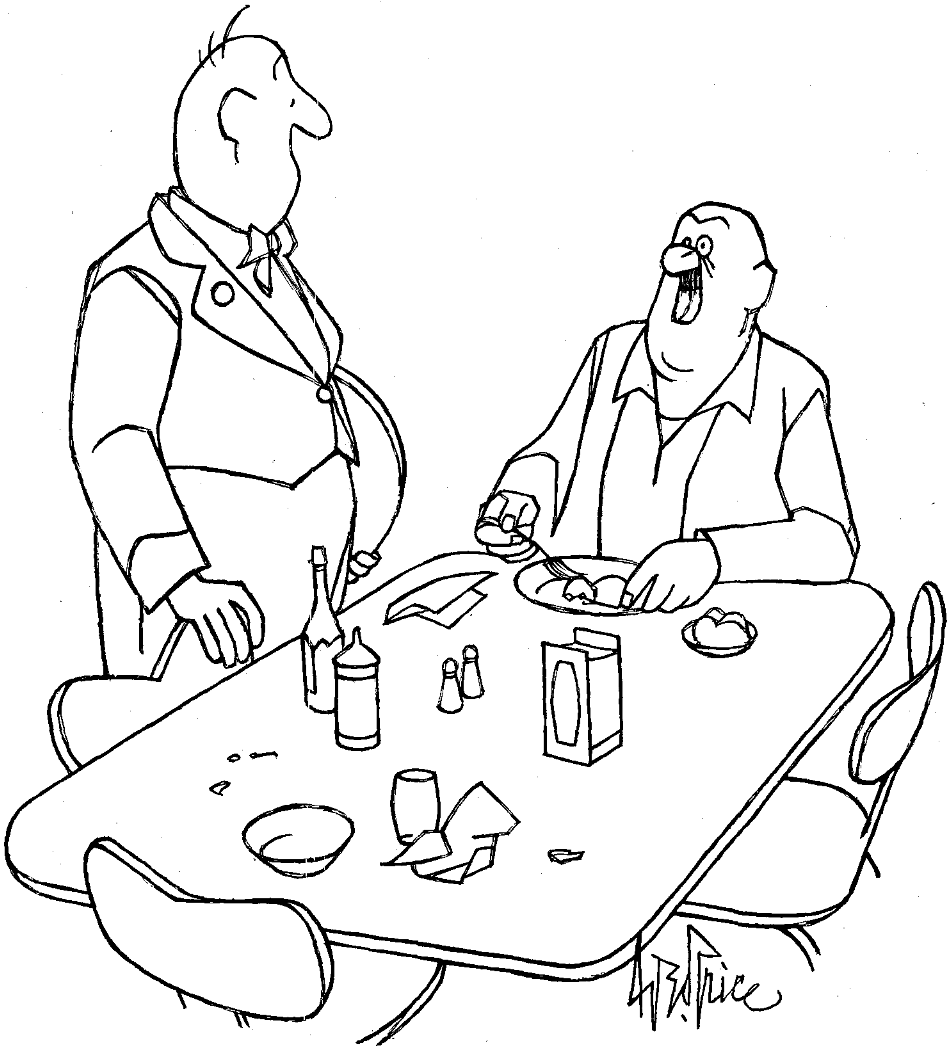
"A subway token, two Canadian quarters, and a 'Whither the Church?' button. But not a Krugerrand in the lot."

About Nothing,' which I saw on the same visit. She played Beatrice, and she did a remarkable thing. In the first scene of the second act, she stopped the scene. Beatrice is being very funny, and Maggie Smith was *playing* her very funny—there is no one, you know, who does comedy with an edge better than Maggie Smith—and in the middle of that mood she stopped the scene for *just one line*. Don Pedro says, 'Out of question, you were born in a merry hour,' and Beatrice says, 'No, sure, my lord, my mother cried.' She played the line for simple strong feeling—you see? So as not to make fun of childbirth, you see, because childbirth is painful and women know that pain. She would not take the performance into caricature. And on the next line she picked up the antic mood again. 'But then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.' Any actress worth her salt can stop a scene. It takes a great actress to stop a scene and start it again." Timothy Mayer allowed his voice to become slightly less resonant. He looked down at the incomplete puzzle on his placemat. "I think I'll leave that tot right where he is," he said.

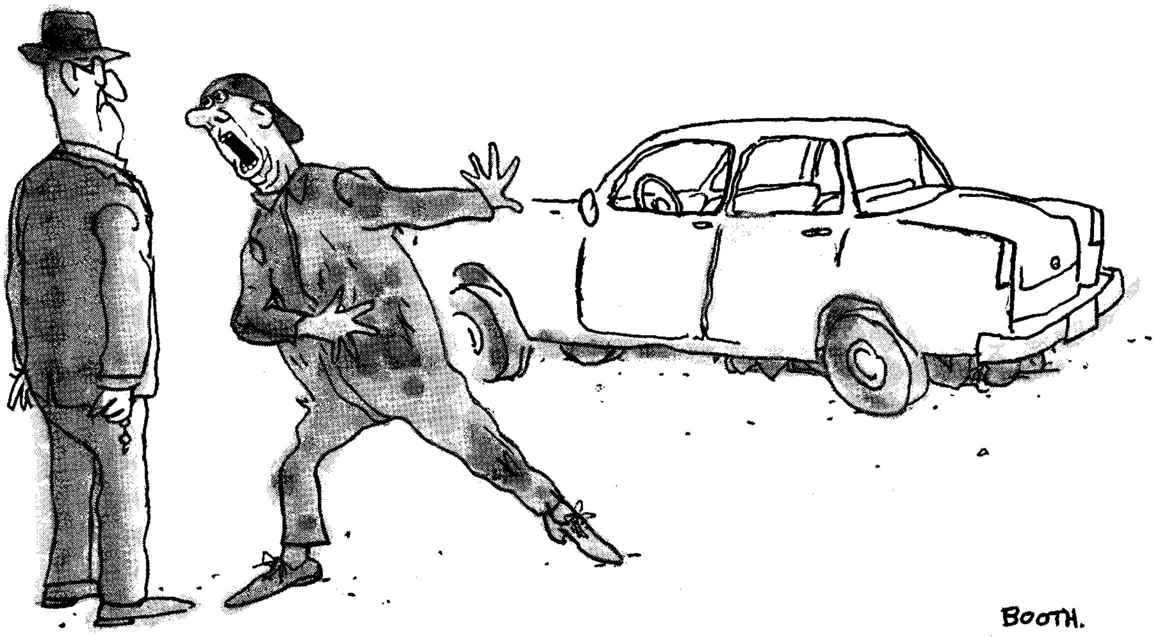
THE Stratford Festival, which has been held now for twenty-five consecutive seasons in Stratford, Ontario, might still be called the Stratford Shakespearean Festival except that, of ten major productions scheduled on the festival's two principal stages between June 6th and October 15th of this year, four ("Ghosts," by Henrik Ibsen; "Miss Julie," by August Strindberg; "The Guardsman," by Ferenc Molnár; and "Hay Fever," by Noël Coward) are not by Shakespeare. Still, Shakespeare has better than half the weight of the festival. This season, five Shakespeare productions have been scheduled at the Festival Theatre—which is the larger theatre and is designed for Shakespeare productions—and one ("Romeo and Juliet") at the smaller Avon Theatre. The productions are mostly mounted on a staggered schedule by the festival, and Maggie Smith has roles in five of them. She has been in residence at Stratford for the full season, as she was last year. She appears this season as Hippolyta and Titania in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," as Queen Elizabeth in "Richard III," as Rosalind in "As You Like It," as The Actress in "The Guardsman," and as Judith Bliss in "Hay Fever," which is scheduled to open at the end of September for a special, limited run. There is no role in which she has so far appeared that has not been applauded, but the performance that has received the most attention is her portrayal of The Actress in "The Guardsman," a play in which Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne had great success in the mid-nineteen-twenties but which has scarcely ever been seen since.

TIMOTHY MAYER drove to Stratford from Kitchener to see a matinée performance of "The Guardsman," and we went along. He stayed in Kitchener rather than in Stratford itself because (he said) first instinct, then research, and then experience had told him that lodgings would be better in Kitchener, which is a small city. Timothy Mayer has been urged by his friends to pursue a career in the theatre, but he works for the Gladding Corporation, a sporting-goods conglomerate, instead. He makes it a point, however, to bring to his work there (which includes travel on the road) the same dramatic energy (and the same intimations of special insights, secretly acquired) that marked his work as a director and playwright in the theatres of Cambridge, Massachusetts, during the nineteen-sixties. On the way to the matinée of "The Guardsman," he drove a Chevrolet convertible with a Massachusetts license plate that read "MEGALO," and he drove with the top down. "Let's talk turkey," he said. "You just don't *do* Molnár. No one I know has *seen* any Molnár. The closest you can come is 'Carousel,' which is based on a Molnár play called 'Liliom,' but, come to think of it, it's not all that easy to see 'Carousel.' I would drive any reasonable distance to see Maggie Smith in Molnár."

The plot of "The Guardsman": The Actress, convinced that his wife is about to be unfaithful to him, decides that he himself will be the man she is about to be unfaithful with. He dresses as a Russian guardsman, for he is convinced that it is this sort of man who will appeal to his wife. The first act takes place in the apartment (blue figured wallpaper, brown velvet sofa, long Japanese print, grand piano) shared by The Actress and The Actor in Vienna before the First World War. The second act, during which The Actress



"I wonder would you be good enough, the next time you get your adrenalin flowing, to bring me a glass of iced tea."



"She's all set, Mr. Ferguson, but don't go yet. We've got to get Rizzo loose. His coveralls are snagged on her tailpipe bracket."

encourages but does not entirely submit to the courtship of the guardsman, takes place at the opera. The third act takes place back in the apartment. The play hangs on ambiguity—on an ambiguity resulting from a collision of familiar manners rather than from anything ineffable. The two principal roles in "The Guardsman" require a worldliness capable in an instant of being transformed into real feeling, and capable then of a reversal into artifice. As we watched Maggie Smith in the role of The Actress, we were aware that she brought at least two quite special qualities to the part. One was a pleasure (a pleasure that was almost a challenge to the audience) in playing the role of a handsome woman and an accomplished actress, and this pleasure was entirely appropriate to the part and gave us an extraordinary sense of The Actress in the play and of the actress playing The Actress in the play. Thus, Maggie Smith, in her pleasure and in her confidence, added another layer to the layers of playfulness, artifice, and feeling in the piece. Second, there was in her performance, every now and then, an interesting moment of hesitation having to do with choice. Sometimes (as when The Actor, played by Brian Bedford, asks, "You want to get rid of me?," and she takes a moment to consider whether her response will be in a high voice or a low one, whether it will give a surface impression of honesty or of deceit) the moment was stressed; at other times it was only lightly touched. But, whatever the degree of emphasis, it managed to show the ample range of effect and feeling implicit in worldly response, and to show the ample range of talent in the possession of Maggie Smith.

TIMOTHY MAYER went backstage to see Maggie Smith, and we went along. Off the stage, Miss Smith looks smaller than she does on it, but she seems no less assured, and no less handsome, and her hair is no less red. When we visited her, she was in pants and a pullover. " 'The Guardsman' came up because George Cukor had always wanted to do it," she said. "We did it last winter at the Ahmanson Theatre, in Los Angeles, where it got *quite* lost, because of the sheer size of the Ahmanson. It wasn't really a success there, I should say, and it *is* a success here—which is half the battle, I think. I mean, to be successful in terms of what the play demands, it is important to have the energy of success at your disposal. I thought it would be rather an easy play to do, but when we started to rehearse it, it began to seem quite difficult. It was very hard to find the right style. I used to loathe the second act. And then I had a little talk with God. I said, 'Now, listen, God, I've given up smoking and I'm really trying hard to get this right, and I think I deserve to get it right,' and it has been all right since then. This has been quite a good season. It's too bad you missed the 'Richard,' which was quite good. Something quite troubling happened about the 'Richard,' by the way. Read this." Maggie Smith handed us a copy of the Toronto *Star*.

"CBC Show Cancelled, Union Dispute Kills Richard III," a headline read. The story said that a performance of the Stratford production of "Richard III" which was scheduled to appear on CBC radio had been cancelled, because ACTRA, the Canadian television and radio actors' union, refused to grant temporary work permits to the English actors (including Maggie Smith, Brian Bedford, and Margaret Tyzack) playing the principal parts.

"See, just see, the last paragraph," Maggie Smith said.

The paragraph read, "ACTRA president Don Parrish blamed the CBC for the cancellation. 'It's the CBC's decision to cancel the play,' he said, adding that 'Richard III' could have been broadcast with Canadians filling the star roles—perhaps the understudies of Smith, Bedford, and Tyzack."

"They don't see why the *understudies* don't do it. It makes one gasp and stretch one's eyes," Maggie Smith said. Then she said that, having done "The Guardsman" in matinée, she was about to do some warming-up exercises before doing "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the evening.

Timothy Mayer said that the year before at Stratford he had seen her play Millamant in "The Way of the World" in the afternoon and Cleopatra in "Antony and Cleopatra" in the evening.

"Yes," said Maggie Smith. "It was a rather difficult day. In actual fact, the dressing rooms were awash that afternoon. The plumbing went completely mad. Someone had stuffed it full of champagne corks and knickers, I think." Then Maggie Smith looked down at the Toronto *Star*. "I wonder if they even saw the play," she said, rather quietly.

Timothy Mayer told Maggie Smith how impressed he had been by her performance as Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing" when he saw it in London. He described and praised the moment in the first scene of the second act when she stopped the scene and then picked it right up again.

"Yes," said Maggie Smith, looking up from the Toronto *Star*. "I *did* do that."

GOING ON LIKE THIS

Worton has a resident prowler. Free to ramble, he has two shotguns and no wife. His night prowl takes him two hundred yards up the road from his home to the church, and two hundred yards back. The bench of the corner store is resting place for the middle of this journey past the hamlet's nine houses. He drinks beer there and challenges the darkness to present him with a challenger. In his eyes one sees the great distance he travels in Worton.

He has a shotgun hidden behind the store. On a summer night, when he thinks no one is watching he walks back for the gun and fires it three times over the Harrells' house at the corner. Reah Harrell peeks through the bedroom window and sees him. "It's Charles Goins again," she whispers. Jonah Harrell calls the Stilson County sheriff's office while Reah feels her way through the dark hallway to her infant son's room. The boy is asleep. She slides back into their bedroom, comes up behind Jonah, who has pulled the curtain away from a corner of the window. Her hand startles him.

"He put the gun behind the store," Jonah says.

"He's just standing there in the rain," Reah says.

"He's asking for help," Jonah says. "He's just asking to be caught."

Lights come on at the Presnells' house, across the road. Mrs. Presnell operates the corner store. She, too, has been watching in the dark. So have the Rowlands, from their bedroom. Two other families are trying to watch from the dark windows, but the view is blocked.

Goins hears a car coming and steps back in the bushes. The sheriff's deputy gets out and points his long-barrelled flashlight at the store porch and down the road. He knows where to go; he has made this trip before. When he knocks on the door Goins is already sitting on a straight-backed chair in the middle of his living room. His second shotgun is on his lap. "Don't come in here," he calls. The deputy does not try the door.

If you want to confront Charles Goins tonight you have to have your own gun and be willing to point and shoot it. No one wants to shoot Charles Goins; no one confronts him. Besides, he needs help; everyone agrees. Martha Presnell gives him yard work on the weekends. Mrs. Rowland offered him a puppy but he refused it. Goins had a dog once. He kept it tethered in his back yard, fed it every evening, and tried to be gentle with it. But it squirmed and yelped in the press of his large hands. He was embarrassed by its ungratefulness.

The deputy returns in the morning to see Mrs. Presnell in the store. Goins has already caught his ride to his job at the stone quarry. "He's all right during the week," Mrs. Presnell says.

"We don't need a warrant," the deputy says. "All we need is to catch him drunk with his gun. You call us next time. You don't have to give your name. Just say it's a man in the road with a gun."

In the evening Goins comes in the store and asks, "Mrs. Presnell, could you do my accounts?" She helps him pay his bills and tallies his checkbook every week. He asks if there is anything he can do around the store. "Here, let me help with those." He moves soda crates into the back room, then begins to sweep the floor.

"I swept already," Mrs. Presnell says.

"Well here, let me just take this and go on." Goins gets a six-pack of beer from the cooler and puts it on the counter.

"I can't sell you that," Mrs. Presnell says.

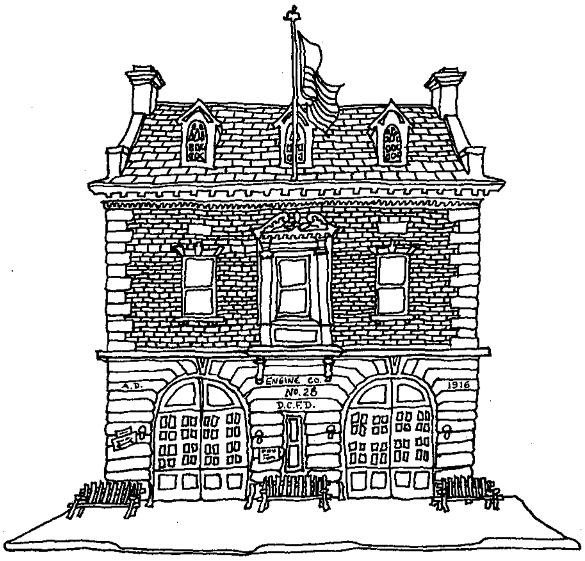
"Are you going to sell me this or aren't you?" he says.

"I'm not going to sell you that, Charles."

"Are you going to sell me this?" he demands.

Soon Goins is walking along the road into Worton. Headlights catch his face grinning the way a child grins who is caught persisting in mischief and still persists. He has fooled them—walked three miles to Trevilla and back—and carries twelve cans of beer in a bag. He has not opened any, hoarding against the scarcity in Worton. The corner store is closed now. He is thinking, She can't treat me that way.

Goins hopes Mrs. Presnell will be watching from her window, but three cans into his night on her store porch he despairs of her interest. He walks behind the store and picks up his shotgun. He stands with it in the dark. No one notices. He takes some newspapers from a pile by the incinerator, begins to crumple pages, and stuffs them inside the screen door at the back of the store. Did he put a match to the paper before sneaking home through back yards with the rest of his beer? Goins cannot remember, but he sits on the chair in the middle of his living room waiting for lights and sirens. He is ready for anyone. No one comes.



Next morning, Mrs. Presnell sees the paint on the back door has been burned. It has happened before. She tells her neighbors as they come in for their newspapers. They all assume Charles Goins has tried to burn the store again, but no one would swear to it. Mr. Rowland is second customer in. He is said to be in intelligence work. Reah Harrell, in the store when Rowland arrives, has always doubted it. "He's not intelligent," she maintains. She listens while he tells Mrs. Presnell, "The fibre of our community is being tested. But he'll find it strong." He walks out and Reah says, "The fibre of our community is being tested and so far Goins has found it asbestos."

Mrs. Presnell again refuses to sell Goins beer. That night the gas-pump hose in front of the store is cut. She refuses him once more. This time the cord of the store's public phone is severed. The same deputy tells Mrs. Presnell, "He could get ten years and ten thousand dollars for that." But no one saw him do it. Jonah Harrell hears Goins boast that he did, but no one would swear to it.

In daylight the hamlet pretends it has no prowler. "Could I borrow your splitting wedges?" Goins asks Mr. Rowland.

"Sure, Charles," Rowland says. "I'll bring them down this evening."

"I can get them," Goins says. "They're on your back steps, aren't they?"

"No," Mr. Rowland says,

"Arthur is just biding his time. He's an eighties person."

"I'll bring them down and leave them in your yard." He delivers them as promised and next morning finds them returned, inside his front door.

"We can't go on like this," Mrs. Presnell says. "Last night he walked into Betty Silvey's kitchen with his shotgun and near scared her to death. He said the gun wasn't loaded and he didn't want anything. Mr. Silvey took the gun outside and fired it. It was loaded. He told Charles never to come in their house again. I mean, something's got to be done."

WORD is passed: This weekend there will be a stakeout for Charles Goins. The deputy will cruise Worton in an unmarked car and wait for him to make his mistake. Friday evening Mrs. Rowland knocks on the Harrells' door and, before Reah answers, steps inside. "Did you hear?" she says. "Mr. Monroe saw Goins go behind the Presnells' house with a pitchfork."

"Yes?" Reah says.

"You see what I've got, don't you?" Mrs. Rowland points to a bulge in her pocket and pulls out a .22 pistol. "It's loaded."

"Jonah has a .22 rifle," Reah says. "He got it down from the attic yesterday. It was his father's."

Across the road, Goins finishes forking manure and straw around Mrs. Presnell's fruit trees and goes home to clean up for his Friday night.

"But what will they do with him?" Jonah Harrell asks Mrs. Presnell. "They can't keep him on the sixth floor forever." Goins was taken once to the Stilson Hospital's sixth floor, where alcoholics are dried out and psychiatric patients held. He stayed three days. No one could be found to sign for Charles's committal. He hasn't any family.

"We can't sleep, Jonah. Something's got to be done," Mrs. Presnell says.

"You're the one helps him most," Jonah says. "And this is what you get."

"He's not very smart, Jonah. No one wants to hurt him, but we can't go on like this."

"He lives here," Jonah says. "He's ours to help."

"But how can they let him go drunk in public with a loaded gun?"

"They won't catch him this way," Jonah says. "He knows what's going on."

"He's clever, all right." Mrs. Presnell can't explain her contradiction. She hopes Jonah didn't notice.

"Yes," Jonah says, "for someone who's not bright he's clever. He'll drop down in a ditch and they'll never see him."

That evening Mrs. Presnell sells Goins beer, then frets about whether she has done it out of fear of reprisal or is daring him into trouble. At home, she tells her husband, "Jonah doesn't agree with us. He thinks if we just treated him like a normal person he'd behave like one."

GOINS sits on the store porch, happy with his new dozen cans. Not aluminum. He hates aluminum cans—the way they fold without struggle in his fingers. These are real cans, the kind he can hold palm to fingertip and test the strength of his hands. "Either hand," he mutters to himself. To prove it he bends an empty end to end in his left hand, then another in his right. "She knows better 'n mess with me," he says.

A stranger drives by in a strange car. He drives slowly, staring to either side. "What does he want?" Goins says. The car turns in the Rowlands' driveway, comes back toward the store, holding Goins in its headlights. He raises a hand to brush away the light. "Damn people," he says. The car leaves; Goins is pleased with himself. He has gotten rid of the stranger for Worton. The night is his; frog and locust sing for him. His gun is safe behind the store.

An hour later, still there, he sees his bent cans are scattered on the porch. He gathers them into order around him. But there is no order for bent cans; he puts them in their paper bag. The headlights catch him bending over, cleaning up. He sits back on his bench and is fixed in the light, vexed by exposure. It's the same car, the same man who drives by. Goins walks across the road and knocks at the Presnells' house. Mr. and Mrs. Presnell are standing behind the door. They have seen him coming. So have the Monroes and the Rowlands and the Harrells, all standing at their own dark windows. Mrs. Presnell opens the door a crack. "What is it, Charles?" she says.

"It's me," Goins says.

"Yes?"

"There's a man keeps driving back and forth by the store. I just thought I'd tell you."

"Yes?"

"I just thought you should know."

"Thank you, Charles."

"And I cleaned up the porch."

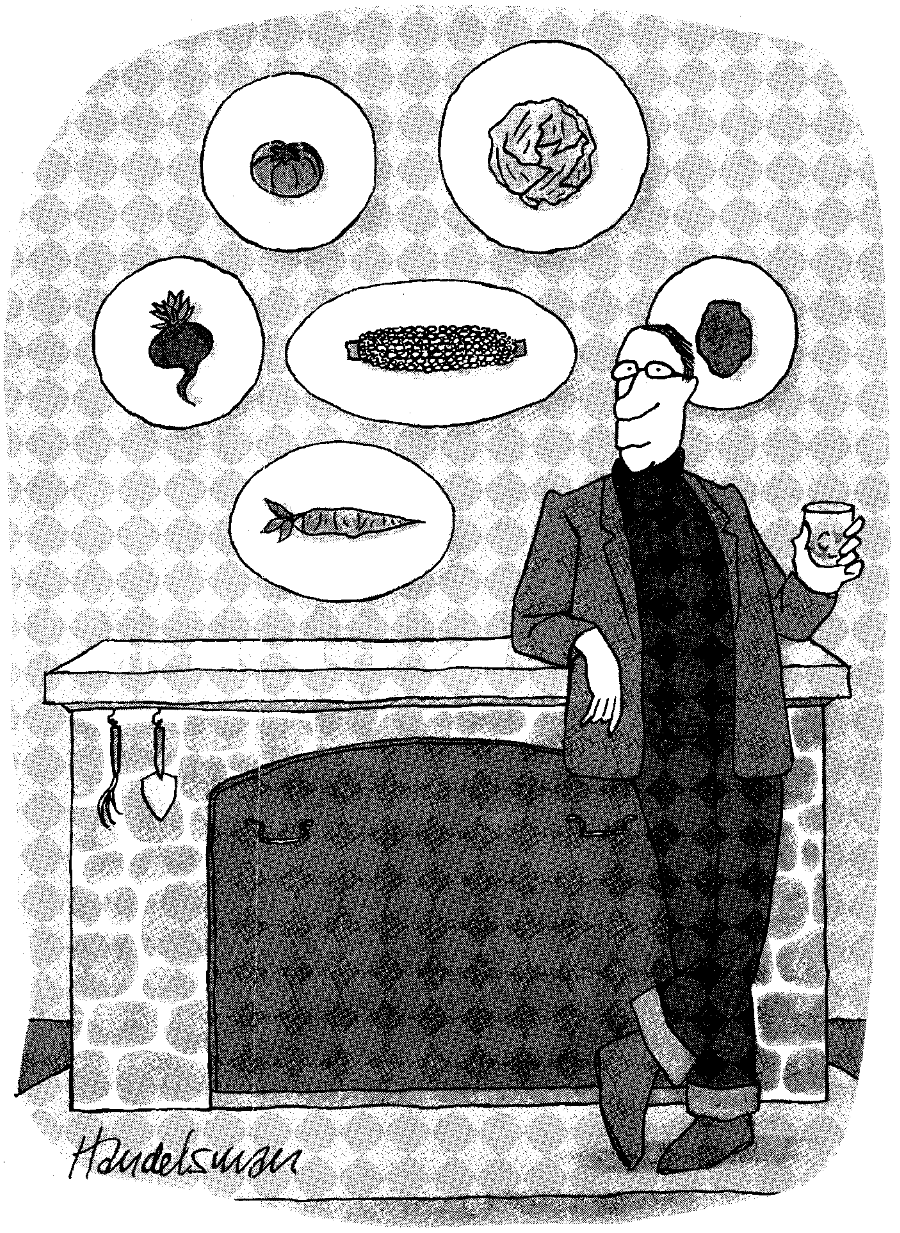
Mrs. Presnell closes her door and the phone rings.

It is Mr. Monroe. "Are you all right?" he says. "We saw him on your doorstep."

Mrs. Rowland tries to phone Mrs. Presnell, but her line is busy. She tries the Monroes, but that line is busy, too. She doesn't like talking to Reah, but she calls the Harrells anyway. Jonah answers. "Just a moment. I'll wake her," he lies.

"Do you think they'll get him?" Mrs. Rowland asks Reah.

"Get him for what?" Reah says. Mrs. Rowland wishes she hadn't called.



ITS phoning finished, Worton returns to its windows. But Goins has gone home. Mrs. Rowland tries to sleep. She is thinking of Easter, when Goins came uninvited to her garden party. She'd asked everyone else. She felt bad about not asking him, but he made people so uncomfortable. Then he'd come anyway and stood to one side, his hands greasy with rooting in a tin of Vienna lunch sausages he'd brought with him. There was a little cut oozing on his nose. He stood there perspiring, breathing loud and leaning against the tea table. Mr. Rowland showed him how the table was tipping and asked if he might move, and Goins straightened suddenly. "That's all right," he said. "No trouble." He went and stood with his sausage tin on the other side of the lawn.

"Oh, why does he just stand there?" Mrs. Rowland demanded of her husband. She walked over and asked Goins if he'd like some tea. He'd come back to the table to pick up six Tollhouse cookies. Everyone tried to be polite, but he retreated again to his neutral side of the lawn and watched his neighbors. He was having a good time. Then, when Mrs. Rowland had begun to wish her party over, the lawn cleaned and people away, Goins was first to say he'd have to be getting home. He made one more pass at the tea table and left with his hand clamped on another half-dozen cookies. As soon as he'd gone Mrs. Silvey began to tell how she'd been alone in the church the night before, cleaning the pews. She had looked up and there was Goins standing in the aisle, staring at her.

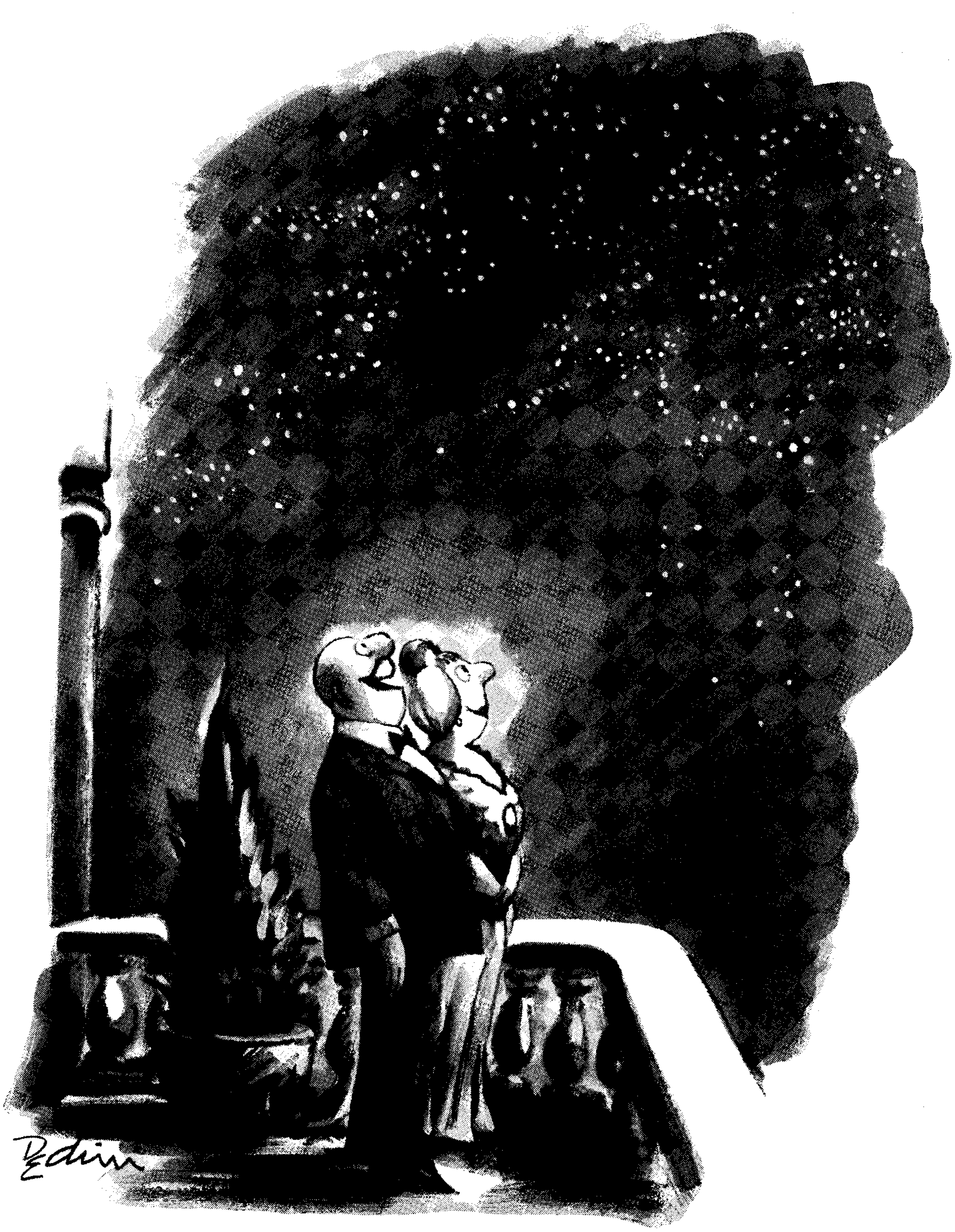
ON a Saturday night, later in the summer, Goins stands in the rain looking across the road at the Presnells' house. The maple leaves overhead are leaking. He is on duty; the dark village is his to patrol. Let nothing interrupt his vigil. But lights are coming at him. Someone has seen him again. Everything is ruined. The car turns into the driveway behind him. Goins knows it is the Harrells. He hears their voices as they get out of the car and enter their house.

When they saw him in the headlights Jonah had said, "He's at it again."

"But why does he just stand there?" Reah asked. "Look, he's wet himself."

"It's raining, Reah."

"Well, he looks so uncomfortable."



"Lucille, I'm going in to get my guitar."

Before they finish preparing for bed, they hear the shotgun blast and buckshot sprinkling on the roof. Or is it just raining harder? Reah hurries around the house, turning off lights. Jonah stands absolutely still in the living room, listening. Reah bumps into him and jumps back. "What are we going to do?" She recovers. "It's him."

"We don't know for sure," Jonah says.

"But we know."

"All right," Jonah says. "Just dial the operator, so you won't need a light."

After Reah calls the sheriff's office she joins Jonah at the bedroom window.

"Can you see him?" she asks.

"No. He's gone home. He's not dumb."

"They didn't know who I was talking about."

"Did you give our name?" Jonah asks.

"Yes."

"Maybe you shouldn't have."

In fifteen minutes a red light spins into Worton and a spotlight sweeps the road. The deputy gets out of his car at the store. "It's a different one," Jonah says. A second police car arrives. Two deputies walk up and down the road.

"Too much, too late," Jonah says.

"No, look," Reah says. "They've got him." Goins is coming toward the store, walking between the two deputies. "Poor man. What will they do with him?" The three of them disappear behind the store. "What are they doing to him?" Reah is worried.

"There they are," Jonah says. "They've got his gun." They are standing in front of the store again.

"Why are they just talking?" Reah says. "Won't they do something with him?"

Lights come on at the Presnells' house. Mrs. Presnell comes out in her bathrobe and walks toward the lawmen. Reah and Jonah hear only bits of what she says. "Do you mean to tell me . . ." carries clearly to their window.

"I think they're going to let him go," Jonah says.

Mrs. Presnell remonstrates with one deputy while the other walks down the road with Goins.

"Are they just going to take him home?" Reah says.

"No," Jonah says, "here they come again. They've got his other gun." They gather at the corner to talk. One deputy tires of the discussion and leaves. Mrs. Presnell argues with the other, but he has already decided to leave Goins and take the guns.

MRS. PRESNELL explains to her morning customers, "They said they didn't have enough to take him in. They couldn't prove he was drunk or shooting. So they just took his guns."

"He's got more," Mr. Silvey says.

"Only the two shotguns," Mrs. Presnell insists.

"He's got a rifle and a pistol," Mr. Silvey says.

"The rules keep changing," Reah says. "No one knows the rules."

She sees Goins that afternoon, sitting on the store porch watching Mrs. Presnell carry cartons out to the incinerator. "Here," he says, "let me help with those." —JOHN ROLFE GARDINER

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Creole Delicacies from Old New Orleans
STRAWBERRY PRESERVES
Fraise de la Louisiana, sun-ripened whole fruit in a pure preserve of incompatible flavor.—*Adv. in the National Observer.*

That's Mammy's li'l ol' Creole delicacy!

TWO WEDDINGS AND ONE DIVORCE

ONE day in autumn, a shoemaker's apprentice committed suicide on Krochmalna Street because his bride to be, a seamstress, betrayed him and married a widower. Krochmalna Street could speak of nothing else. The case was even discussed by the Chassidim in the Radzyminer study house. They were all three there—Meyer the Eunuch, who was sane two weeks each month and deranged the other two; old Levi Yitzchok, who suffered from trachoma and wore sunglasses night and day; and Zalman the glazier, a simple man who recited fifty pages of the Zohar every day though he did not know Aramaic. One young man was saying, "These love affairs are a result of ungodly books—the novels. In former times, when such heathenish books did not exist, there were no mishaps like this."

"Not true at all," said Levi Yitzchok. "The Talmud tells us of the heretic Elisha ben Avuyah that secular books fell from his cloak. Blasphemers and mockers lived even in the time of Abraham."

Zalman the glazier lifted his index finger, with its horny nail. "There were also love affairs among those who feared God. In our village of Radoszyce, a Chassidic boy fell madly in love with a wench unworthy of him in every way. He was the only son of a wealthy man, an ardent Chassid, Reb Shraga Kutner. Reb Shraga's other children had died from scarlet fever, diphtheria, whooping cough, measles. His first wife had also passed away, and in his old age he had married a girl of seventeen, an orphan. She died giving birth to this son, Aaron David. Reb Shraga became weaker from day to day and he yearned to lead his son to the wedding canopy before he died. He asked the matchmakers to find a suitable girl, even though his son was too young for marriage.

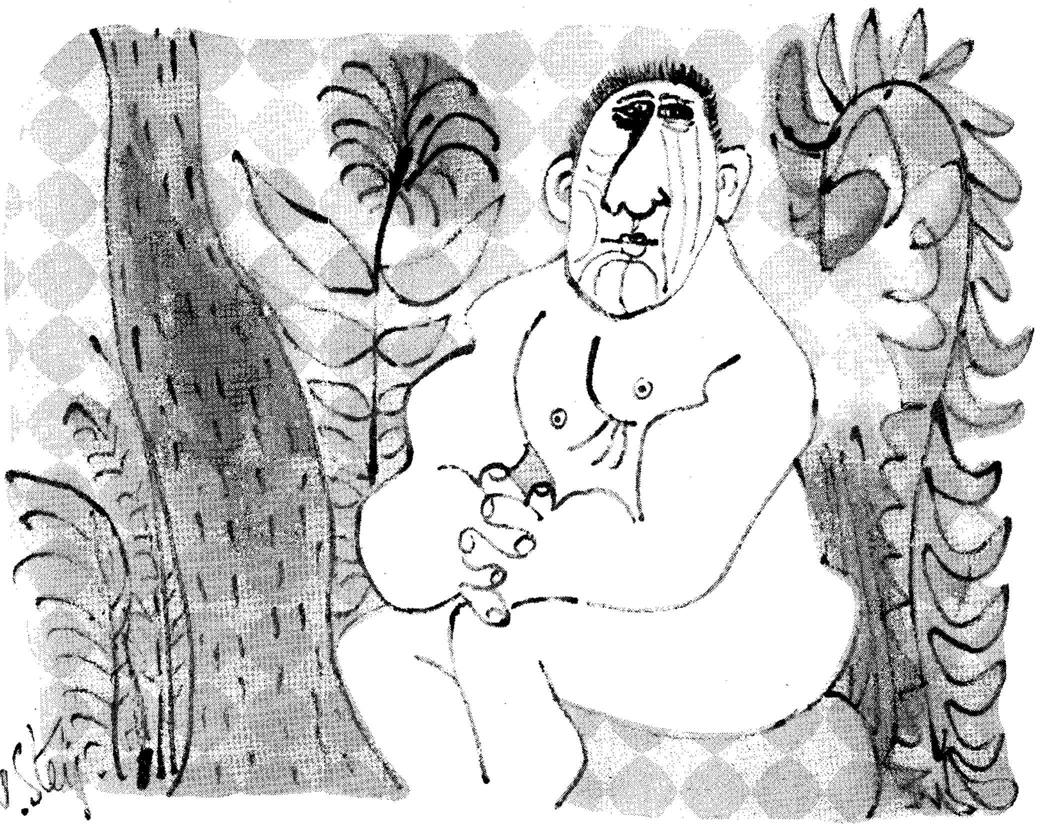
"In those years no match was arranged until the parents of the girl sent teachers to examine the boy's knowledge of the Torah. Aaron David was known as a good scholar. The rabbi had predicted that he might become the head of a yeshiva one day. But somehow Aaron David failed to answer correctly the questions put to him. He seemed to know little of the Bible. He made blatant mistakes in the interpretation of the Mishnah and the Gemara. At the beginning, Reb Shraga assumed that his son was afraid of the examiners and their verdicts and became mixed up. He therefore pleaded with the examiners to be patient. He also explained to Aaron David that examiners are not eager to have a student fail. They get a small percentage of the dowry if things go right, and they want him to succeed. But all this was no use. Some of the examiners became so disgusted with the boy that they told the townspeople of the stupid errors he made, and there was much to laugh at and malign. Reb Shraga felt utterly disgraced.

"Then, during an examination, Aaron David translated a Hebrew passage in a way so ridiculously wrong that Reb Shraga began to suspect his son was acting deliberately. But why should a young student wish to play the ignoramus and be shamed? He locked himself with his son into his library and said, 'My son, your father is old and sick, he is already with one foot in his grave. A single desire is left him—to get some joy from you. Now, tell me the truth, why do you spoil each match that is proposed?'

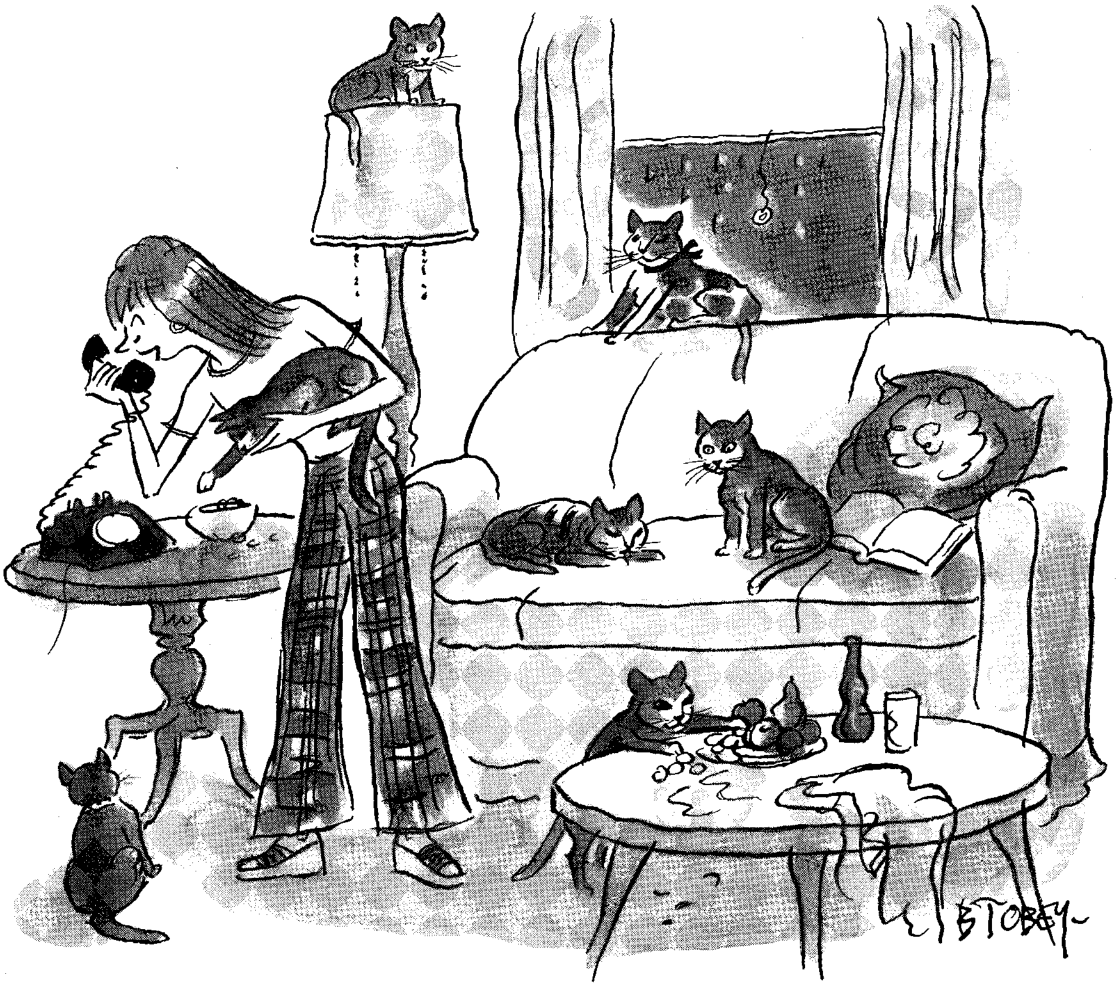
"When the boy heard these words he burst out crying. He confessed to his father that he had fallen in love with a girl and if he couldn't have her for his wife he preferred to remain alone. Reb Shraga couldn't believe his ears—such talk from a youngster who was barely fourteen. 'Who is the girl?' he asked. The boy answered, 'If you hear who she is you will think I am crazy and you will be right, too, but I cannot get her out of my thoughts.'

"I'll make it short. Aaron David had fallen in love with a water carrier's daughter, a cripple born without hands and feet. Instead, she had sort of fins, like a fish. Her name was Fradl. Because she was unable to use crutches, she could not take a step. She had to be drawn on a cart with wheels. I knew her quite well. Her father, Shimmele Icicle, carried water to Reb Shraga and also to my parents. When there was frost in winter, icicles formed in his beard and sometimes they would drop into his pails or into the water barrel of the customer. From this he got his nickname. He was known as a coarse creature and a little pixillated. His wife had left him and he brought up his freakish daughter himself. Her face was quite pretty, with black fiery eyes. She had a sharp tongue and used foul language. They lived in a half-ruined hut on Bridge Street.

"It came about this way. Once, on Purim, Shimmele



Naked Man



"The Graysons are on vacation in Europe. I'm the sitter."

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brought a Purim gift to Reb Shraga. Reb Shraga was out of the house. Aaron David thought that it was a gift from a householder in town to his father and that Shimmele was the messenger. He wanted to give him a penny for his errand, but Shimmele said, 'This is a present from my sweet little daughter to you, my boy.' 'Why to me?' asked Aaron David, astounded, and Shimmele replied, 'Because of your blue eyes and curly sidelocks.' I knew the whole story, for Aaron David told it later to my Uncle Leibush. She had sent a red apple, some St.-John's-bread, a peppermint candy. Shimmele said, 'Don't tell your father about it—he might whip you. Mum's the word. It could give you a reputation as a girl chaser.' When Shimmele left, the boy pondered. Who had ever heard of a girl sending a gift to a boy she did not know? After a while he decided he should give Fradl a Purim gift in return. But how? If he sent it by a servant, the whole town would know. So he put an orange, some cookies, and a slice of honey cake on a plate, covered it with a napkin, and carried it to Fradl himself. It seemed that the sly creature spoke to him ticklish words and worked a charm on him. There is a proverb: The Evil One is not choosy. Who knows? Perhaps she treated him with a potion that makes the blood hot. When a female washes her breasts in a mixture of water and Sabbath wine and gives some of it to a man to drink, she kindles his longing for her. Many loves are the result of such doings.

"I don't need to tell you that Reb Shraga was shocked and warned his son against such a pitfall. The boy had not told him about the Purim gift; he just said that he saw her through a window. The whole thing was a terrible blow to Reb Shraga. Shimmele was known as a ruffian and a blabbermouth. Reb Shraga went to his rabbi for advice on how to free the boy from his infatuation. The rabbi gave Reb Shraga a blessing and a talisman, but to no avail. Aaron David insisted that he marry Fradl or no one. Reb Shraga, realizing that his end was near and that the boy would never get over his madness, decided that perhaps it was a punishment from God or simply a curse to which one must submit. How does the saying go? 'If you can't go over, you go under.' He took off his shame cap and told his relatives to prepare for a wedding.

"When the people of Radoszyce heard of this match there was a commotion. Some cried, others laughed and spat. The women all insisted that the cunning Fradl had bewitched an innocent boy. But in time one gets accustomed to the most weird events. There was a wedding, and the wedding canopy was set up in the court of the synagogue as always when the bride is a virgin. Not only Fradl had to be carried but also Reb Shraga. From grief he had lost the power of his legs. Just the same, musicians played and the wedding jester cracked jokes. The riffraff of both sexes considered this marriage the high point of their lives. They danced, sang, and got drunk. Reb Shraga had ordered a festive meal for the paupers of the poorhouse. They sat at a long table, ate challah with carp, and drank mead. Shimmele lifted up the wings of his gaberdine and danced a kosatzke.

"Shortly after the wedding Reb Shraga died. People predicted that a cripple like Fradl would not get pregnant. But she was soon with child. In the years that followed she gave birth to five daughters, one more beautiful than the other. She turned out to be a diligent housewife. Aaron David hired for her two maids, and Fradl gave orders from her couch. Everything in her home had to sparkle. Her copper vessels shone like gold. When they grew up, her daughters indulged her every whim. The women from Bridge Street used to visit her and bring her all the gossip from the village. They took her to the marketplace. She was fond of bargains and bedecked herself with trinkets. There was plenty of money. Reb Shraga had been an able merchant even in his older years. He had a large drygoods store and visited fairs in Lublin, Nałęczów, Lemberg. As for Aaron David, he remained an unworldly Talmud scholar. He lived on his inheritance from his father. He must have loved his wife truly, because after her death he did not remarry.

"Fradl died in a very queer way. I've already told you that instead of hands and feet she had fins. Suddenly her skin began to grow scales. Aaron David summoned doctors from Lublin and even from Warsaw. Professors came to investigate the nature of her malady. They tried to remove the scales by surgery, but they grew so rapidly that soon her whole body was covered with them. Some of the town's wags joked that she had become a kosher fish, since that's what a fish must have to be kosher—fins and scales. The sickness did not last more than three months. I didn't see her in this stage, but I know that the curious came to look at her from neighboring towns. There were those who believed that her mother had sinned with a fish and Fradl was the offspring."

"What?" said Levi Yitzchok. "Such perversions were not practiced even by the Generation of the Flood."

GLASS

What the warbler must have seen
was the world swung round;
without turning back
she was flying into
a distance already passed through:

another side of the woodpile
she had just cleared in a single pitch,
and beyond, through the middle ground
of pines, the background glitter
of running sea she had skipped above
like a flat stone thrown so well
it touches down on water
all the way to the other shore.

Swung round,
only slightly blurred.
Trees twinning,
far water grained,
air of a density . . .

then that split-second insight

into splashes of newspaper
and clothing
filtered through
final dusts of light.

As perhaps,
in our last seconds,
we are swung round
to live ourselves back through
each particular,
to fall faster and faster
out of loves, out of
changes of clothes,

whole snows lifting skyward
becoming autumn leaves lifting
back into the green trees,
the dead stepping out of
crumbling loam,

at the last, seed and egg
unravelling, falling away.

And all
in the time
it takes a flat stone to skip over water
and be let in.

—Brendan Galvin

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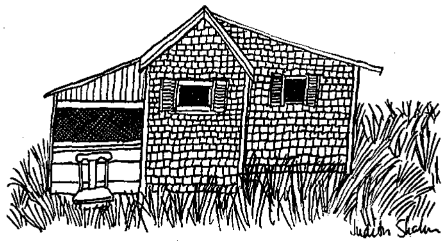
FOR a long time there was silence in the study house. Only the wind could be heard. Meyer the Eunuch clutched his chin, seeming to search for the root of a hair. Levi Yitzchok poked his nose into his wooden snuffbox, took a whiff, and said, "Such a passion is sheer illusion; a foolish idea gets stuck in the mind like a wedge. Or it might have been the work of Satan. The Evil Ones have their power. The daughters of Lilith fly around at night like bats and tempt men to commit abominations. Even saints suffer the defilement of nocturnal emission. But true love has a holy origin.

"In the town of Parysow there was a Talmudist, an affluent man, Reb Pinchos Edelweiss. He came from a distinguished lineage—from Rabbi Moshe Isserles and from Rashi. The town elders wanted to make him their rabbi, but he refused. Why did he need to be a rabbi? He possessed forests, a sawmill, and I think a water mill, too. He sent rafts on the Vistula to Danzig. Reb Pinchos divided his days into two parts. From sunrise to noon he studied the Talmud, the Responsa, the Midrash, the Zohar. He prayed early in the morning with the first quorum. After lunch he conducted his business. He drove around in a carriage, like a squire. He employed a bookkeeper, a cashier, and lumberjacks who cut the trees into logs. His wife, Ada Zillah, came from an even more noble house than he. She spoke Polish and German and could write a letter in Hebrew. The only blessing denied the pair was children. Oh, I forgot to mention that Reb Pinchos had a younger brother who had deviated from the path of righteousness. He had swindled and forged a signature, and had had to run away to America. In those times to have someone in America was like having a convert or a suicide in the family.

"One day Reb Pinchos became ill, and no medicine helped him. He travelled to Vienna to the great doctors, but they all gave him up. Reb Pinchos knew that when he died childless his widow would have to go through the ceremony of Chalitzah with her brother-in-law in order to be allowed to marry again. Now, it is not an easy thing to go and search for someone in America—especially a person of an adventurous nature. Therefore Reb Pinchos decided that before he died he would divorce his wife, so that she could remarry without a release from his brother. Husband and wife loved one another with a great love, and when Ada Zillah heard about his plans for the divorce she began to cry bitterly, insisting that she would never have another man. Reb Pinchos said, 'Why should you live out your years alone? You are still young, and with another husband you might yet be able to have children.' Still she refused. When Reb Pinchos realized that she would not consent, he went to the rabbi without her knowledge and ordered a scribe to write a bill of divorce. He also made out a will wherein he left Ada Zillah half of his fortune and the other half to various charities. Everything was done in secrecy. The next day he called for two of his employees to serve as witnesses and for his wife. He handed her the divorce papers, reciting the proper words. Ada Zillah listened to the words and saw the divorce papers, and she fainted dead away. As soon as she was revived, she took a Pentateuch from the bookcase, raised her hand, and said, 'Pinchos, I swear by God Almighty and the Holy Book that I will never belong to another man.' And she cried convulsively.



"You know the law that a divorced man and woman are not permitted to stay under the same roof. Reb Pinchos had prepared for himself a room in another house, but so great was Ada Zillah's anguish that she seized her prayer book and her book of supplications, packed some linen into a bundle, and ran to the poorhouse. When the paupers in the poorhouse saw the wellborn Ada Zillah with her bundle and heard

"*Can I get you anything? I'm going into town.*"

her say that she had come to stay, there arose a terrible lament. They all knew Ada Zillah. Every day she sent chicken soup and groats to the sick. Often she went herself to comfort the depressed and to dole out charity. Now important men and women of the town rushed to her to plead that she not ruin her life. In answer, Ada Zillah quoted to them the words of Job: 'Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither.' She had torn her husband's last will to shreds.

"When the poorhouse attendant saw that Ada Zillah was adamant, he wanted to put up a bed with linen for her, but Ada Zillah said, 'My bed will be a bundle of straw the same as for all the others.' She was given a hay pillow and a bundle of straw and she sat down on it in her silk dress and began to recite the chapters that are used in times of distress and illness: 'O Lord God of my salvation I have cried day and night before Thee. . . . For my soul is full of troubles: and my life draweth nigh unto the grave. . . . Have mercy upon me, O Lord; for I am weak: O Lord, heal me for my bones are vexed.'

"A prayer in such circumstances can split the heavens. Or perhaps the cure had already been decreed. That day Reb Pinchos became better. He was supposed to have had an ulcer in his throat, and he coughed so long and hard that whatever it was burst and the pus drained out. The threat to his life was over and the people started to say that Reb Pinchos could now remarry Ada Zillah. But they were reminded that Reb Pinchos was of priestly caste—a Cohen, who is not permitted to marry a divorcée even though she be his former spouse. So great was Reb Pinchos' despair that when his friends who visited him wished him a quick recovery he said, 'Better wish me a speedy death.' But they don't ask in Heaven a man's judgment on whether he deserves life or death. Reb Pinchos recovered completely. After witnessing such a miracle, the town healer, who used to be a heretic, became an ardent believer.

"Reb Pinchos went to Ada Zillah in the poorhouse and fell at her feet, beseeching her to take over his house and marry someone else. The rabbi was willing to revoke her oath, which had been given in a moment of desperation and possibly with an unclear mind. But Ada Zillah said, 'My oath stands, and I am not in need of a house. You, Pinchos, remarry. It is quite possible that I am barren, not you. Heaven wanted you to bring forth a generation, therefore this affliction was visited upon us. It is my wish that you find a young woman capable of giving birth and take her as a wife. Your children will be as dear to me as if they were my own.' "

"Did he remarry?" Zalman the glazier asked.

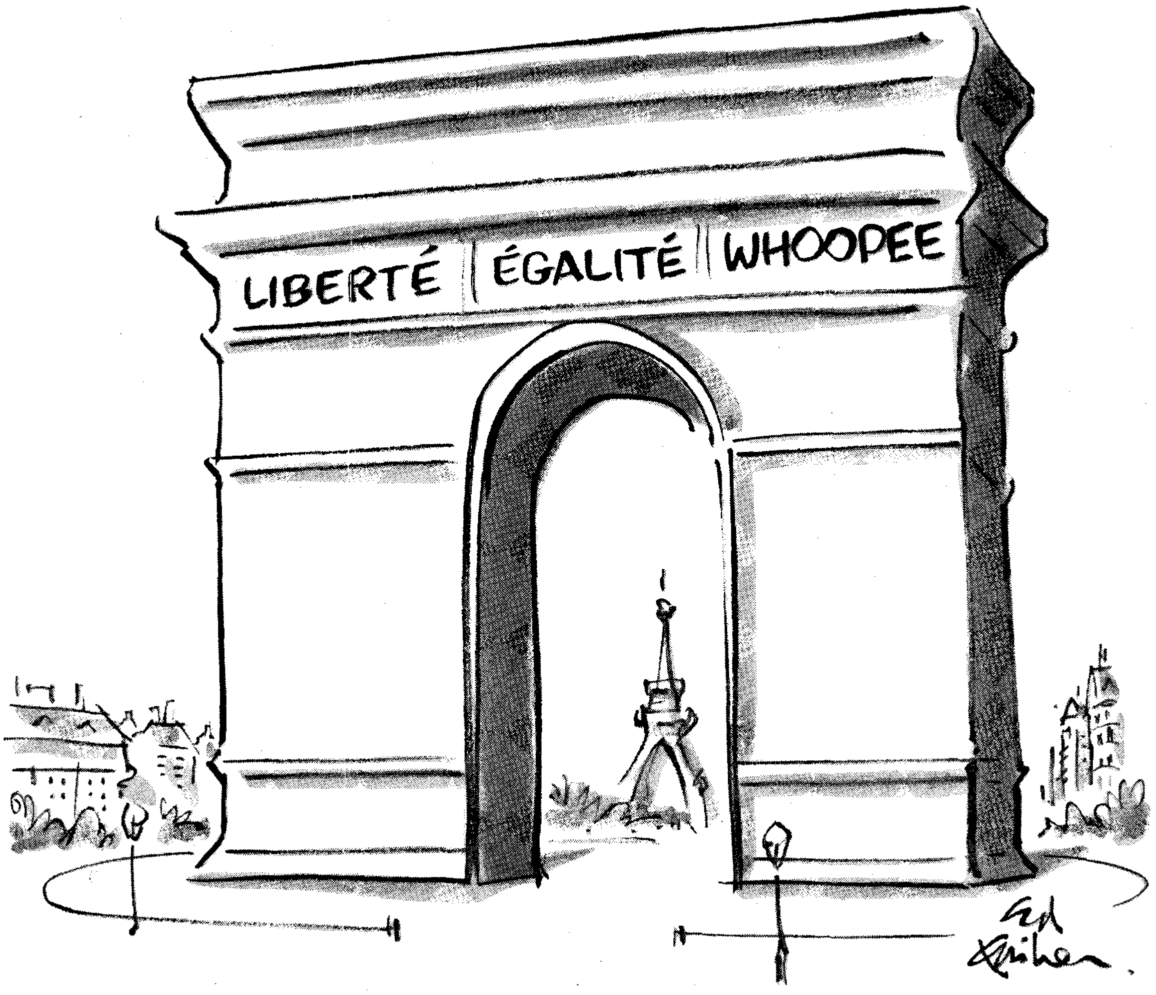
"No. The truth is that he broke the

law. A man who has not fulfilled the commandment to be fruitful and multiply may not remain without a wife. The rabbi told Reb Pinchos that he transgressed, but he answered, 'Gehenna is for people, not for animals.' He withdrew from all business and became a recluse. He gave away most of his possessions, though he kept his house and garden, still hoping to provide a home for Ada Zillah. He even proposed to send her to the Holy Land in the hope that she would find solace there among the sacred places. But Ada Zillah said, 'I am not permitted to be with you under one roof; let me at least be with you under one sky.' Reb Pinchos went to the rabbi and said, 'Rabbi, as long as I live I am forbidden to be near Ada Zillah, but it is my will that when we both part from this earth we should be allowed to lie in our graves one next the other.' The rabbi could not decide this matter by himself and he took the question to the council of three rabbis. The verdict was that after their demise the former husband and wife could have adjoining graves.

"And so it happened. Reb Pinchos died before Ada Zillah. I no longer lived in town then. But I was told that when he fell ill she attended him, gave him his medicines, and cooked for him the dishes the doctor prescribed. Whether she acted strictly according to the law I am not sure. But behind each law mercy is concealed. In the few years Ada Zillah outlived Reb Pinchos, she went to the cemetery every weekday, summer and winter, and prostrated herself on his grave. On the plot next to his, she had her own headstone put up, engraved with the words 'Here lies Ada Zillah, the devoted wife of the pious Reb Pinchos.' Space was left for the date of her death. I heard that not long after she was buried a willow tree began to sprout from her grave. It grew rapidly into a large tree, and its branches drooped to cover both graves and to make them one. The law of divorce is only for bodies. Souls cannot be divorced."

FOR a while it seemed that Meyer did not listen. He sat there deep in thought. He grimaced and shook his head as if puzzled by something that he could neither solve nor forget. Then he said, "What you told, Zalman, happens every day. People marry blind ones, mute ones, hunchbacks, even lepers. When the Angel calls out forty days before birth that the daughter of one man is to marry the son of another man, this comes to pass. Providence joins the strangest bedfellows and works in a way that appears the doing of matchmakers. If Providence did not hide behind the laws of nature, all people would be saints and there would be no free choice. From your story, Levi Yitzchok, I like best the saying 'Gehenna is for people, not for animals.' Gehenna cleanses souls, and cleansing is benevolence. The body loves only itself, and even this is an illusion. Flesh is nothing but a garment. When the soul requires a new garment, the old one turns to dust. This is the mystery of reincarnation. We have already been males, females, cattle, trees, grass. They call me Eunuch. I am not a eunuch but androgynous. Adam, who was created perfect in God's image, was androgynous. There are hints of this in the Book of Genesis. Adam and Eve copulated from within.

"This story I heard from my grandfather and he heard it from his grandfather. In the city of Praga lived a man, Reb Bezalel Ashkenazi. He had an only son, Eliakim, a yenuka, a prodigy. At four the yenuka already knew the Bible, the Mishnah, and parts of the Gemara. At seven he gave a sermon in the Praga synagogue and scholars came to listen to him. It happens quite often that a yenuka is born androgynous, and according to the Cabala this is right, because all great souls are a union of both sexes. Since Eliakim grew up wise, many matches were proposed for him. But he said, 'When the time comes, the right spouse will be with me.' He had long hair and did not grow a beard. He sang tunes that had never been heard in this world, and with two voices—male and female. A yenuka descends to Earth to correct a blunder made in a former existence, and when his mission is accomplished he is ready to ascend to the Mansions of Heaven. One day Eliakim's hair was black, the next day it turned white. Although he had no wife and it was not the custom for a bachelor to wear the prayer shawl, he sat all



"Guess board meeting's out."

day long wrapped in a prayer shawl and with phylacteries on his arm and head like one of the ancients. His parents had died. There were no Chassidim at this time—certainly not in Praga—but people came to him as to a wonder rabbi. He pronounced incantations over pieces of amber. Mothers waited outside his house for him to bless their infants. Witnesses testified that when the yenuka studied the Book of Creation the pages turned by themselves. When he wanted to write some footnote on the margin of a scroll, the quill jumped into his hand. Those who are rooted in the primeval source of life enliven everything that surrounds them. In the winter the beadle did not need to heat the stove in the yenuka's house, because a fiery radiance emanated from him as from a seraph.

"He ate almost nothing. He slept never longer than sixty breaths at a time. He seemed more in Heaven than on Earth.

"One day the yenuka let it be known that he was about to marry. His followers were all astonished. How can the androgynous marry? And what earthly woman could deserve to be his wife? He asked that only ten old men be invited to the wedding—all Cabalists and servants of the Almighty. One of them was to officiate at the ceremony. On the appointed day, the beadle kept watch through the window for carriages bearing the bride and her relatives. None arrived. Just the same, after the evening prayers the ten invited elders gathered in the yenuka's house. One of them wrote out the ketuba, leaving only a blank space for the name of the bride. Four others set up a canopy supported by four posts. Wax candles were lit and a goblet was filled with wine. Through it all, the yenuka remained locked in his room. Some of the men listened at the door. Nothing could be heard. They began to wonder if because of his holy remoteness he had forgotten about the wedding. But just then the door of his room opened and the yenuka came out clad in a white robe and a white cowl, like a corpse in shrouds, and beside him the bride in a white wedding dress and a heavy veil. Her face could not be seen, but her garments shone with the colors of lightning. The few old men were overcome by awe; they could barely stand on their feet. Nevertheless, the one who wrote the ketuba took courage and asked the bride her name. 'Eliakim,' she said. 'The daughter of Bezalel.' The bride and groom had the same name and the same father's name.

"The ceremony was performed according to law. The one who officiated read the ketuba and recited the first benedictions. The bridegroom put a ring on the index finger of the bride's right hand and said, 'Thou art sanctified to me with this ring according to the law of Moses and Israel.' When the bride was about to drink from the goblet, she lifted her veil and they all saw two yenukas, their faces as white as mother-of-pearl and their eyes luminous with the glory of love. They resembled one another as closely as twins. After the second benedictions they were wished mazel tov, but they returned to their room in silence."

"Wasn't a wedding like this against the strict letter of the law?" Levi Yitzchok asked.

"There are copulations in Heaven that would be incest on Earth," Meyer replied.

"What happened then?"

"The yenuka joined the Yeshiva On High the same night."

"And what happened to the bride?" Zalman the glazier asked. "She died also?"

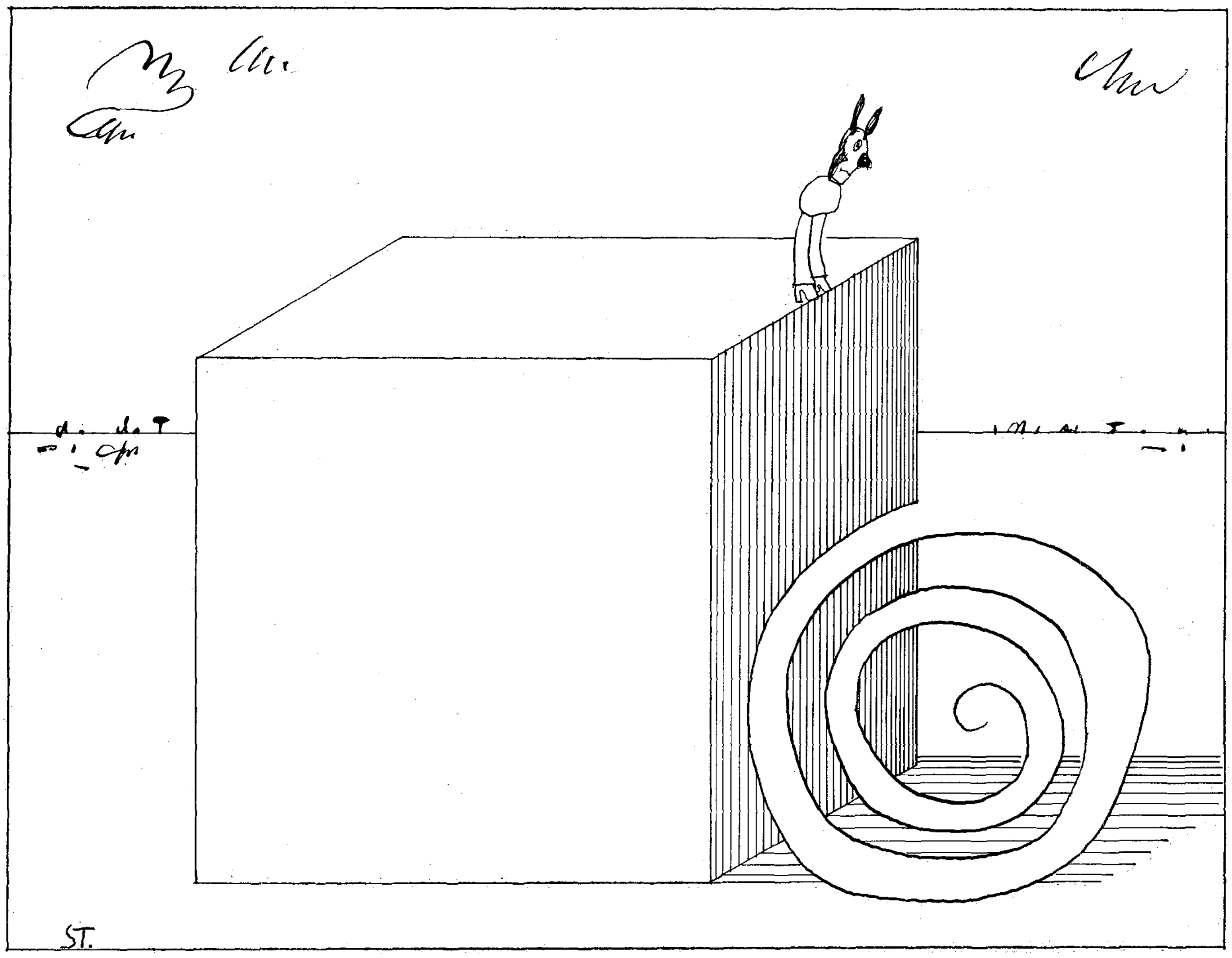
Meyer shrugged. He closed his eyes and seemed to have fallen asleep. Then he rose and began to pace back and forth on the floor of the study house. He rubbed the palms of his hands and murmured to himself. Once in a while he burst out laughing. The kerosene lamp went out and a single candle burned in the candelabra. It flickered and sputtered. The room filled with shadows.

Zalman looked out through the window. "The moon is full," he said. "The half month begins when Meyer is confused." —ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Alma Singer.)

ANNALS OF CRIME

DEAD SOULS IN THE COMPUTER—II



IT is almost universally conceded in the electronic data-processing industry that, even with the help of auditing teams, it is extremely difficult to detect acts of embezzlement, fraud, or thievery in which computers, or the processing routines employed in their operation, are used as the principal tools of crime. It seems to be also agreed that the number of undetected computer-related crimes is probably far greater than the number of those on record. Of course, a considerable amount of fraud occurs under manual accounting systems, and the computer unquestionably offers, through its instant and wide-ranging memory-search devices, internal controls over data that were not possible in the past. However, manual systems of accounting, although they involve great quantities of slow-moving paper, offer a certain security in that the paper goes through many different clerical and supervisory hands, which means that a successful fraud has to pass the repeated scrutiny of a number of people. But with computerized systems, in which literally tons of paperwork may be compressed into recorded signals on a single reel of magnetic tape, the number of people in the chain is vastly reduced. This tends to put far more information than before into the hands of far fewer people than before, and the capacity for abuse thus tends to be increased. Furthermore, the manual system requires clerks to sign vouchers, whereas computers impose anonymity. "When I type a computer entry into the record from a keyboard terminal, it looks just the same as if you had typed it," one computer-security man with considerable experience in banking systems said to me recently. "In a multi-terminal computer system, there is simply no way of telling with certainty who is pushing the keys at the other end." Also, because of the extreme complexity of any computer system, it is difficult to check on just what a computer programmer, designer of a particular program, computer-tape librarian, or computer user may have been doing. Certainly, such matters tend to be almost entirely opaque to top management people in many organizations, and they are difficult even for auditors to comprehend fully. As Brandt Allen, a computer scientist at the Colgate Darden Graduate School of Business Administration of the University of Virginia, wrote two years ago in a *Harvard Business Review* article on computer crime, "computer technology tends to confound auditors and managers to the extent that they are rarely in a position to detect or prevent computer-based embezzlement."

Indeed, the number of successful computer frauds that have been committed against companies whose books have been found in order by reputable auditing firms has raised some serious questions in the financial press and in government about whether the auditing profession today is adequately protecting the public interest. These questions were underlined when, last September, after a three-year investigation into the many-dimensioned fraud at the Equity Funding Corporation of America, in Los Angeles—which involved the fraudulent resale to bona-fide insurance firms of faked Equity policies bearing the names of "policyholders" whose sole existence was within the corporation's computers—the Securities and Exchange Commission accused the well-known accounting firm of Seidman & Seidman of negligence when it audited the Equity Funding books and declared them to be acceptable accounts of the company's true financial position. (The firm was also accused of negligence when it audited the books of three other companies in trouble with the S.E.C.) The S.E.C. made clear its belief that although the actual deceptions—primarily the practice of listing fictional dead souls as holders of live insurance policies—had been carried out by Seidman & Seidman's client, the conduct of the accounting firm itself "represented a breach of its ethical and professional responsibilities." The Commission maintained that, contrary to the representations of the accounting firm, the audits of Equity Funding were not carried out in accordance with generally accepted accounting procedures, that critical areas of the audits had been undertaken by inadequately trained people, and that the firm had placed "unwarranted reliance on management representations." The S.E.C. issued a formal administrative order instructing Seidman & Seidman to improve its auditing procedures.

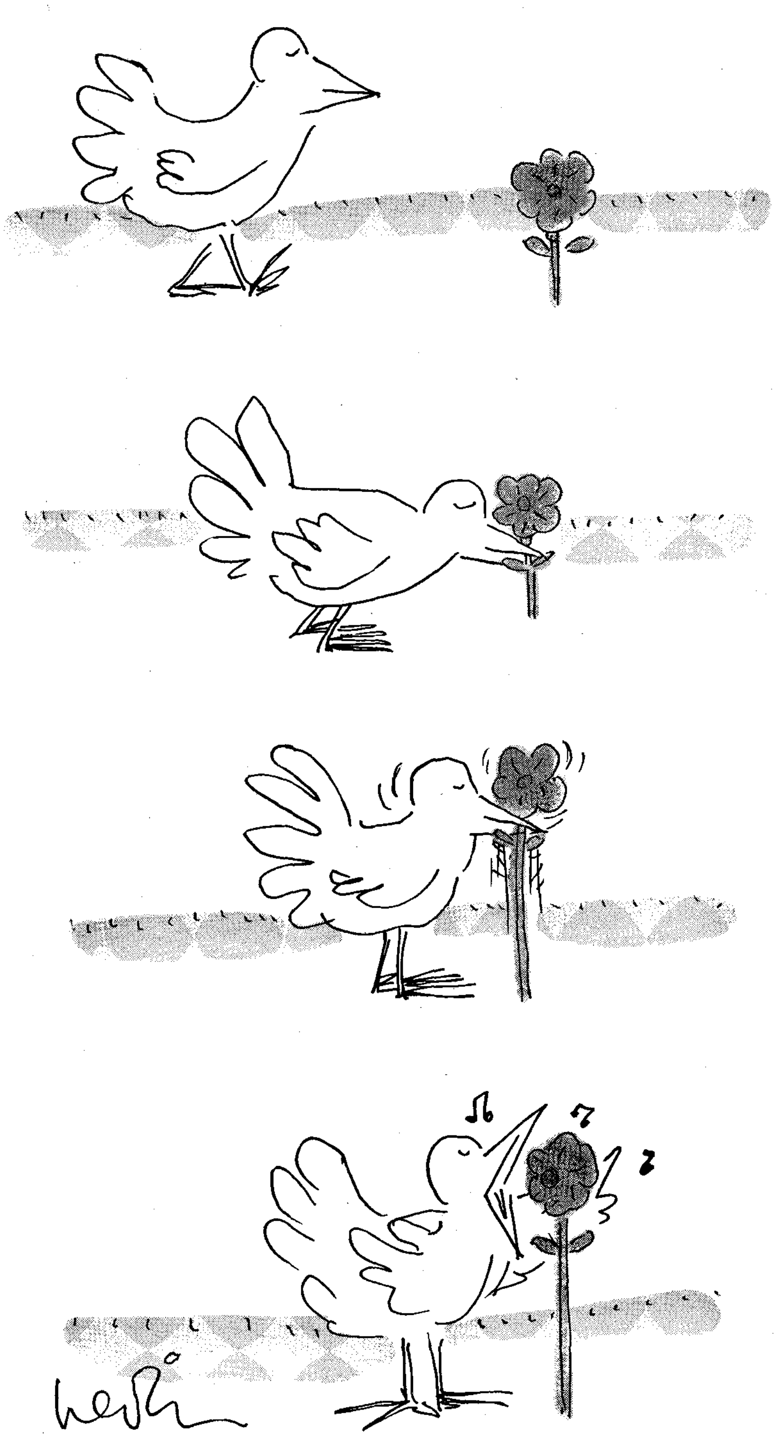
A vice-president handling computer security in one large New York bank has little faith in the idea that the auditing profession can improve its ability to detect computer crimes in the making. "Auditors seldom find a loss," he told me. "They may confirm it after it happens." Other computer-security people are even more skeptical on this score. "The beautiful part about a computer crime is that if you're intent on committing one you can always make Column A equal Column B for the accountants," Lindsay L. Baird, Jr., an independent computer-security consultant, remarked some time ago. Donn B. Parker, a computer-security expert at SRI International (formerly the Stanford Research Institute), in Menlo Park, California, who has compiled extensive information on computer crimes and is the author of a book called "Crime by Computer," has observed that one basic problem affecting the auditor's detection of irregularities in computerized accounts is that in dealing with digitized material the auditor is at least once removed from the contents of the original record; he is essentially examining data representing the work of computer-terminal operators, computer programmers, magnetic-tape librarians, and electronics engineers. "Dealing with a computerized system tends to destroy the independence of the auditor, since the very people whose work he is supposed to be auditing are standing between him and the documents of record transmitted by these people," Parker has said.

In computer systems, what accountants call "the audit trail," by which auditors are supposedly able to trace transactions backward and forward, is at times inadequately marked. In manual systems, the audit trail consists of journals, ledgers, and other documents, all present before the auditor's eyes. But in a computerized accounting system, as Foster Brown, a computer-systems-development expert, wrote in an article in the *Journal of Systems Management* in April of 1975, "the form, content, and accessibility of records frequently are such that the auditor is unable to follow a single transaction completely through the system." The impediments, Brown wrote, include the problem that source documents, once put into computer-readable form, tend to become relatively inaccessible, and in some computer systems are even eliminated. Brown also noted that "ledger summaries may be replaced by master files that do not show the amounts leading up to the summarized values." Above all, Brown said, the ability of the auditor to take a direct look at the figures involved is hindered by the fact that "files maintained on a magnetic medium cannot be read except by use of the computer and a computer program"—and, as Parker, too, pointed out, the computer and its program are generally run not by the auditor but by the people being audited. He has said, "The system is sufficiently complex so that if an auditor of the computerized books of a large corporation were to be truly independent in his examination, he would have to bring with him for the auditing process not only his own team of computer specialists but even his own computer."

Not long ago, I called on Donald L. Adams, managing director of administrative services for the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants, a trade association, about half of whose members are auditors, and asked him to explain his group's position on the problems of auditing computerized company books that might have been tainted by fraud. Adams said that as far as the auditing profession is

"To make a long story short, goodbye."

concerned, "basically, our goal is to come up with a representation of the fairness of the financial statement set forth." He went on, "As a result, we have disclaimed that it is our responsibility to detect fraud. Certainly, many of the things we do in an audit might uncover fraud, and if we do we bring it to the attention of the client." A "Statement on Auditing Standards," issued by the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants, limits the responsibility of the auditor in even more determined language. It states, in part, "The auditor recognizes that fraud, if sufficiently material, may affect his opinion on the financial statements." It goes on, "However, the ordinary examination . . . is not primarily or specifically designed, and cannot be relied upon, to disclose defalcations and other similar irregularities, although their discovery may result." And it insists that the responsibility of the auditor to detect fraud "arises only when such failure [to detect fraud] clearly results from failure to comply with generally accepted auditing standards." Adams said in his talk with me that, with certain exceptions, the financial impact of computer-related fraud is not great. "The sort of frauds that have taken place, while the amounts involved might seem high, have not been what in our parlance we term material; that is, they have not had a major impact on the fairness of a financial statement," he said. This, he made clear, was the official position of the auditors' association. Speaking unofficially, he conceded that it might be difficult to sustain that position in all cases of computer fraud, and certainly in the case of the Equity Funding affair. He asserted that most large accounting firms had people on their staffs who specialized in the auditing of computer systems and who were highly qualified to audit data from computers.



THE handling of more and more computerized information—or digitized money, so to speak—by fewer and fewer people and the increase in the inherent risks involved have accelerated a trend toward eliminating the few human beings left in the computer-communication chain. This trend is apparent both in the area of electronic fund transfers, notably between banking institutions, and in government accounting systems, in which many billing and payment functions are carried out almost entirely by computer. One of the largest banks in New York is estimated to engage in computerized fund transfers of about thirty billion dollars a day. A significant part of this traffic has now been completely automated. "We will guarantee to some of our customers that the transactions in which they are involved will not be touched by human hands," a vice-president of this bank told me a while ago. He added, "The reason the customers like the service is that computers don't make errors; people do."

However, a report issued last spring by the General Accounting Office, an investigative arm of Congress, on the automated decision-making by computers in government was not sanguine about heavy reliance on the untouched-by-human-hands approach—at least, on the federal level. According to the report, government computers each year issue, on an automated and unreviewed basis, authorizations for payments or checks (not including payroll checks) totalling twenty-six billion dollars; the computers also issue unreviewed bills totalling ten billion dollars and unreviewed requisition orders, shipping orders, repair schedules, and the like valued at eight billion dollars. Altogether, according to the G.A.O. report, federal computers are involved in more than one and a half billion separate payments and other actions a year "without anybody reviewing or evaluating whether they are correct." The G.A.O. found that designers, programmers, and users of electronic data-processing equipment made numerous errors, which were the cause of millions of dollars of wasted expenditure; it also found that the data being processed were not subject to adequate internal audits. Concerning the latter aspect, the G.A.O. report observed, "We learned that certain internal-audit groups rarely became involved in the [computer] applications' logic because

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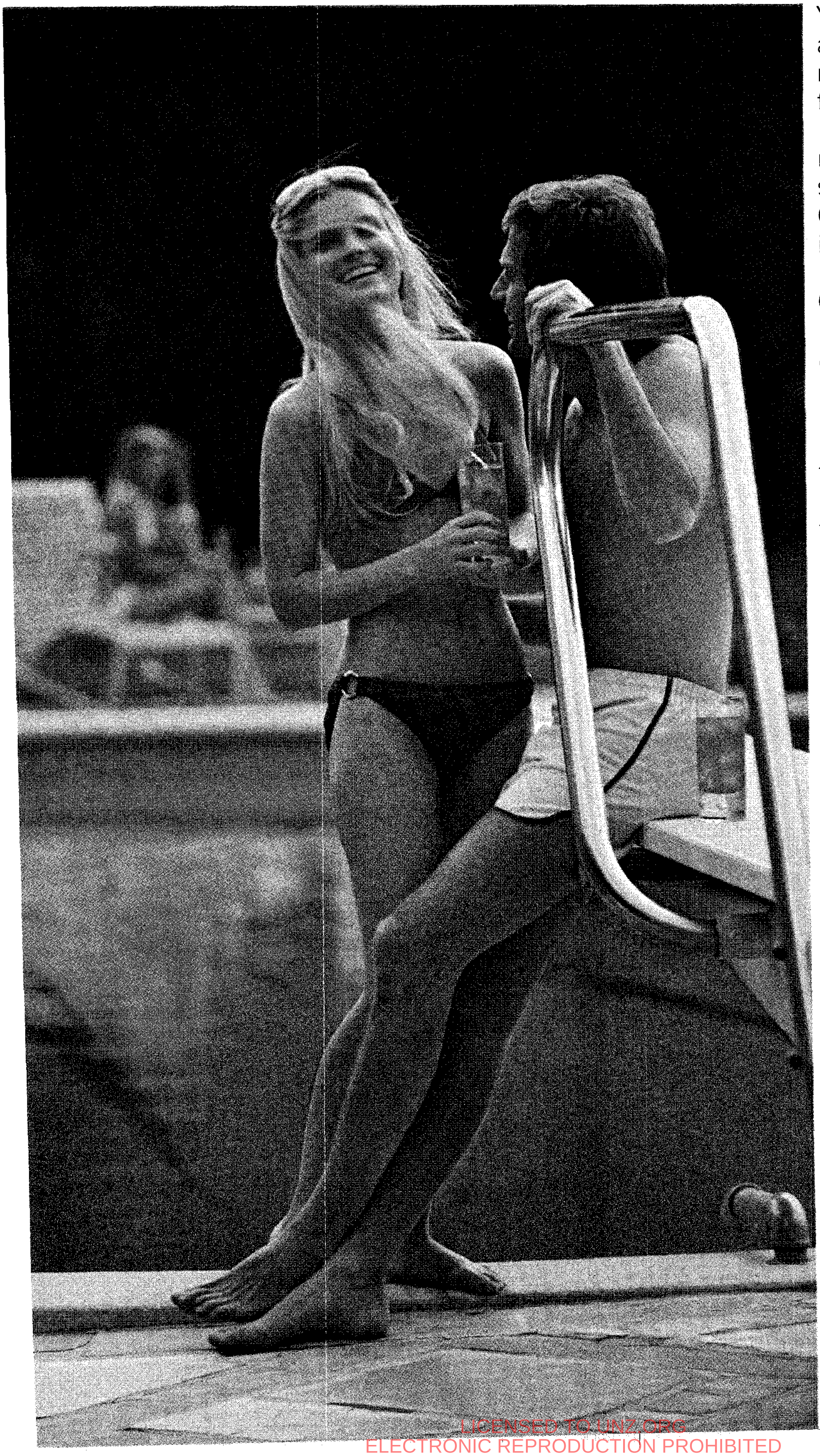


You're having a long hard day around the pool and you're ready to have your usual favorite summer drink.

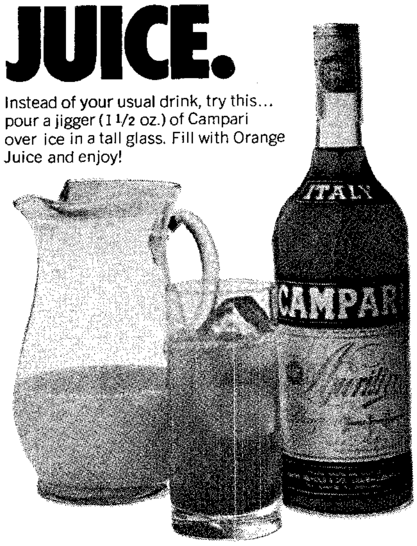
But today you feel like making waves. So you do something different. You have Campari & Orange Juice instead.

A long, cool drink of Campari & Orange Juice makes a satisfying light drink around the pool or patio. It's perfect before lunch or dinner.

That unique, tongue-tingling flavor of Campari is a nice change of pace from the drink you ask for out of habit. Soon you may even find yourself getting into a happy new habit: having Campari instead.

CAMPARI & ORANGE JUICE.

Instead of your usual drink, try this... pour a jigger (1 1/2 oz.) of Campari over ice in a tall glass. Fill with Orange Juice and enjoy!



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they lacked the expertise to effectively make such studies."

In a separate report, the G.A.O. noted that "the number of computer-related crimes in government as well as in the private sector is cause for concern about how well systems are being controlled." This report said that the G.A.O. had learned of sixty-nine computer-related crimes or other incidents occurring within the government, and that these crimes had resulted in losses of more than two million dollars, but it emphasized that the sixty-nine episodes were only those that had come to light, and stated that "we cannot be sure whether . . . we simply have not uncovered larger crimes." Concerning the adequacy of internal controls within government agencies, the G.A.O. report said that "federal agencies' internal audit groups vary greatly" in how they review the integrity of computer-processing systems, and that in nine of twelve cases studied "auditors had not reviewed controls in the systems involved." Further, it observed, "Agency internal auditors often had not been informed about computer-related crimes so they could consider their effect on audit procedures. In several of the cases we reviewed, auditors told us our inquiry was the first time they had heard of the crimes."

Like computer-related crimes elsewhere, most of those in government involve the doctoring of data fed into the computer and the manipulation of programs so as to have funds deposited in dummy corporate accounts and checks sent to unauthorized people. Lindsay Baird gave me one such example. "The incident happened a few years ago in a town in southern California," Baird said. "A woman had gone to a bank there to cash an Internal Revenue Service tax-refund check made out to her. She had all the proper personal identification with her, but a bank employee happened to recall from other checks the woman had cashed there that she was on public assistance, and felt puzzled by the federal-tax refund. She told her superior at the bank, the I.R.S. was notified, and the I.R.S. looked into the matter. They found that they had no record of having sent such a check to the woman. An investigation—in which I had a part, followed. It turned out that the woman had a niece working in California for the I.R.S. as a data-terminal operator. One day, the niece asked her aunt if she would like to have some government money. The woman said she would. So her relative at the I.R.S. got the woman's Social Security number from her, and with that she created in the I.R.S. computer system a fictitious tax record for her. The niece knew the sequence of the I.R.S. computing process. The I.R.S. uses ten regional computers around the country, and maintains a master computer in West Virginia. Hung on the ten regional computers are terminals. Through one of these terminals, the operator instructed the regional computer that the woman was owed a tax refund for a certain amount. She knew just what she was doing. The instruction was registered in the regional computer and passed on from that computer into the master computer in West Virginia. The master computer wrote the woman a refund check at the appropriate time in the programmed check-writing cycle. Then, after the check-writing cycle had been completed, the operator deleted the record from the regional computer, which then updated the master computer on the change, whereupon the master computer deleted the fictitious record that had been compiled, and also deleted the record of its ever having written the woman a refund check. In this case, the guilty operator was identified in the investigation. But the question remained as to whether this was the only such case of altering I.R.S. records and affecting its check-writing functions. The I.R.S. people had no practical way of finding out how many operators might have been doing the same sort of thing. The cost of auditing and investigating so many people—so many relatives and friends of terminal operators—was so monumental that the I.R.S. people just gave up. They wanted to find a way of patching up the system to prevent similar incidents, of course, but I told them that it couldn't be done—that, among other things, the system had not been designed with auditability in mind."

THE difficulties of catching up with the people who have committed computer crimes is compounded by the reluctance of corporations to talk about the fact that they have been defrauded and by the difficulties and embarrassments of prosecution and trial. In instance after instance, corporations whose assets have been plundered—whose computer operations have been left shattered by wiped-out memory functions or have been manipulated to churn out fictitious accounting data or to print large checks to the holders of dummy accounts—have preferred to suffer in silence rather than to have the horrid facts about the frailty of their miracle processing systems come to public attention.

Top management people in large corporations fear that publicity about internal fraud could well affect their companies' trading position on the stock market, hold the corporations up to public ridicule, and cause all sorts of turmoil within their staffs. In many cases, it seems, management will go to great lengths to keep the fact of an internal computer crime from its own stockholders. People who commit computer crimes tend to be aware of management's extreme sensitivity to publicity on the subject, and when their defalcations happen to be discovered they sometimes take advantage of that sensitivity to bargain their way out of serious trouble. One example of the unabashed use of management fear of publicity has been cited in a book on computer crime by Gerald McKnight, a British writer. According to McKnight, a young manager of the sales department of a company in the English Midlands voted with other directors of his company to computerize its accounting operations. He thereafter began systematically looting the company treasury through its computer by establishing dummy companies, to whose accounts he instructed the computer to write a steady stream of checks. His crime was eventually uncovered partly through the resentment of a computer keypunch clerk, whom he had burdened with unpaid overtime work that happened to consist of entering his fraudulent instructions into the company's accounting system. Upon being confronted with the fraud, the criminal calmly admitted his misdeeds, but his fellow-directors pointed out to the chairman of the board that any prosecution would result in publicity that could have serious effects on the company's reputation for efficient control of its affairs. The former sales manager went on to demand coolly that the company give him a letter of recommendation so that he could find satisfactory work elsewhere. Rather than face unpleasant publicity, his employers caved in and gave him the recommendation, whereupon the computer criminal moved to another company as its executive director and, for three and a half years thereafter, steadily manipulated *its* computer to pay money out into dummy accounts, at the rate of about a hundred thousand dollars a year. After a long internal investigation into inconsistencies that were eventually discovered in the company's accounts, the crime was brought to light. And once again the criminal admitted his guilt, and managed to walk away with a letter of recommendation to his next prospective employer. But the malefactor's boldness tripped him up. Before leaving the second company, he had the effrontery to demand that the second company pay him a lump sum of about six thousand dollars to cover "loss of office"—a separation payment to which, under British law, executives are entitled under certain circumstances. At that, the indignation of the directors of the second company simply could not be contained; not only did they refuse to pay but they took legal action against him, though not on criminal charges. They started a civil suit against him, charging breach of contract. The suit is reported to be pending.

The reluctance of corporations to subject themselves to unfavorable publicity over computer crimes is so great that some corporations actually seem willing to take the risk of getting into trouble with the law themselves by concealing crimes or attempted crimes committed against them. Among independent computer-security consultants, it is widely suspected that certain banks, which seem exceptionally reluctant to admit that such a thing as computer fraud even exists in the banking fraternity, do not always report such crimes to the Comptroller of the Currency, in Washington, when they occur, as all banks are required to do by federal law. Bank officers do not discuss the details of computer crimes with the press. Neither do officials at the office of the Comptroller of the Currency, who claim that existing statutes forbid them to do so. Thus the banks seem effectively protected from detailed public examination of the degree to which they really do comply with the law. "The bank doesn't want to look as if its security were bad," one independent computer-security man said to me in explaining the reluctance of some banks to comply with that law. Donn Parker, who believes he has almost certain knowledge of at least one major bank computer crime that was never reported to the federal government, told me that a principal reason for this kind of behavior is the fear on the part of banks that such a record will bring about an increase in their insurance rates; and he explained that the terms of their contracts for insurance against robbery or other crimes are among the most confidential and jealously guarded information in the banks' possession.

Then, there are the difficulties of effectively prosecuting computer criminals. In the first place, the police, if they are to collect evidence, have to be able to understand precisely how a crime may have been committed, and that usually calls for the kind of technical knowledge that is simply not available to most police departments. Even on a federal rather than a local law-enforcement level, few members of prosecutorial staffs know enough about the intricacies of electronic data processing to prepare a case against defendants which will stand up in court. The Federal Bureau of Investigation has developed a course in computer criminology at its agent-training center, at Quantico, Virginia, but, according to commercial computer-security people I have talked with, the training so far offered is not of a very advanced type in relation to all the ramifications of the existing criminal problems. Another difficulty is that not only police and prosecutors but juries and judges must be able to find their way through the mass of technical detail before they can render verdicts and hand down decisions in cases of computer crime, and this alone is a demanding task. In the face of all the complexities involved and all the time necessary to prepare a case that will stand up in court, many prosecutors try to make the best accommodation they can with the defendants' lawyers by plea bargaining, or else they simply allow the cases to fade away unprosecuted. If they do bring a case to trial, they have the problem of presenting evidence that is acceptable to the court.

TWO POEMS

TREEHOUSE

Under the pitched roof
of a single leaf
I have come to
the forgiving place
my body may hide in.
The rain speaks
its soft German
through a frayed
bronze mustache
whose wings,
when I arrive
and am still,
quiver into an end-
less angling of stories.
My father, that sobbing
inventor of all,
has come out
from under the gray
wheezing house-pipes,
the mud of his plumbing
quick with rain.
Guttural as a tyrant,
he pulls down
each leaf's lovely
palm and cups me
into a floorless room.
Through each stem-neck
and tongue of vein,
he sings at the world's
outrageous heart,
that accuser,
to whom we are
the inexplicable things,
the loved debris.

AUGUST, ON THE RENTED FARM

In this season, through the clear tears
of discovery, my son calls me
to an abandoned barn. Among
spiders' goldspinning and the small
eulogies of crickets, he has entered
the showering secret of our lives,
and the light fur of something
half-eaten mats his hands.
Later, on a rotting length
of pine, we sit
under the star-brilliance
of swallows fretting
the hollow light.
They see as well as we do
we have come to cast
our lot with their songs
of shy celebration.
All afternoon we sit and become
lovers, his hand in mine
like a bird's delicate wing.
Everywhere the swallows go down
to the river for the sweet
tears of communion. Soon,
in the yellow last light,
we will begin again to speak
of that light in the house
that is not ours, that is only
what we come to out of the fields
in the slow-plunging knowledge
of words trying to find a way home.

—DAVE SMITH

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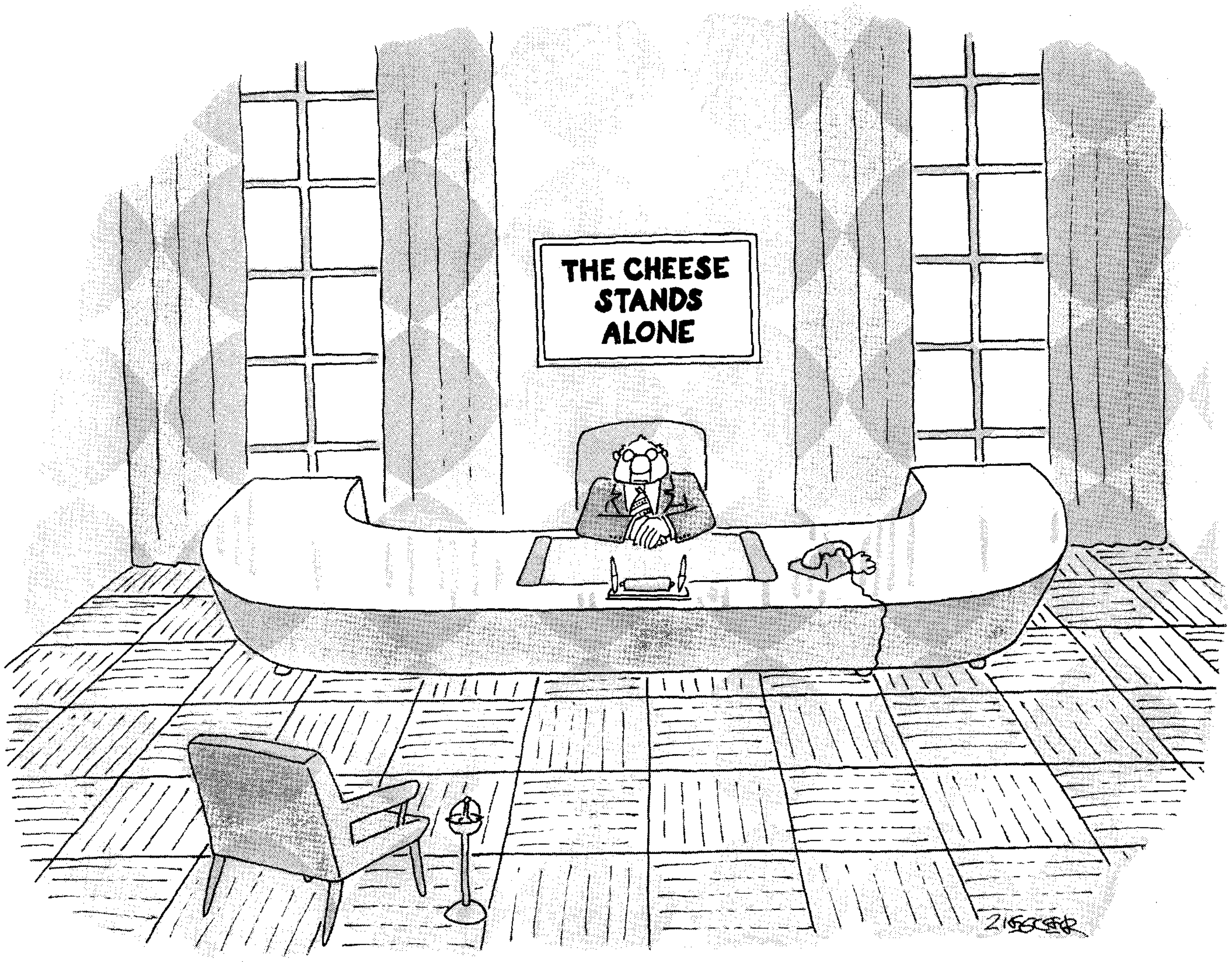
d. ehrenberg

August Bequai, who is a former member of the enforcement staff of the S.E.C., and who, besides being a practicing lawyer in Washington, was once the chairman of a Federal Bar As-



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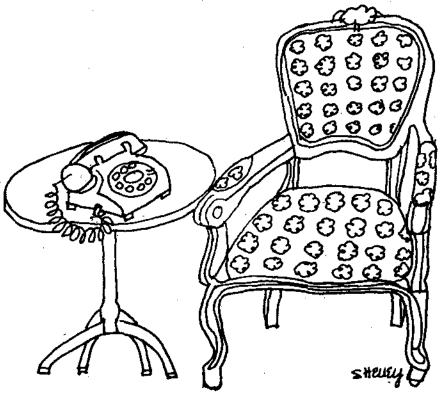
sociation subcommittee on white-collar crime, says that the big stumbling block for prosecutors in computer-crime cases is the introduction of digitized information as acceptable evidence. "Suppose you bring a case involving a crime committed through manipulation of a computer, and you try to introduce a computer printout as evidence of the crime," Bequai explains. "You immediately run into what is called the hearsay rule, which says that at a trial you can't introduce into the court record a statement made outside the courtroom unless it represents a record of an act, transaction, occurrence, or event made contemporaneously with the act at issue, and in the ordinary course of business. Such an acceptable record would be the notation made by a nurse in a doctor's office as to what time a patient came in to see the doctor on a particular day. But when it comes to introducing computer printouts as a record to support a prosecution case, the prosecution has to reckon with the fact that they haven't necessarily been made in the regular course of business or made contemporaneously with the acts at issue—they may have been run off some time after the actual crime. In matters of fraud, you have to prove who falsified what records and when, and produce evidence to that effect, but it's extremely difficult to produce evidence of precisely what happened throughout the whole computing process, with all its stages—the input at entry terminals, the programming of the data, the storage and all the processing that take place in the computer room itself, the production by the computer of punch-card decks representing the processed data, and, of course, the eventual printouts, which might be made in remote spots thousands of miles away. And then you have to contend with how material these electronic signals are considered to be under the law. Suppose someone steals—physically makes off with—paper securities. That's a clear case of theft, of something whose face value is clearly printed on the stolen securities. But what if a thief steals a reel of computer tape bearing the same information as the paper securities but in digitized form? Under many state laws, the prosecution may have a hard time proving in court that the thief has stolen money. What he has made off with may be downgraded to a reel of magnetic tape so what is actually grand larceny becomes a case of petit larceny."

The status of electronic data impulses as property is as yet so undefined and unclear in many criminal statutes that the findings of a California judge in the case of the man I have called Eli Bart—which involved the theft of a valuable program from the computer of another company—is likely to be a precedent in computer-crime jurisprudence. Bart used his employer's computer keyboard terminal and printout system to extract, via telephone line, the program in question from a competing company's computer. The judge found that, under a California law protecting trade secrets, electronic data impulses that Bart had caused to be transmitted from the competitor's computer did not constitute an "article," or a tangible form, representing a trade secret. What the court did find was that the material in question was essentially "a private library," to which Bart had obtained access without a proper library card, consisting of the secret passwords and so on that were necessary for authorized users. The act of theft, the court found, was not in Bart's stealing electronic impulses over the telephone line but only in his stealing their tangible form; in other words, the theft consisted of Bart's having caused his employer's computer to make a printout of the pirated program and his physically carrying the printout from his employer's computer into his nearby office.

Even when people who carry out computer-related crimes are convicted, they are seldom sent to prison, and even when they are, they usually receive sentences that are remarkably light compared with those imposed on people convicted of commoner forms of larceny. In part, this leniency can be explained by the generally nonviolent nature of the offenses, their sheer novelty to most judges, and, possibly, the impersonal nature of the victims chosen by the defendants. Furthermore, nearly all the defendants are members of the white-collar class, and so are generally deemed to be good risks for rehabilitation; compared with people accused of street larceny, say, most of the convicted people fare well in the presentencing reports prepared by probation departments, whose researchers tend to work within a structure of solid bourgeois values. For a computer embezzlement of a million and a half dollars from the Union Dime Savings Bank in New York, the man I have called Stephen Hattner, the chief teller in the Park Avenue branch of the bank, received a sentence of twenty months in jail. (This sentence led one computer-security man to remark, "If a man takes money from a bank teller and doesn't even use a gun but only shoves a note at the teller, he'll get five years. [Hattner's] haul of a million and a half dollars is the equivalent of his having committed a bank-branch robbery once a day for three years at the rate of the typical branch holdup take, which is about two thousand dollars.")

For his use of the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company's computer to steal a million dollars' worth of equipment, a young computer buff named Jerry Schneider was sentenced to sixty days in jail, and was freed after serving a bit more than a month. In the case of Eli Bart, the presentencing report noted, "Computer-program theft is the crime of the future. As such, it has not been referred to this [probation] office at the felony level in prior instances. Thus, there is no ready frame of reference for determining a proper sentence." Bart got three years' probation and a five-thousand-dollar fine. One ringleader of a gang that police charged had, in 1971, recruited insiders at two credit-reporting bureaus—TRW Credit Data and the Computer Credit Corporation—to establish false identities and credit records in the computers of these companies was, after pleading guilty to charges of making false financial statements, placed on probation and fined a thousand dollars. The ringleader of another gang that penetrated TRW Credit Data, between 1973 and 1974, and inserted false credit data in its computers was also placed on probation and fined a thousand dollars on similar charges. A computer-terminal operator inside another credit-reporting bureau, called Equifax, Inc., who was alleged to have participated in a scheme to feed fake credit data into company computers was not even taken to court. According to an article in the *Wall Street Journal* last March, "Equifax actually declined to prosecute its suspected insider," because "prosecution was so difficult," and because the company had fired the terminal operator suspected of having participated in the scheme and considered her dismissal penalty enough.

For the purpose of closing some of the loopholes in existing law that make it so difficult for prosecutors to bring computer criminals to account in the courts, Senator Abraham Ribicoff, of Connecticut, introduced a bill in the Senate in June that would make virtually any unauthorized use of federal computers or computer-processing systems, or similar private equipment or systems used in interstate commerce, a federal offense. The bill is designed to cover improper manipulations within a broad range of activities occurring in computer processing: input activity, involving the translation of data into computerized form and its storage on punch cards, magnetic tapes, or other devices; programming activity, which provides a logical sequence of instructions that direct the computer in solving problems; processing activity, in which data are handled according to the directions of a program; and output activity, where the end results of the data processing are made available to the computer user in printout or other form. The Ribicoff bill is also aimed at improper manipulations of computers or their data from remote locations, via telephone line, such as occurred in the Bart case.



THERE are certain exceptions to the history of lenient treatment of computer criminals who have been convicted. One such example is the case of a man I shall refer to as James Harlowe. Several years ago, in a northern-California court, Harlowe was convicted of embezzling more than a million dollars from his employer, a large produce-growing and packing company, by manipulating the computer that processed the company's accounts. Harlowe had carried out the embezzlement during a period of six years from a position of trust as the company's chief accountant. In essence, what Harlowe did was to use the computer to play a kind of digitized war game, in which he designed a master program that, when it was integrated into the company's computerized accounting system, would systematically siphon off large sums into dummy accounts and thus into his own pockets—all this in such a way that his crime would be virtually untraceable. And the scheme worked, year after year, without his employers' being any the wiser. It worked so well, in fact, that in the end, when Harlowe decided, for his own reasons, to have it known that an embezzlement had been going on, he encountered difficulty in drawing attention to the fact that his company's computerized books had been thoroughly cooked for a long period. When he was finally apprehended and found guilty of grand theft, he could easily have escaped with a light sentence, but before his sentencing he tactlessly displayed such a lack of remorse that the court was angered and he was given a ten-year term in prison. Of that term, he served five and a half years, in San Quentin. He is now in business for himself in northern California.

Some time ago, while I was in California, I met Harlowe and had a long talk with him about his adventures as a computer criminal. I was not able to discuss his case with his former employers, because I had already learned on good authority that they, like the officers of most other corporations that have been victims of computer crime, had no intention of talking with the press. And, of course, what I got from

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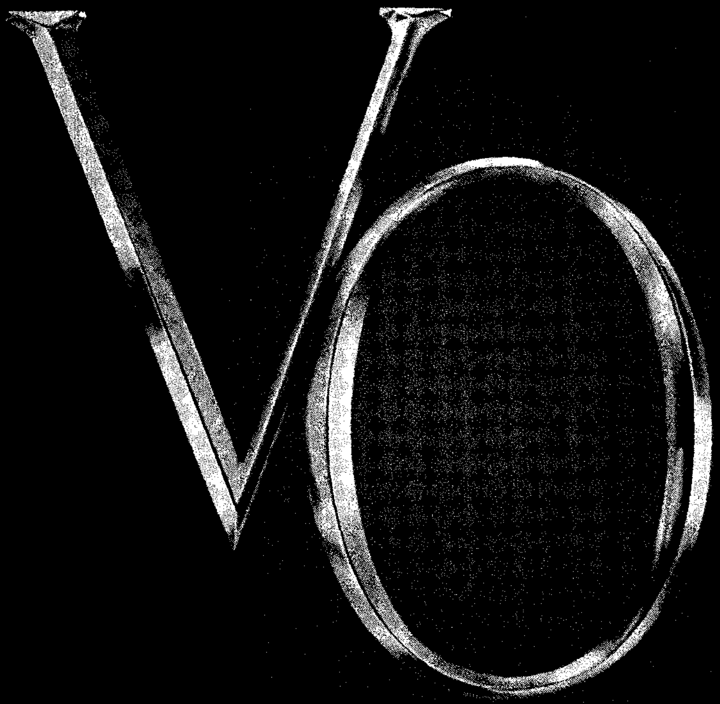

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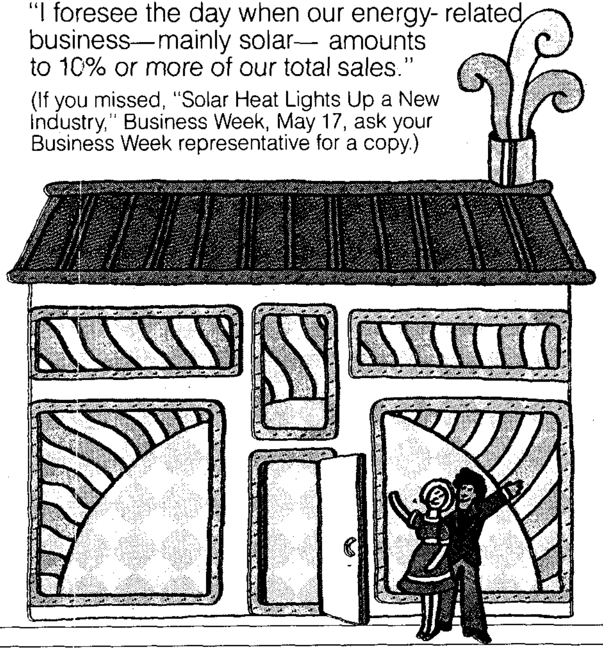
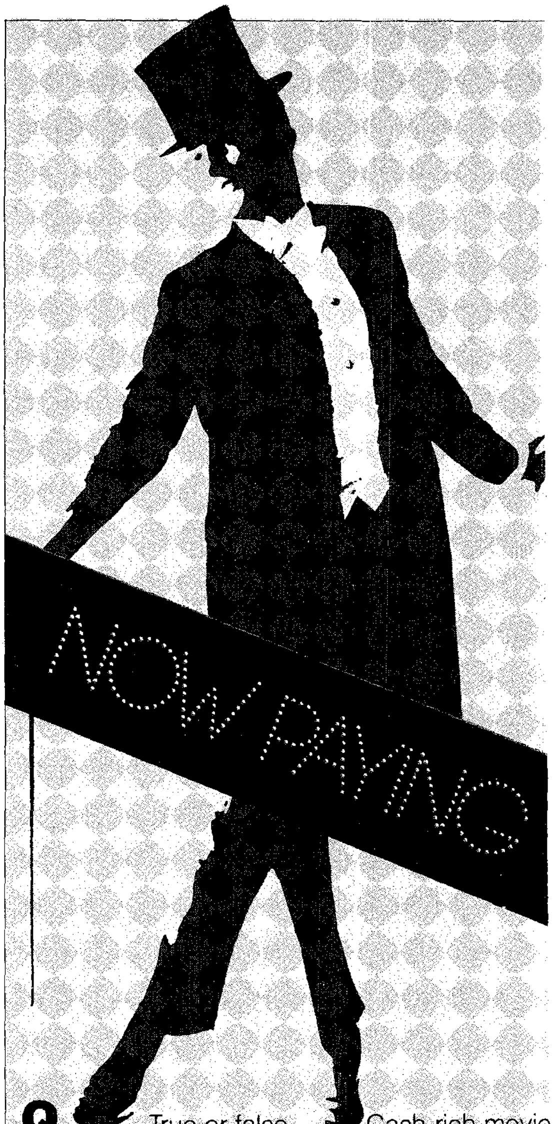
Q. Boosted by President Carter's energy tax proposals, solar heating appears destined to be a billion-dollar business in the 1980's. True or false.

A. True. And everyone's getting in the act. GM, GE, Westinghouse, ITT, and Honeywell to name a few. Says Grumman president Joseph G. Gavin, Jr., "I foresee the day when our energy- related business—mainly solar— amounts to 10% or more of our total sales."

(If you missed, "Solar Heat Lights Up a New Industry," Business Week, May 17, ask your Business Week representative for a copy.)

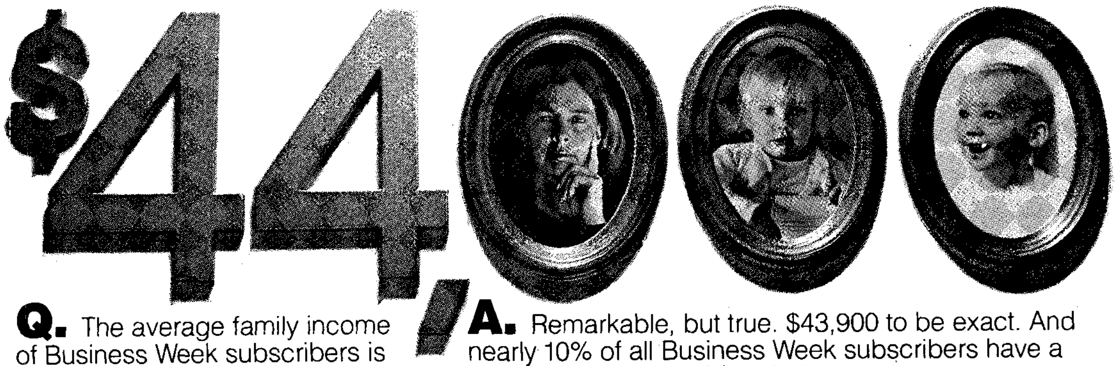




Q. True or false. Cash-rich movie companies have become the star-studded darlings of Wall Street.

A. False. Even giant MCA with $150 million in cash, over $800 million in sales, and no long term debt, hasn't excited investors. But lately, many stocks are brighter.

(A recent Business Week cover story reports that the conglomerization of Hollywood is on as movie companies invest in television, records, hotels, amusement parks, publishing, videodiscs and even soft drink bottling.)



Q. The average family income of Business Week subscribers is $44,000. True or false.

A. Remarkable, but true. $43,900 to be exact. And nearly 10% of all Business Week subscribers have a total family income of $75,000 or more.

(Clearly, Business Week subscribers have the wherewithal to buy a wide range of consumer products and services for their homes and personal lives.)

Q. Hasselblad's first new model in 12 years, the $2,100 Hasselblad 000FC, puts it light years ahead of the competition. True or false.

A. False. The much copied camera that went with the astronauts to he moon, has made conservative improvements. Japanese competitors lan to produce three times as many similar (but more fully electronic) nodels at half the price.

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Q. Multiple choice. Corporate advertising in Business Week can help: (1) build favorable opinion about the company, (2) increase the value of the stock, (3) advocate a point of view or policy.

A. All of the above. And more. Corporate advertising can speak to government leaders, to the financial community. It can say to prospective employees that it's a good company to work for. It can support sales.

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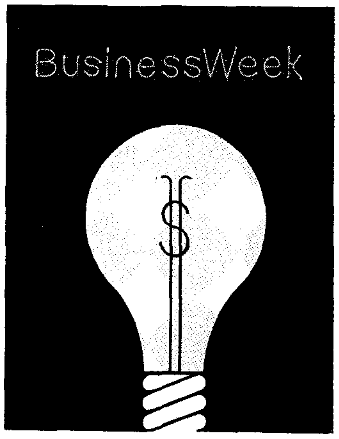

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Harlowe is his side of the events in which he became enmeshed.

My initial meeting with Harlowe was over a leisurely lunch in a restaurant. He is a rather short, sandy-haired man in his mid-forties, with brown eyes and horn-rimmed glasses. His manner was brisk and attentive. In arranging the interview, I had assured him that I would not use his real name in writing about his case, and he answered my questions—even those I felt a bit awkward about phrasing, such as "Just when did you begin your embezzlement?"—with a cheerful responsiveness.

Harlowe comes from a ranch-owning family whose roots were established in northern California over several generations; he appears sufficiently proud of the social solidity of his family background to bear himself with a faintly patrician air. In college, in California, he majored in economics and statistical theory. After he graduated from college, in the early nineteen-fifties, he worked for a while as a civil engineer. He spent the summer of 1961 on a leave of absence in an area south of San Francisco, where a friend told him that a large produce company nearby was having administrative and accounting problems, because a couple of employees on whom the company depended had left. On the friend's recommendation, Harlowe went to see the president of the produce company, and he was hired as an administrator and accountant. Harlowe ran the company's packing-shed operations, in which a hundred and fifty people were employed, and took on the responsibility of supervising all the accounting for the company's operations. He told me that the work was demanding but that he was well paid, and that at the end of his first seven-month growing cycle the president of the company gave him a ten-thousand-dollar bonus in appreciation of the order he had brought into the company's operations. However, Harlowe said, he found his employers difficult to deal with; he felt they were "coarse," "insensitive," and "bullying" in their relations with their employees. "They simply lacked gentility," he told me. He decided to leave, in spite of the pay, and with his bonus he bought an interest in a small chemical company. But the following year, he said, the people running the produce company asked him to come back to work, this time on a profit-sharing basis. "The company was grossing about thirty million dollars a year, and I was told that if I would come back they'd give me five per cent of the

"*I'm afraid we can't expect much of Holloway. He left his brain to Johns Hopkins.*"

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pretax profit, plus a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars, plus expenses, plus a car and food for my family," Harlowe said. (He is married and has a large family.) He went on, "This was in 1962, and I felt I couldn't refuse the offer. So I went to work for them on that basis—as their chief administrator and accountant."

One innovation that Harlowe induced his employers to adopt was a fully computerized accounting system. For a couple of years before this, Harlowe told me, he had been studying computer technology and had been taking I.B.M. training courses in the subject; he had also developed his own library on electronic data processing. "After a while, I'd rented an I.B.M. 402 accounting machine and some ancillary equipment, such as card-punch equipment," he said. "I kept all this stuff in my garage—the way, I guess, someone else might put in an electric-train layout. I was really involved in computing and data processing." After Harlowe had been back at work with the company for a short time, he began to develop a way of automating the company's accounting system, using the equipment in his garage. "I wrote all the procedures and wired up the panels in the equipment," he said. "When I had the system well worked out, I set up an independent computer-service bureau, moved the data-processing equipment out of the garage, and set up in business—but not in my own name. I hired a few people and managed to get some data-processing work from various clients. This was quite aside from my regular job. In a while, I went to the management of the company and, without telling them what I had done, I persuaded them to automate their accounting system and to have the work done by a computer-service bureau. I recommended that they use the bureau I had set up." At that stage, he said, he had no thought of engaging in anything really wrong; his only reason for concealing his ownership of the service bureau was that he knew, as an accountant, that the auditors would expect the data processing of the company's accounts to be handled by a third and entirely independent party, but he really wanted to get the company's business, which was substantial. He got it, and his sideline computer-service business thrived. "I rented time on an I.B.M. 1401 computer, then got my own I.B.M. 360 on lease at three thousand dollars a month," Harlowe said. He also carried on his official accounting and administrative duties with the produce company.

At the end of the 1962 growing season, Harlowe said, he was in for a shock. The management appeared to be as pleased as ever with his services, but he found that instead of getting the expected five per cent of the company's pretax profit as a bonus he got a greatly reduced figure. Before his five-per-cent share was computed, the rest of the top management people took their shares from the pretax profit, and his share was figured on what remained of the pretax profit after the bonuses of the top management people had been subtracted. "I felt cheated," Harlowe told me. "I was angry. I hadn't had any liking for the people who were running the company in the first place. And I said to myself, 'There's one guy in this organization you shouldn't fool around with.' I was handling the money."

Harlowe decided that he would find his own way of getting back the percentage of the company's profit he believed himself to have been cheated out of. So in processing the company's accounts he ran them through the computer again, subjecting the data to alterations that gave the accounts the appearance of being conscientiously compiled and properly balanced, but, at the same time, diverting funds to himself. The diverted funds were accounted for in the computerized books mostly in the form of various increased costs. Harlowe then began to loot the corporation's gross at what he considered the acceptable rate of three-quarters of one per cent annually. He did this by devising a special algorithm—a set of rules for making calculations—which he used as a master program to alter the company's accounting data in the computer. "The algorithm allowed me to assess true cost variances in the accounts and to inflate these in a way that seemed reasonable," he said. "When you're doing millions of dollars' worth of business it isn't all that difficult to make alterations in increments of pennies or fractions of cents. I would subject the company records to these variances in the computer in such a way as to diffuse the higher costs throughout the system."

Harlowe kept the true computer records of the company's financial position; the company got the altered version in printout form. "What made the elevated cost figures relatively easy to justify was the nature of the produce business, which is subject to many fluctuations," he said. "For example, you have continuous fluctuations in such matters as freight and labor costs. And you have weather. If we had a period of rainy weather, I would build in a little extra to the naturally increased harvesting costs resulting from this, and could always easily justify these increases. After all, who can tell exactly how muddy a muddy condition is? I'd pick other natural phenomena to which, at what seemed the right time, I could attribute some other elevated cost factor. As the chief accountant, I made a weekly report to the managers of the company on the state of their accounts, and I'd take with me a printout of the altered records. I might tell them at one meeting that the cost of carrots was running at, say, twenty-eight dollars a ton. I might have escalated the cost, through the computer processing, by a factor of seventy-five cents a ton, but the algorithm controlling the accounting data had so spread the added cost through the system that it was integrated into a huge variety of very detailed information—so much for row-boss supervision, so much for harvest labor, so much for trucking, so much for tractor overhead, so much for fertilizer and pesticides. The increased cost shown penetrated into almost every area of the company's operations. Once a week, I reviewed the extra costs that I felt I could safely build into the system. I took the company's true costs, decided on the variances, and, using the algorithm I'd devised, had the computer spread the costs in such a way as to support the total cost figure I had decided on. I had no elaborate figuring to do. It was all in the design. The whole arrangement was built into the computer system. It would be hard for anyone to believe that the cost figures shown in the finished printout could be wrong when they were supported by such a mass of information, in which all the details seemed to relate perfectly to one another. But, believe it or not, I didn't have to do much more than press a few buttons to achieve the effect. The algorithm was the key to the whole thing.

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"In the kind of work I do, I happen to visualize cost-accounting problems in geometrical or spatial metaphors. I tend to see figures in the shape of charts and graphs; I tend to see a cost progression as a curve with a certain shape and in a certain motion across a scale. When you see things that way, you don't need to burden yourself with a million details. Once I had visualized how I wanted the cost curve to go in relation to the real costs of the operation, I made the cost adjustments I thought appropriate—two cents a box of produce now, a cent later on—and the computer went through all the details and expanded all the cost minutiae to fit the new cost configuration. I really had what you might call an econometric model of the company's operations, including the whole banking array. As a matter of fact, some of the ideas for the model were based on principles I'd learned while I was a student in college. My professor in statistics then was Kenneth Arrow, who is now at Harvard. He won the Nobel Prize a few years ago. I don't suppose it ever occurred to him that he might be *training* an embezzler. Well, the computer would tell me how much to spend in each cost category. To receive the difference between the real and the inflated costs, I had opened dummy bank accounts in the names of fictitious corporations that were presumably doing business with the produce company, operating from box numbers—a procedure that is very common in the produce business. All told, there were about fourteen dummy bank accounts having supposed dealings with the produce company. The difference between the inflated and the real costs would be funnelled into these dummy accounts. Suppose I decided at the end of a particular month to create eight thousand dollars of inflated costs. The computer would break this down into cost categories, such as labor costs. I'd have a dummy company that would be a labor contractor, which I'd give a likely sounding name to. I would have a produce-company check of three thousand and sixty-two dollars made out to this company. The same thing with inflated packaging costs—I had a dummy company that was supposedly a supplier of packaging materials. The computer would move the surplus funds into these dummy accounts by check.

"Not all these dummy companies would receive money all the time, because I wanted to use some of them only at certain times. However, in order to keep up the appearance of activity in these dummy corporations I would have the computer write what was really a series of kited checks between these accounts and between these accounts and the company. It was a sort of perpetual-motion system—a movement of paper for appearance's sake—and to maintain it I would keep about twenty thousand dollars of supposed working capital shifting between the dummy accounts, so that there was always something in the pipeline. The algorithm took care of where to send the money, just as it did in the case of all the money I regularly siphoned off from the company treasury into the dummy accounts. The computer even wrote out the checks to the dummy companies. I just had to drop the checks off in the mail, along with the bank-deposit slips."

Harlowe said that he gradually stepped up the embezzlement until it was providing him—on top of his regular salary of twenty-five thousand dollars and his annual bonus of about fifteen thousand dollars—with two hundred thousand dollars a year. During the six-year period of his embezzling, his average annual take was a little over a hundred and sixty-six thousand dollars. He said that although his employers often complained about high operating costs, his accounting appeared to be entirely above suspicion. He told me that sometimes, after inflating the costs of particular types of produce, he would take his fraudulent weekly computer printouts to the management and do some complaining himself. "I'd go into these meetings with my reports and say, 'Look at these costs—you've got to bring down these unit costs in these areas.' " He went on, "And after calling attention to the very conditions I was changing I'd give them a convincing explanation of why the costs were high. Then we'd develop a management plan for correcting these high costs, and the next week I'd let the conditions be corrected. But the week

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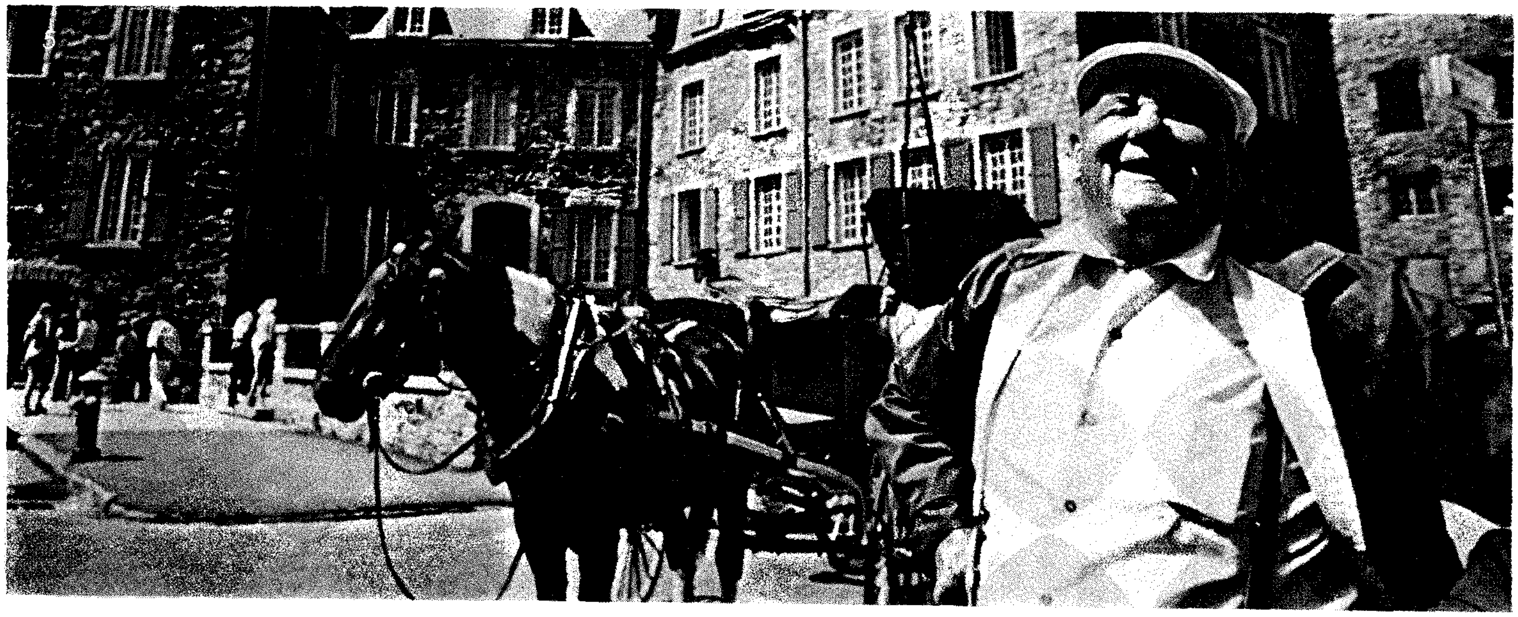
after that the cost of something *else* would go up on the books."

"INNUMERABLE as the sands of the sea are the passions of man," wrote Nikolai Gogol, musing on the life of Pavel Ivanovitch Tchitchikov, the restless hero of his sardonic masterpiece "Dead Souls," "and all are different, and all, base and noble alike, are first under a man's control, and afterward cruel tyrants dominating him." Tchitchikov travels about Russia, quietly buying up lists of the names of serfs who have died but whom Tchitchikov intends to represent as living, as part of a devious scheme to obtain a substantial government loan, with these supposedly live laboring souls as collateral. The phantom labor-contracting companies and their electronic dead souls who were registered within the recesses of Harlowe's I.B.M. 360 exerted at times a direct influence on the fortunes of the live souls who actually toiled in the produce company's fields as pickers. Most of the thousand-odd laborers in the company fields were Mexican nationals brought to this country under contract as migratory workers through the so-called bracero program. Although such people might not have known much about computers, they knew a great deal about the rigors of field work, and there were times when they had to work harder than ever to satisfy the kind of Stakhanovite norms established in Harlowe's computerized accounts. As Harlowe described it, the effects of the manipulated contents of his computer on the lives of field hands began to be felt not long after the company switched to computerized accounting, and at first the changes were made on behalf of the company itself. Harlowe recalled, "The braceros had all been on piecework in the fields, and then the U.S. Department of Labor came along and laid down regulations that required each bracero to be paid at a minimum guaranteed hourly rate regardless of his piecework earnings. Naturally, this wasn't to the liking of the produce company, because it meant that the basis of pay was cut loose from the established piecework-production criteria. The braceros didn't understand anything about this guaranteed-wage stuff. One of the functions of the row bosses was to pound away at the idea that they were still on piece rates. The company came to me with the problem. I proposed a remedy. They told me to go ahead. So what I did was to write a computer program that would simulate payroll records. I used this simulation to devise a way in which we could optimize the relationship between hours worked and production achieved, and so make it appear that the braceros were working fewer hours than they actually were, and were thus making more than the minimum hourly wage called for by the Department of Labor regulations. I worked out such a scheme on the computer. In this scheme, I staggered—in the computer records, anyway—the supposed departure times of the buses that carried workers into the fields and grouped the men in different buses, so that individual workers whom the computer had identified from payroll records as being the best producers would always make up a crew that accounted for the greatest number of hours of work, and that crew's bus, as I caused the records to show, would be sent off into the fields first. Then I'd put the lesser producers into buses with later departure times, thereby reducing the number of hours they worked, and when all the time sheets and production records were computerized and compiled into printouts of payroll records the resulting figures optimized the braceros' piecework earnings per hour and put them over the required federal minimum. In the first season, that program saved the company seventy-eight thousand dollars." Put another way, it evidently cost the braceros seventy-eight thousand dollars. "The braceros weren't aware of the details, of course," Harlowe said. "They weren't so unhappy. Anyway, they were used to what they call *la mordida*—the bite. It was part of their life."

When Harlowe turned against his employers and organized his embezzlement, the concentration of his energies on this project left him little time to attempt to solve the problems of migratory labor. But as the embezzlement moved along its course, Harlowe was able to use some of his insight into field-working conditions to further his scheme. In explaining how he would rationalize higher costs shown in the books, Harlowe told me, "I'd go into one of these management meetings with my accounts that reflected inflated figures on harvesting costs. If the real harvesting costs for carrots happened to be twenty-five dollars a ton, my figures would show them to be thirty dollars a ton. The row-boss cost figures should come to five dollars and sixty cents a ton, but they would show as five dollars and seventy-five cents a ton. When I presented these figures, management would ask, 'How come the costs are so high here?' And I'd tell them that the figures showed they must be paying the field crews for bags of carrots that weren't full. That's the sort of thing

1. Lobster feast in Montague, Prince Edward Island 2. Oktoberfest festival, Kitchener, Ontario 3. Horseback riding, New Brunswick 4. Harvest time, Nova Scotia 5. Calèche driver, Québec City, Québec 6. Sunset at Sally's Cove, Newfoundland



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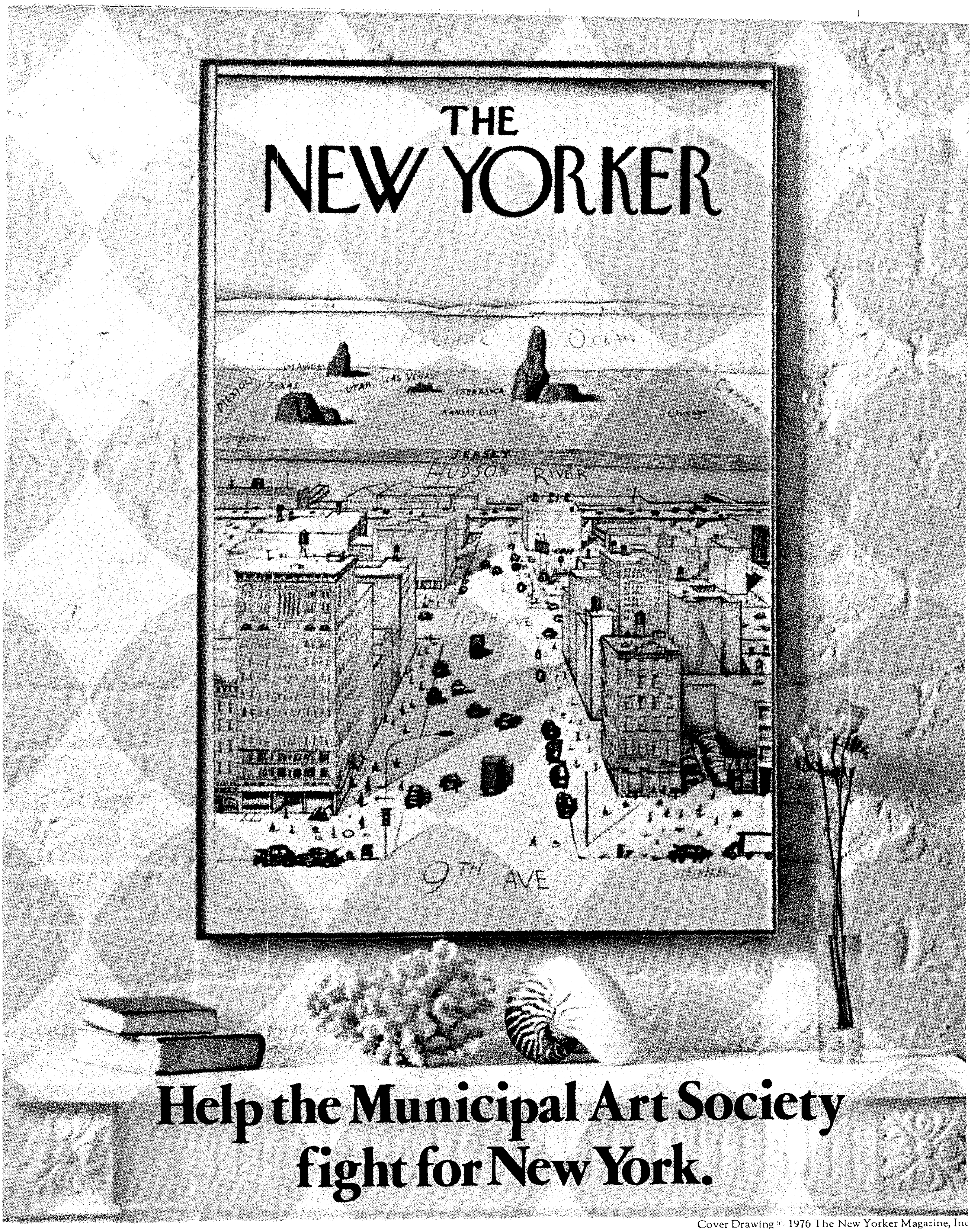
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you watch out for on piecework, you see. If you figure that your one-unit piece pay is equivalent to a bag of carrots weighing fifty pounds, and you accept bags that have only forty-nine pounds of carrots in them, you're getting only ninety-eight per cent of the product contracted for. And I'd say to management, 'You've got to have these guys fill their bags of carrots.' And management would go out and try to make corrections. They would harass the row bosses, who would harass their crews. The row bosses would tell management, 'We're doing our best.' But they accepted management's explanation. Management would tell them, 'We've got it down here in black and white.' And management itself believed it. The computer figured it out, and who could argue with the facts?"

As Harlowe prospered, he made investments in the cattle business, maintained several cars, and flew his own light airplane, in which he travelled throughout the northern-California valley regions in the course of doing outside, legitimate data-processing business with ranchers and farmers for his computer-service company. He also had two homes, for one of which, on the northern-California coast, he paid ninety thousand dollars. He felt he was making the best of the circumstances he found himself in. He told me, "There was the satisfaction of having the last word where the produce company was concerned. There was a personality conflict between the principals and me, and I'm an egotist and don't like to be treated in a manner in which I'm expected to have a subservient attitude. Then, there was the excitement—it all seemed like a daring thing to do." At the same time, he said, what was happening to him had an unreal character. "Sometimes I had to stop and think that I was really doing all this." But there was also a sense of power. "It was as though I were the one in control of the situation. There was a sort of solitary grandeur."

I asked Harlowe whether he had ever dreamed at night about his embezzlement. He said he hadn't. I asked him if he daydreamed about the future. He said he had done a lot of that. He would imagine himself living a life of financial independence. "I wanted to be respected in my field," he told me. "I could see myself on the California coast in a new house I had built in my mind. It would have a nice library, and I would be getting visits from prominent people—the Under-Secretary of Labor, for example—and we would spend half the night arguing about agricultural policy; or a professor of mathematics I happened to respect, and we would sit in the library and discuss econometric models at length." Also, Harlowe thought about how he would greatly expand his legitimate computer-service business, and he saw himself as gaining recognition for computer-programming innovations he felt he could devise.

HARLOWE'S daydreaming did not prevent him from keeping his eyes open to what was going on around him. At the office where he maintained his commercial data-processing service, he spotted at one point a series of data-processing anomalies not of his own making. "I discovered that one of my employees was stealing from *me*," Harlowe said. "He had been padding expense accounts on our computer, and stealing computer time so he could program and run off some accounts of his own. But I had a pretty good costing system established, and I had written an internal program that reported unit time for programs resident in that computer, and I called the guy in and told him exactly what he was doing. He turned white. That guy thought I was clairvoyant. I couldn't find it in my heart to reprimand him. After all, I was doing the same thing on a much grander scale. Also, I would rather have his gratitude than his resentment. So I worked out what I called a rational solution with him—a bonus arrangement he could draw against, so he'd have a little more ready money coming in. He was astounded by my benevolence."

Harlowe had to keep constantly on the alert to insure that his frauds were so well integrated into the produce company's computer records as to pass muster with the firm of independent auditors whose representatives came to the company offices once a year, in March or April. Usually, Harlowe said, an auditors' inspection took several days to complete. He said that the auditors were unaware that he owned the computer-service company processing the books. The general ledger was in printout form, and Harlowe made a point of being present during the audit. "When the auditors wanted some supporting detail, I would bring it," he told me. He went on, "Being present, I knew at just what stage of the audit they would leave for the night. There were certain parts of the books that I felt I would rather not have a complete audit on. So a couple of times in the course of an audit, when the auditors had gone home for the night, I would go to the data center and run off on the computer new printouts of the

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whole year of records under review. In the process, I would shift some accounting details—the ones I'd rather not have inspected—from the as yet unaudited part of the accounts and have the computer bury them in printouts that had already been audited. Since the auditors were working from broad totals in their separate work sheets, I kept the new totals in conformity with their figures but changed the supporting details and some subtotals. Then I went back to the company office and just switched the new printouts of the year's accounts with the ones that the auditors were working on. Each time, the auditors would come in the next morning and work on an entirely new set of books without knowing it. At the end of one audit, I went out to dinner with the auditors. They complimented me on the completeness and detail and general quality of the records I was keeping. What they particularly liked was the way in which I had integrated management information into the general records. They thought that it was a comprehensive system, and they even discussed with me the possibility of using my computer applications for another of their clients, who was also in the produce business. After that dinner, I went out to my car in the restaurant parking lot and laughed until tears came down my cheeks."

As the years of successful embezzlement went on, and the total amount of money that Harlowe had diverted from the produce company's treasury approached a million dollars, he began to think of pulling up stakes and moving on. "I had a very tough job at best, organizing the accounts of a company that was run by people I didn't like," Harlowe told me. "And when you're manipulating double accounts a job like that is even more difficult. In 1967, I decided that the time had come to stop this defalcation and to go into the next phase of my life, whatever that might be." But withdrawing from the produce company, he knew, posed some tough problems. "The principal problem was that in order to leave the job I would have to do a lot of readjusting of the computer," Harlowe said. "I would have to find a way of winding down the inflated cost figures. And I couldn't do this overnight without attracting attention. I couldn't allow the costs to drop suddenly—particularly in a period of inflation. It would take me a couple of years." Also, he said, because of some preliminary inquiries by the Internal Revenue Service, he suspected that several companies—of which the company he worked for was one—were prime candidates for investigation by I.R.S. auditors because of some of their business practices, and this prospect made him very reluctant to leave, since he would then no longer be able to manipulate the company books to keep himself out of trouble. It seemed now that the electronic dead souls that Harlowe had created had not only assumed a stubborn life of their own but were exerting an increasingly dominating force on their creator's own capacity for action.

The idea came to Harlowe that he might find a way out of his dilemma by having at least some of the defalcations revealed, but without his being blamed for them. He believed he would not be unjustified in making it appear that a couple of the principals of the produce company were themselves siphoning off money from the treasury, in order to escape taxation. "I had a unique position, in that the principals of the company were very impatient about paperwork," he explained. "They had me balance their checkbooks, pay their bills, and keep their personal bank accounts. That made it easy for me to salt their accounts, and that's what I did. I began putting checks from company accounts into their personal accounts, and from there into oblivion via dummy companies. Since I always got their bank statements, I would destroy these checks when they came back. But the transactions were recorded. I didn't do a lot of this. Just enough to suggest some possible culpability—that there was more there than met the eye."

Then Harlowe pondered how the true state of the company's finances might be discovered without his being blamed. He considered going to the chief officer and saying that he was doing so as an act of conscience. "My role would be that of the dutiful employee." But he decided against that. "Instead," he told me, "I decided to overdraw the bank account of one of my dummy companies, and deliberately call the bank's attention to the dummy company the produce company was dealing with." He had his computer turn out a check from the dummy company for an amount that the company's bank account would not cover, so as to alert the bank to the phantom nature of the company. But, to Harlowe's intense annoyance, the dummy company's bank paid no attention to the bad check. So Harlowe had the computer write another bad check, and then another. Only after about a month, when he had overdrawn the dummy account with checks amounting to seventy-eight thousand dollars, did one of the bank's officers become suspicious. The bank manager called Harlowe, who expressed puzzlement. The bank manager arranged for a meeting with a vice-president of the produce company—one of the people whose personal checkbooks Harlowe happened to be manipulating. Harlowe told me he later learned that the meeting ended in a state of confusion, while he remained the only person who understood what was really going on. At that point, Harlowe told me, he calculated that the people running the produce company—for their own reasons, connected with company finances—would be eager to avoid any intensive examination of its financial affairs. And if by any chance they did press for a thorough investigation, there would be enough evidence around to divert attention from Harlowe's own culpability. But then, as the atmosphere at his company grew tense and suspicious, Harlowe developed apprehensions as to how well he had really covered his tracks. He went to a lawyer in the area who was noted for his skill in complicated cases, told him the whole story, and paid him a fee of fifty thousand dollars (a small portion of the funds that Harlowe had embezzled, after all) after being assured, he said, that he had a defensible case. Harlowe told me that, taking his discussions with the lawyer into account, he did indeed consider that if the produce company had him arrested when some of the facts came out he would have a pretty good case in court. "The principals of the company were not entirely blameless," he said. "So far as I'm concerned they really were trying to take money out of the business, overstating expenses to avoid taxes. I'd be testifying as a naïve bookkeeper. The accounting was so terribly complex that no layman juror could understand all these computer-programming technicalities. I felt I could come out pretty well." But then, after the company management did sign a criminal complaint against Harlowe, and he was arrested and put on trial for grand theft, he had second thoughts about going through with this elaborate plan to shift the blame for his defalcations, and his lawyer persuaded him to plead nolo contendere. "The lawyer had it arranged, he believed, so that with the nolo plea I would get eighteen months," Harlowe said. "I thought

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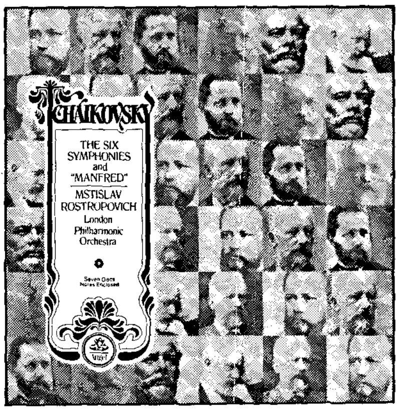
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that that wasn't so bad." Before being sentenced, he was called in for a probation-department interview. Harlowe, confident that all was settled, not only refused to tell what had become of the million dollars he had embezzled but, he admitted to me, "was pretty curt with the probation officer." In large part because of his generally uncoöperative attitude, the probation officer's presentencing report was highly unfavorable, and, in court, the judge grimly gave him not the expected eighteen months in jail but ten years in San Quentin—apparently a record sentence to date in any case of computer crime. While he was in jail, Harlowe worked his way up to become a clerk to the warden ("I was really treated more as a staff member than as an inmate"), and also taught a course in basic computer-programming techniques to fellow-prisoners.

Harlowe was released on parole in 1974. When I talked with him, he said he was on the verge of settling accounts with the I.R.S., as part of the aftermath of his embezzlement. According to Harlowe, the I.R.S. people were somewhat confounded by his case. In spite of the fact that he had admitted embezzling more than a million dollars from the produce company, and in spite of the fact that embezzled funds are subject to taxes, he was allowed to settle with the I.R.S. people for only a few thousand dollars. Harlowe explained the situation to me by saying, "At some point in my financial maneuverings, the income from the embezzlement had become income in a corporation in which I was the principal shareholder. Through various pipelines, I contributed cash from the embezzlement amounting to close to a million dollars to the corporation, and I listed this income to the corporation as though it represented sales. So in fact it was as though I had made a proper accounting of the funds for tax purposes. The I.R.S. man I dealt with found that most peculiar. He'd never come across a case before where embezzled funds had been declared—if under somewhat different colors—as income." Even so, the corporate tax paid on this sum apparently amounted to very little indeed, because Harlowe had been able to demonstrate to the government's satisfaction that the company he had established had kept losing money. How it supposedly lost it was something I couldn't get any clear idea of from Harlowe. I had the impression that the money just wafted away through a maze of intercorporate dealings and into—to use Harlowe's word—oblivion. Whatever thoughts Harlowe might have about his embezzlement, he clearly didn't have much time for the sort of remorse that seems to be sought as an ideal by sentencing judges and by probation people. He merely observed at one point that "when you get close to a computer, get really involved with it, you tend to lose track of that humaneness—you become enthralled by the numbers, you generate them endlessly, and your whole life becomes so bound up with them that you lose a qualitative sense."

Lately, Harlowe, no longer on parole, has been acting as a data-processing consultant to a group of construction companies in northern California, for which he has written a series of programs embracing a whole range of accounting procedures, in areas from supplies to accounts payable and receivable. He told me that he also possessed a particular computer program that he had written in prison, and that he thought it had good commercial potential in the area of cost analysis. He said that he had become interested in prison reform, and added that, in part as a consequence of his prison experiences, he was occasionally in touch with some politically radical friends, some of whom had approached him for advice on taking action against computer systems as symbols of the Establishment. "These people consider themselves urban guerrillas, but they are intelligent enough to realize that violence will only bring repression," Harlowe said. "They feel that the best way to further their cause is to screw up major computer systems, such as the big credit-card outfits and the billing systems of major oil companies. They told me they were putting together a technical task force, and invited me to join it. For obvious reasons, I declined. I'm not in favor of sabotaging computers. Might be mine!"

THE accelerating incidence of computer-related crimes—particularly in the light of the continuing rapid growth of the computer industry and the present ubiquity of electronic data-processing systems—raises the question of what countermeasures can be taken within industry and government to prevent such crimes or, at least, to detect them with precision when they occur. By far the biggest manufacturer and lessor of computers is, of course, the International Business Machines Corporation, and the I.B.M. people can hardly be expected to ignore the increasing attention that the press and the public are devoting to computer crimes. I.B.M. undertook, some years ago, a forty-million-dollar program to examine the whole problem of data security as it applies to the computers that I.B.M. produces and to the operating systems that it designs and sells or leases. In spite of this, however, and although it is a matter of general knowledge within the industry that I.B.M. has assigned teams of specialists to examine in detail breaches of security occurring in I.B.M. systems (the company is said to have compiled a catalogue of more than three hundred cases of computer crime), the I.B.M. people resolutely refuse to discuss any specifics of computer crimes that may have come to their attention. In fact, they can be brought to concede only with reluctance that the problem exists at all.

Some time ago, when I managed to interview John Rankine, the director of data-security programs for I.B.M., he characterized the incidence of purposeful subversion of computer systems as "minuscule." He politely declined to discuss either particular cases of computer crime of which the I.B.M. people were aware or general types of cases that the company might know about because computer crime, he told me, was not a subject that he followed in detail. Still, he did willingly discuss the overall issue of data security in computer systems, which, he said, was a fundamental one in the entire history of computer science and had to do primarily with the prevention of unintentional destruction or distortion of digitized information in the computer process. "The accountant does not want his system destroyed by the engineer, and the scientist who is working on a problem wants to protect his interim results in the computing process without having the next set of computations destroy them," Rankine said. He went on to say that his company's responsibility was to have data security as a basic design criterion, and that the issue of computer crime was actually only a very small part of the drive to achieve the integrity of computer systems as a whole. Rankine then discussed some of the procedures that his company had devised or had recommended to organizations using its computers and computer systems. In addition to tight physical security for facilities, these included such internal checks within a system to insure data security as adequate identification procedures for people communicating with the computer by way of keyboard terminals; elaborate internal audit trails built into a system, in which every significant communication between a user

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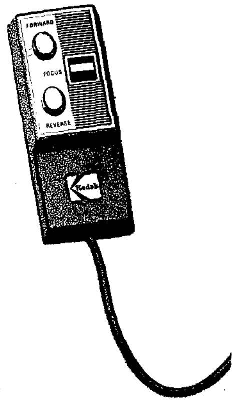

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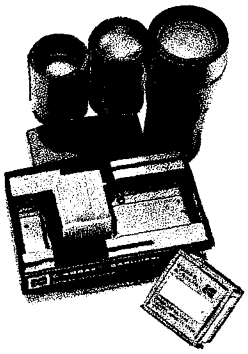

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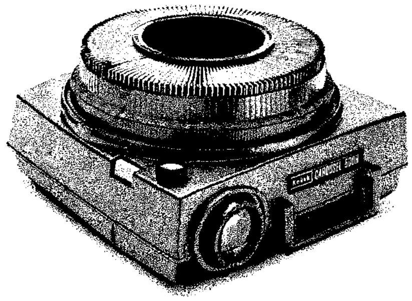

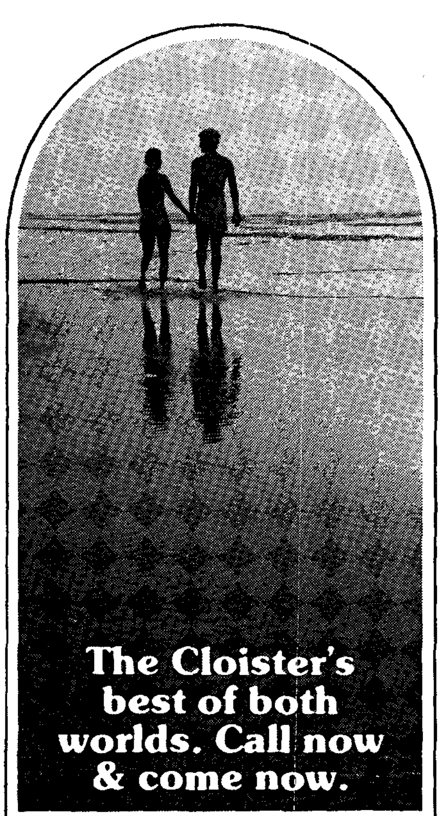

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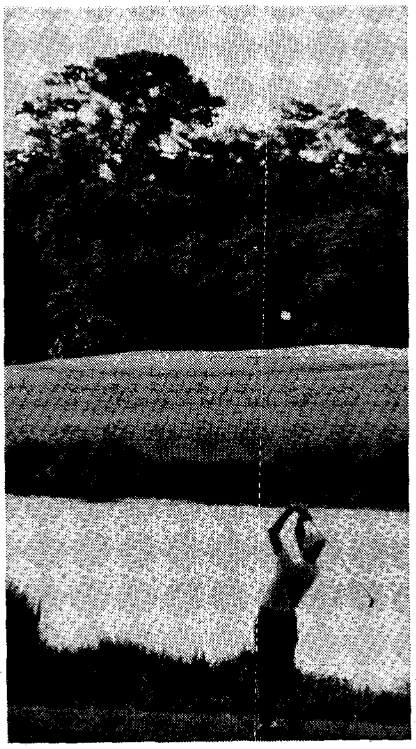

and a computer would be recorded; and, where confidentiality was particularly important, cryptography, or the scrambling of information. He said that, for example, in the matter of data security, to forestall the use of a terminal by someone in such a way that another terminal in a system would appear to be the one used, I.B.M. is now offering computer terminals activated by lock-and-key devices that, when the keys are turned, emit a signal identifying the terminal site to the central computer. Other security devices in the development stage include a pen that will record, for identification purposes, not only the personal signature of a terminal user but also the dynamics involved in writing the signature out, such as the characteristic pattern of acceleration and deceleration used in forming individual strokes; and a device that will oblige the user of a terminal, before he can get a go-ahead from the computer to use it, to press his thumbprint on a special plate in a recess of the terminal for an instantaneous matching of its whorls and loops against an image stored within the computer. But, Rankine said, he didn't want to emphasize the importance of particular devices unduly, for "precautions on behalf of data security are made throughout the system." The fact is, he said, that "the data-security job will never be done—after all, there will never be a bank that absolutely can't be robbed." The main thing, he said, is to make the cost of breaching security so high that the effort involved will be discouragingly great.

In this respect, the I.B.M. people—as the result of a proposal made to computer manufacturers by the National Bureau of Standards that they develop a procedure for secure encryption of digital information—have taken the lead in constructing such a system. The procedure they have produced, after very elaborate work, has recently been adopted, under the name of the Data Encryption Standard, by the bureau as a required algorithm in the cryptographic handling of all federal unclassified information.

As the major manufacturer of computers and the major designer of programs to operate them, the I.B.M. organization, while obviously aware of the increasing problems of data security, is careful to place itself at a cool distance from the consequences of misuses of its equipment and systems. In a statement on data security issued some time ago, it said, in part, "I.B.M. has developed and is continuing to develop equipment, software, and various techniques and procedures to safeguard computer information. It is the responsibility of the user to see that these data-security measures are applied as needed." Though computer-security specialists I have talked with tend to be sympathetic concerning the somewhat difficult position that I.B.M. finds itself in, particularly as the designer of computer-operating systems that may have been misused by unscrupulous employees of other corporations using the systems, they also tend to speak with a certain, though not necessarily disrespectful, skepticism of the value of some of the countermeasures against computer crime and misuse which the I.B.M. people say they have been developing under their data-security program.

Donald Adams, of the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants, who himself has a background as a computer programmer, told me that he has been unofficially "crusading" for a tightening up of what he considers to be in effect the loose design of commonly used I.B.M. and other computer systems. "The problem is that I.B.M. and other manufacturers try to make their systems so flexible that, in my view, they have made them virtually uncontrollable," Adams said. He added that it was his personal belief that in selling its systems to users I.B.M. tended to appeal to the needs of technicians rather than to what might sometimes be the best interests of top management. The flexibility of I.B.M. computer systems commonly used in business, he explained, was an attractive feature to the technicians of the user companies, especially in terms of program design, but was likely to make for systems that were relatively insecure. But top management people aren't usually aware of the lack of security that goes with flexible systems, he said, because "the management is dependent on what the technicians tell them about computer systems." And one independent computer-security consultant I talked with declared that, as far as he was concerned, most of what I.B.M. has accomplished so far in its forty-million-dollar data-security program has been essentially "to fix the little problems but not the big problems."

TO somebody looking at the problem of computer crime as a whole, one conclusion that seems reasonable is that although some of the criminal manipulators of computer systems have certainly shown ingenuity, they have not employed highly sophisticated approaches to break into and misuse computer systems without detection. In a way, this fact in itself is something of a comment on the security of most existing computer systems: the brains are presumably available to commit those sophisticated computer crimes, but the reason that advanced techniques haven't been used much may well be that they haven't been necessary.

Some glimmering of the more advanced techniques of unauthorized entry into and manipulation of computer systems which may lie ahead is perhaps observable in various exercises that have been carried out within the defense establishment for demonstration purposes, their aim being to penetrate some of the most complex and supposedly secure computer systems used by agencies of the armed forces, by civilian agencies, and by government contractors. There is, for example, the experience of a team of computer scientists from the Air Force and the MITRE Corporation—a research-and-development organization that works largely under contract to the federal government, on such projects as the National Military Command System and the Worldwide Military Command and Control System—in deliberately penetrating and manipulating the contents of what has purported to be a secure computer system. The exercises were carried out, on behalf of the Air Force, by Steven B. Lipner, an information-systems expert at the MITRE Corporation, and Lieutenant Colonel Roger R. Schell, then a computer-security specialist in the Command and Management Systems Division of the Air Force and now a student at the Air War College at Maxwell Air Force Base, in Montgomery, Alabama. The results of their efforts have been described in several Air Force and MITRE internal papers that Lipner and Schell made available to me when I visited them some time ago at the MITRE Corporation headquarters, in Bedford, Massachusetts. According to Schell, the primary aim of the exercises was not so much to derive technical insights from the penetration of a particular computer system as to demonstrate to defense officials that the penetration could be accomplished without great difficulty. In one paper that Schell and Lipner prepared for the Air Force, they put their views concerning the security of large computer systems in blunt language:

> On numerous occasions, programmers have conducted formal or informal projects aimed at testing the security of operating systems by penetration—by writing programs that obtain access to in-

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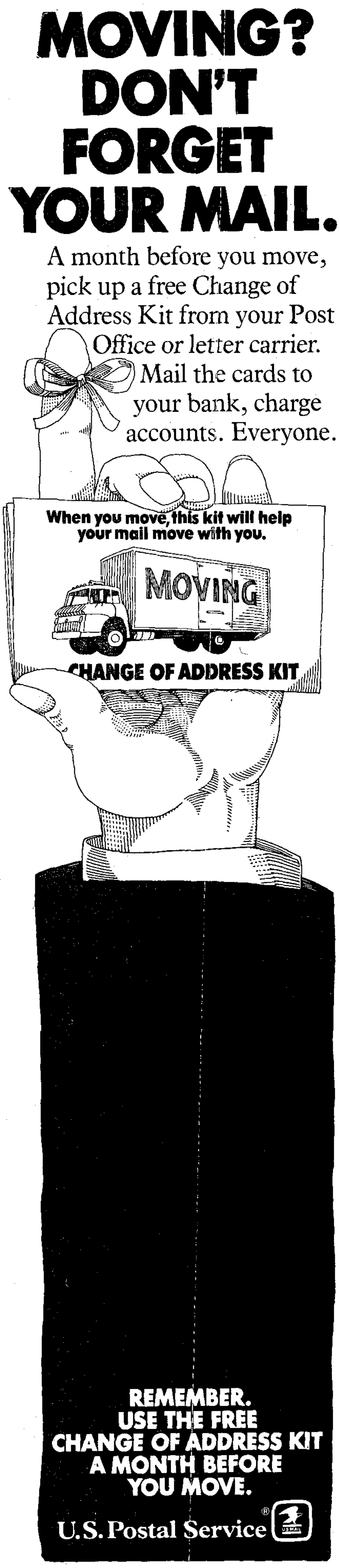
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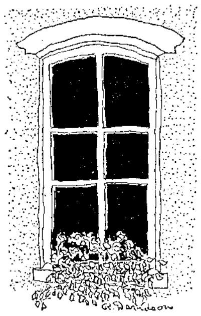
> formation without authorization.... In each case, the result has been total success for the penetrators. The programmers involved in these efforts have not been "insiders" but simply competent system programmers armed with user- and (sometimes) system-level documentation for the computer and operating system under test.

Both Lipner and Schell had been studying problems in computer security since 1972, and between 1972 and 1975 they undertook a series of exercises involving the security of an advanced computer-time-sharing system called Multics, which had been developed jointly by Honeywell Incorporated and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, partly with Defense Department funds. According to Schell, security had been a significant consideration in the design of the Multics system. It was designed to provide protection for numerous users simultaneously, and so elaborate were the checks built in to prevent unauthorized access, and to insure that users having authorized access to one level of privileged information within the computer had no way of obtaining access to a higher level, that the Multics system had been proposed by the Air Force Data Services Center at the Pentagon as a means of handling secret computerized defense information. The security precautions included a cryptographic system to encode user passwords, so as to make the passwords meaningless even if they were copied or physically stolen from the computer storage system. The exercise was carried out first on a Multics system at the Rome Air Development Center, at Griffiss Air Force Base, in New York, and then it was carried out a second time on a Multics system at M.I.T. For the purposes of these exercises, Lipner and Schell were allowed only the minimal access accorded every user. The penetration attempts were conducted from the basement of Schell's house in Concord, Massachusetts, where he installed a keyboard terminal connected to his home telephone line. He could, of course, have operated the terminal by telephone from Los Angeles or Tokyo or Moscow. Lipner and Schell told me that it took them just half an hour to determine that the Multics security system could be penetrated. It then took them two hours to write the computer program to carry out the actual penetration. Essentially, what they did, it appears, was to take advantage of the inability of a computer to make qualitative decisions. "We provided ways of making unexpected requests of the computer, and then looked to see how the computer responded to unexpected requests—things that would be nonsensical to a sensible user," Schell said. "We watched to see how the computer might respond by itself doing something unexpected." In this way, they devised a method of entering from their terminal an informational request that the computer accepted as legitimate, and, proceeding from that, they wrung from the computer compliance with a sequence of other requests.



One of the prize targets of any computer criminal attempting to penetrate a computer system has always been the master list of users' secret passwords stored within the computer's memory system—in files that are usually protected by the most elaborate security that the system can provide. Indeed, the mystique of the secret password is such that even the designers of computer systems may not fully take into account the possible reasoning of a sophisticated unauthorized user; namely, that if to get at the hidden list of secret passwords he has to break through the toughest security that the computer can provide, he would do better not to worry about the passwords at all. For if he can break into the system, he doesn't need passwords. Another barrier that the computer criminal or unauthorized user of a computer system has to cope with is that of the computer's audit trail—the internal monitoring system that can record all significant actions of the users and is supposed to provide a means of detecting and tracing unauthorized attempts to gain entry. In the Multics system, this audit mechanism was considered, even by Lipner and Schell, to be built in so securely that it was almost impossible for any attempt to obtain the passwords to escape notice. In challenging Multics, therefore, Lipner and Schell chose to ignore the audit-trail mechanism, and to allow it to record their acts as they found their way through the system. Using flaws in the operating system as entry points, they got access to essential programs and to files containing the master list of encrypted passwords. Actually, they did not consider this technically necessary, since they were confident that once they had made the initial penetration of the computer they had established the condition for gaining access to any information they wanted; they extracted the list of encrypted passwords simply by way of demonstrating what they had been doing.

Lipner and Schell didn't deign to use these passwords, since they considered themselves already well into the computer system without them. Instead, they began judiciously inserting in the computer system what are known in the business as trapdoors. In essence, a trapdoor is a special element, or anomaly, inserted in a program or system which allows the person inserting it to bypass or subvert the logical or other protective features safeguarding the secure functioning of the system. The nature of a trapdoor is that, while it is known to and usable by a penetrator, it is unrecognized by and unknown to other users of the system—even to the audit-trail mechanism. Through the use of trapdoors, Lipner and Schell proceeded to modify parts of particular programs and the operating system itself, to their own potential advantage, present and future. In fact, they modified the system so thoroughly that even if the particular flaws which had allowed the original penetration were to be discovered and corrected, the penetrators would continue to have full access to the system.

As if all this weren't enough, Lipner and Schell also employed what people in the business sometimes refer to as the Trojan-horse technique of penetration. This technique has occasionally been used in computer crimes. It consists basically of providing the computer with apparently appropriate and acceptable information that in reality contains secret instructions for unauthorized behavior—instructions that authorized users of the system will unknowingly cause to be carried out at some future time by routinely communicating with the computer. The Trojan-horse instructions that Lipner and Schell fed into the Multics system insured that other users and the operating system itself could give them all the unauthorized information and all the control of the computer that they would ever want. As for the supposedly relentless internal-audit-trail mechanism that had recorded their entry into and progress through the computer system, Lipner and Schell, using their control of the system, simply erased from the audit system all trace of their entry. Thus, a complex computer system, which was the product of at least six years of intensive development to make it exceedingly secure, was penetrated and robbed of its internal controls in two and a half hours. Reporting on these exercises, Lipner and Schell ob-

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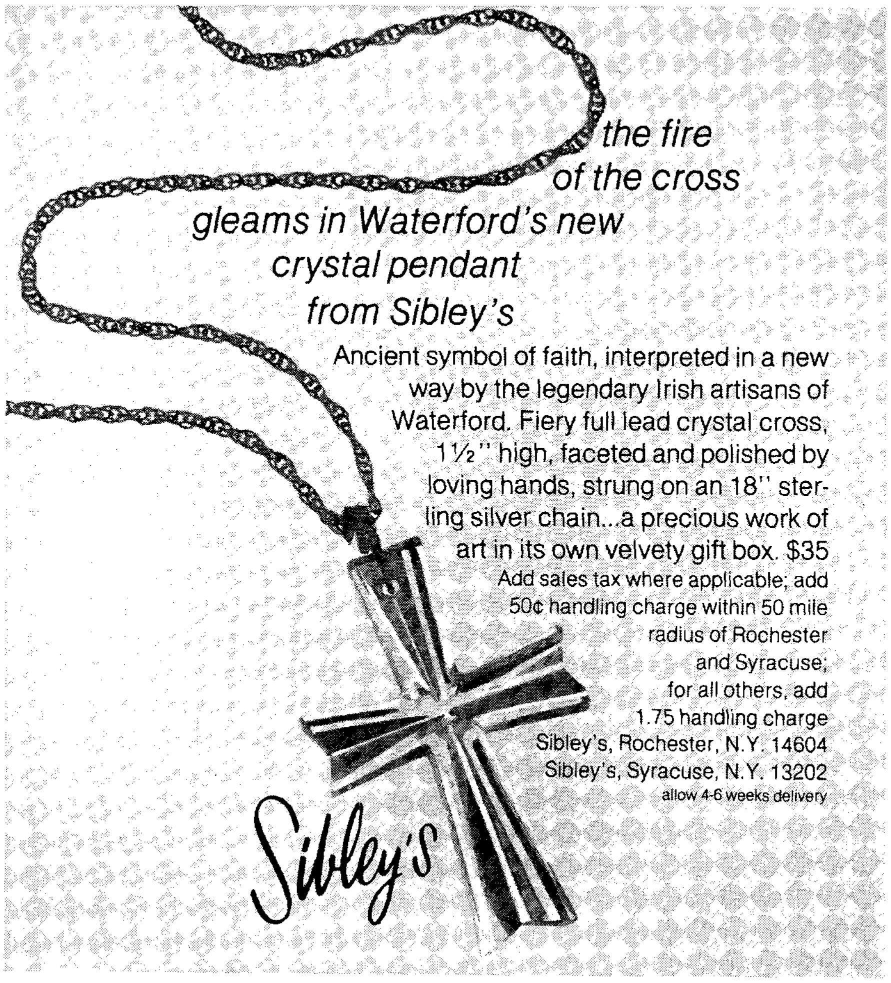
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served, "The only sound assumption that can be made about a current computer system concerning information protection is that any program that runs on the system can access any information physically accessible to the [central] processor, and can retrieve, alter, or destroy the information as the programmer wishes."

To attempt to correct that situation, the MITRE Corporation and the Air Force have been developing an innovative system that Schell calls a "security kernel," whose use they say can vastly improve the security of data in computer systems, and Honeywell has since claimed that it has used such a kernel to make significant improvements in the security of the Multics system.

WHILE much of the information stored in the Multics system that Lipner and Schell succeeded in penetrating would be regarded by users of the system as confidential in nature, none of it had any government-security classification. If it had been thus classified, the penetration of the system would obviously have had even greater significance. However, an exercise carried out by three computer scientists at the Naval Research Laboratory, in Washington, D.C., against an advanced computer system used by the armed forces did involve a large amount of classified information, as well as some that was unclassified. The target of this exercise was the executive, or controlling, system employed to run a Sperry Rand Univac 1108 computer for military purposes. The executive system of the Univac was meant to process simultaneously a great number of programs with different levels of security protection, and was considered by its designers to be highly secure and complex. Indeed, a programmers' reference manual issued by the Univac people declared, concerning the system's soundness in respect to any possible intentional or unintentional invasion, "The Executive System has unique features that automatically guarantee absolute protection." The exercise was carried out by David Stryker, Dr. John Shore, and Stanley Wilson, of the Naval Research Laboratory. Because of the stringent physical-security precautions that the armed forces take on behalf of their computer systems, the men attempting the penetration of the Univac 1108 operated not from a remote telephone-connected terminal but from a terminal "hard wired" to the computer; that is, one connected in what was essentially a closed-circuit system.

A while ago, when I talked with Dr. Shore at the N.R.L., he explained the nature of the exercise and discussed with me a declassified copy of an official report on it, written by Stryker and entitled "Subversion of a 'Secure' Operating System." Dr. Shore was unequivocal on the subject of complete computer security. "If you give someone who knows about computer systems enough time and unrestricted access, he'll find a way to defeat the existing controls," he said. He observed that the operating system of a large, advanced-model computer, which acts as a master-control program and allocates the resources of the computer to the tasks required of it, is so complex and contains so many instructions that it simply cannot be comprehended by a single person. For example, the number of instructions in the executive system of the Univac 1108 is about half a million, and that figure, even though it is enormous, is a good deal smaller than the totals in certain other operating systems. (One of the operating systems designed for the I.B.M. S/370 computer, I found out from the I.B.M. people, contains about six million instructions; if these were run off on computer-printout sheets, their bulk would be equivalent to one continuous instruction-filled sheet at least fifteen miles long.) A consequence of all this complexity, Dr. Shore said, is that any knowledgeable person attempting to penetrate a supposedly secure computer begins with an advantage, in that he has to find only one significant flaw in order to start working his way into the system, whereas the designers of a system are theoretically afforded no leeway at all in their attempts to make it secure.

Dr. Shore said that the exercise to penetrate the Univac 1108 system by the N.R.L. team took place in late 1973 and early 1974. The particular system against which the exercise was aimed had been modified to improve its security. For example, some of the classified material stored within the computer had been encrypted, and, as a consequence of the design of the system, could be made available to users only under strict security conditions—including, of course, proper identification of each user. In addition to these precautions, the computer system had been given other special modifications in order to increase its security. The three experts involved in the test were allowed only unclassified and unprivileged access to the computer, from a basement terminal. Their specific aim was to demonstrate the inability of the Univac operating system to prevent ac-

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cess to certain information by unauthorized users. Their procedure in breaking through the "absolute protection" supposedly afforded users by the Univac 1108 appears to have been similar in some respects to that of Schell and Lipner in penetrating the Multics, for it involved taking advantage of flaws and inserting trapdoors in the logic of the Univac 1108. However, what the N.R.L. experts exploited was not the existence of "bugs" in the executive program—although these certainly existed—but rather features resulting from oversights in the design of the executive program. The details of the exercise are complex. What the intruders did, in effect, was to modify certain programs that were shared by many users despite a supposed guarantee against such modifications. As a result, a subsequent user of the now modified shared program "fell through a trapdoor," as Dr. Shore put it, which enabled the N.R.L. team to take control and impersonate that subsequent user. When they had succeeded in doing this, they had access to all the information belonging to subsequent users of the penetrated shared system. They were then able to copy classified information that had been stored in an encrypted file onto their own computer tapes, and in the copying process the Univac 1108 decrypted the classified information. They erased virtually all traces of their entry into and subsequent ravages of the system as recorded in the internal-audit mechanism, and were able with impunity to impersonate legitimate users with classified access rights.

Using only thirteen seconds of computer time in a typical subversion of the Univac 1108, they were able to copy all data belonging to other users of the penetrated shared program for a full eight hours or so. During that period, they possessed effective control over a large amount of the data in the entire computer system. "We could have selectively rewritten any of this information or selectively erased it," Dr. Shore told me. They extracted so much information from the computer that, he said, "we found we had an information-pollution problem on our hands." They had to write a computer program of their own to sort out the more significant parts of the information that the computer kept disgorging. Their choice of material amounted to between a million and two million words of text, classified and unclassified. And, as a final insult, the computer time during which the stolen information kept pouring out was billed to other users; the

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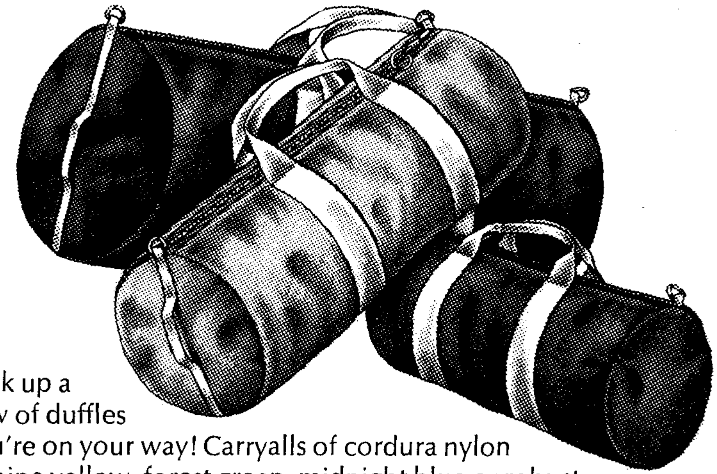

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only computer time billed to the N.R.L. team was the thirteen seconds it took them to subvert the system. (Sperry Rand has pointed out, however, that it has introduced modifications in the design of the Univac programming system so as to improve its security.)

If these men had attacked this particular defense computer system with hostile intent, the results could clearly have been devastating. And yet Dr. Shore and his colleagues at the N.R.L. are convinced, after thorough investigation, that by prevailing standards the staff at this particular site did a "good job" in modifying a standard commercial computer operating system in order to provide better security for users. Whether in the military, in government, or in business the designers of future computer systems seem no more able to promise absolute solutions to problems of data security than chess players are able to foresee games in which White can never be beaten. In the meantime, nobody knows what Trojan-horse programs may be lying in wait in computer systems until, at the appropriate signal, they spill out in acts of disruption and pillage, or what electronic dead souls may be flitting within the recesses of a system until, at the direction of some intent Tchitchikov at a keyboard terminal, they are mustered into ghostly but immensely exploitable legions.

—THOMAS WHITESIDE

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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"What's important," Pat said, "is not the progress towards marriage but the relationship itself, making it the best, the most comfortable it can be." Joel's reaction to counseling was more analytical. "I think we both feel more secure. It's comforting. We're able to discuss volatile issues in a structured format—the emotional overhead is removed."—*The Times Magazine.*

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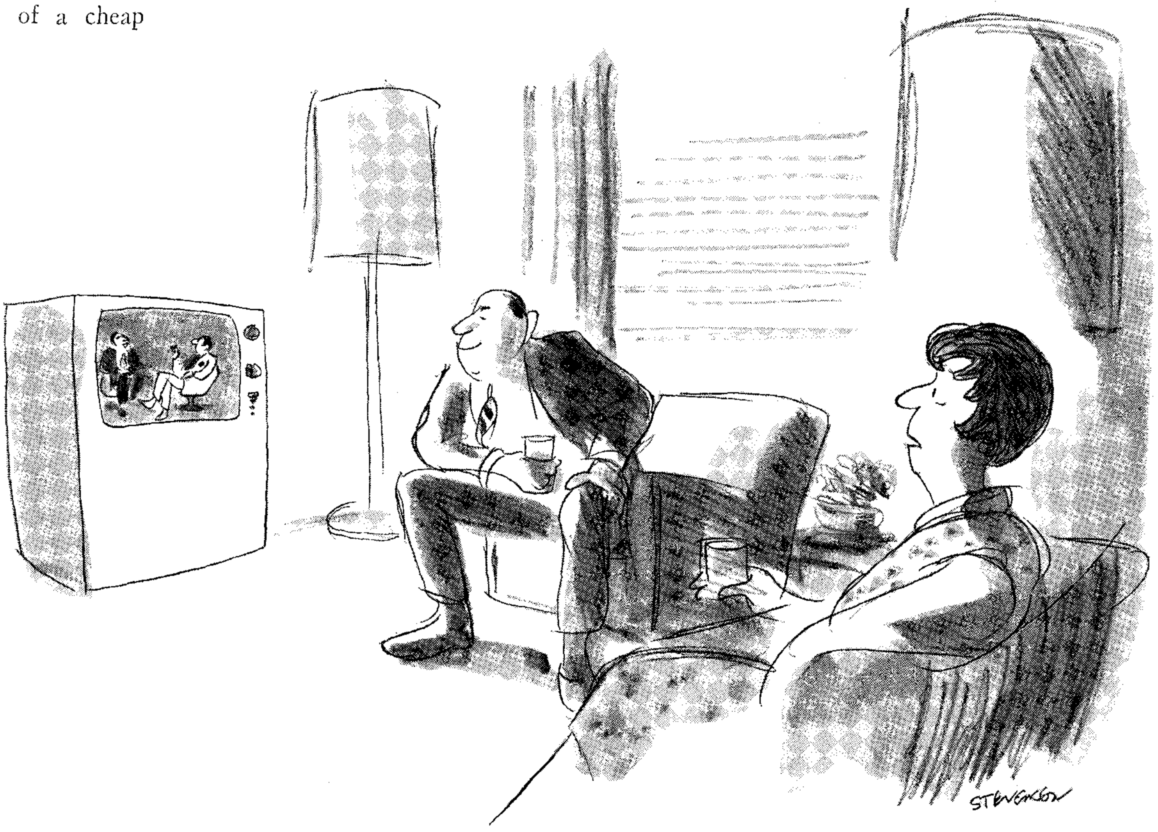
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Buñuel, Brilliant on a Shoestring

THE enterprising little Renoir Cinema has been showing some of Luis Buñuel's neglected films. The most sparkling of them is "Illusion Travels by Streetcar," made in Mexico, in 1953, on a minute budget. Two tramway workers in Mexico City decide to take their old faithful, condemned to scrap, on a last spree. One of the streetcar employees is elderly and looks misleadingly responsible; the other looks the opposite, a short, fat, cheerful no-good in a Mexican hat and a striped scarf. What they meant as a drunken jaunt turns into a character test. They had no intention of doing anything wrong, but events are against them. "You try to do things right, and see what comes of it," says one. Their chief difficulty is getting the streetcar back to the depot without anyone's knowing. The car is boarded by musicians ("Gentlemen of the Philharmonic, why don't you play us something?"); by an American woman tourist who is sure that because the ride is free it must be part of a Communist plot; by butchers who hang pigs' heads and sides of beef on the hand straps; by an orphan who is convinced that an actress who passes by on the pavement is his long-lost mother. A woman passenger combing the hair of a cheap statuette of Our Lord of the Cross arouses the thought in a girl that "it's always us poor who haven't the money to buy His miracles." A jolly woman says, "Have you ever seen such a Christ?" At some stage, the runaways, tired out by the endeavors of assumed authority, go to sleep in the streetcar and wake up with a hangover and guilt. The younger one says, "I can still see myself dressed as the Devil." A horde of schoolchildren clamber onto the streetcar: small boys, competitive about shaving, overseen by a schoolmistress who speaks sadly of growing up and how much grief it brings. "How long till we get there?" asks a child. "Less than before" is the answer, spoken in the style of legendary truths, like the talk in "Alice in Wonderland." The fuses burn out, and the children get off before the tram plunges into a filmmaking scene going on in the street. "Quiet, please. It is an emotional scene," says the director.

The younger of the two men is the real troublemaker. He could get God into a jam. The pair find their car boarded by a former tram worker, who meddles, wanting to tell the bosses that Streetcar No. 133 is on the road. Half-crazed with worry, the runaways say to one another, "Let's go to some dead end and say we've gone to the depot." The younger man would be reluctant to make the announcement to the passengers. He has never spoken in public. The car runs into a truck full of bags marked "Fertilizer: Made in U.S.A.," but the stuff turns out to be corn, and the hungry of Mexico City fall on it. The retired streetcar worker suddenly feels poorly and faints. They stop at a drugstore. The druggist asks cautiously—Buñuel has a bitter eye for such things—whether there is some relative who can pay the bill. The patient eventually staggers out, revived by his own efforts, and no thanks to Mexico City's regard for its helpless; polite to the last, he says to his late employers about the truant streetcar, "I came to warn you as gentlemen." The tram company is disbelieving of his information. The out-of-order is an incredibility. Meanwhile, the great city goes on scheming, says the narrator at the end of this wistful, absurd fable of the longings of the inhibited for the unlikely to happen. It is one of Buñuel's most delicate social comedies, inspired, perhaps, by a time in the early thirties when the Surrealists in Seville hired a tram and spent the day driving around the town and sparking off many a strange event.

THIS is the time of year when long-range holiday planes are jammed. The average jet goes across the Atlantic at almost six hundred miles an hour. Given a movie, there we are, travelling "economy," in a not particularly safe newfangled mock drawing room with little leg space and Kleenex food and "hostesses" who charge for drinks, watching a flickering mechanism first thought of eighty-odd years ago. By a matching paradox, though the talkies themselves were invented fifty years ago, all films are silent up here unless one rents headphones. Subtitled movies are not usually shown, because that would be cheating the airlines



"I can't bear the suspense, Albert. Would you please put your two cents in right now!"

of the money they can charge for the headphones. Without headphones, one can watch the "hostesses" providing games for children, aspirin for those of us anxious about the plane's suffering "hairline metal fatigue." Do pilots have it, too? "Hostesses"? Passengers? Does ever a baby in a pram behind the cockpit, crammed between Daddy's raincoat and Mummy's evening dress in a plastic wrapper, suffer a pang of this hairline fatigue? If it can afflict metal, what about the fragile human frame? Yet the "hostesses" look quite unfatigued, perching like cocktail guests on the arms of the seats of businessmen.

Travelling, then, at almost six hundred miles an hour, we watch this innovative sixteen-millimetre movie, projected with infinite difficulty at thirty-six feet a minute. For the cost of borrowing a pair of headphones, we can watch it with the wrong sound track: with light-classical music, jazz, a jokester's routine. To add to the unreality, the headphones often get the voices out of sync, and also make them sound eerily close to our eardrums, though the images may well be seen across fifty heads. This month, the main transatlantic airlines are showing, among other suitable things, John Sturges' "The Eagle Has Landed," one of the current unalarming terror films about what-if, the what-if being, in this case, What if the Germans had tried to capture Churchill? But as we know they didn't succeed, no hairline fatigue sets in from that.

In the "mature" section of one transatlantic line this month, there is "Audrey Rose," directed by Robert Wise. Since the film is a very troubling picture about the reincarnation of a small girl, one hopes no parent gets pressed by a child into this "mature" zone. Which would be to go along with the airlines' pretense that a place the size of a drawing room, with artificial air pressure and with oxygen ready to drop, in emergency, from little yellow nose helmets, can be divided into zones. O Lord, forgive us our general and exceptional rashness.

Another airline offers "Smokey and the Bandit," which is an odd tale to see in a plane, because it is about chaos by motorcar. The chaos is that the car goes apparently very fast, though at a fraction of the speed of the plane, and at a thousand times the speed at which the film was made. Burt Reynolds, playing Bandit, an enormously skilled driver, agrees, for an eighty-thousand-dollar prize, to race eighteen hundred miles from Georgia to Texas and back in twenty-eight hours with some four

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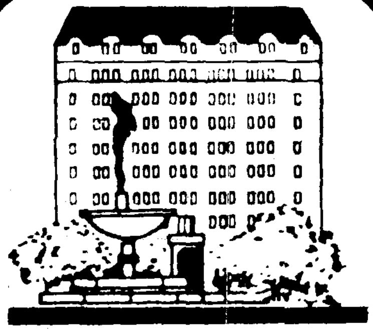

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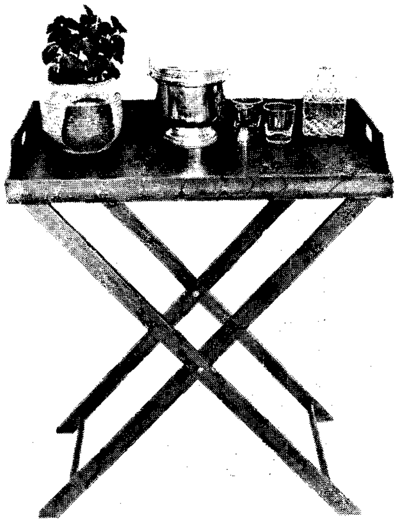

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hundred cases of beer. In our plane, we could do it. But no one would pay us eighty thousand dollars for the feat, which would be not our feat anyway but the feat of the fatigued plane, which has already taken a great deal more than eighty thousand dollars from the lot of us on a single flight, though we are all, like the plane, suffering from its hairline exhaustion in one way or another. To watch "Smokey and the Bandit," in which the homebound trip is delayed by the picking up of a runaway bride-to-be and also by many car crashes, which are particularly worrying in a plane (but think of the little oxygen nose helmets), is to be inclined to switch away from the film sound track and listen instead to our old favorites of the airlines, such as Rachmaninoff's piano concertos or Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance." In-flight movies are a curious existential pretense. We can listen to them without watching them, or watch them to the gags of long-dead comics or to the music of long-dead musicians long ago re-recorded for in-flight listening, all in air travel's artificially inflated capsule of the present. We can even watch them without headphones, listening instead to the in-flight words of companion travellers, who will somehow forget what they said as soon as they land, because of some human and metaphysical variant of the plane's hairline metal fatigue. Trouble between fellow-passengers can start up in midair and be forgotten again as soon as the "Fasten Seat Belts" sign goes on; films can be seen in midair and seen again on the ground as if they were quite different.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

House members rejected, 87-55, a proposal by Rep. Jimmie Edwards III, D-Conroe, to eliminate $13.9 million for a new research, treatment and training center for the Texas Research Institute of Mental Science (TRIMS) in Houston.

Rep. Bill Caraway, D-Houston, failed, 83-61, to shift $6.2 million from the Texas mental hospitals to the state commission on alcoholism, contingent on passage of a bill expanding the commission's duties.

Rep. Bill Heatly, D-Paducah, said the present system is working well and should not be left as it is.—*San Angelo (Texas) Times.*

Typical Democrat, Heatly.

•

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For hand laundering, put a stopper in the washtub for both washing and rinsing, and don't let the water run.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Arkansas Gazette.*

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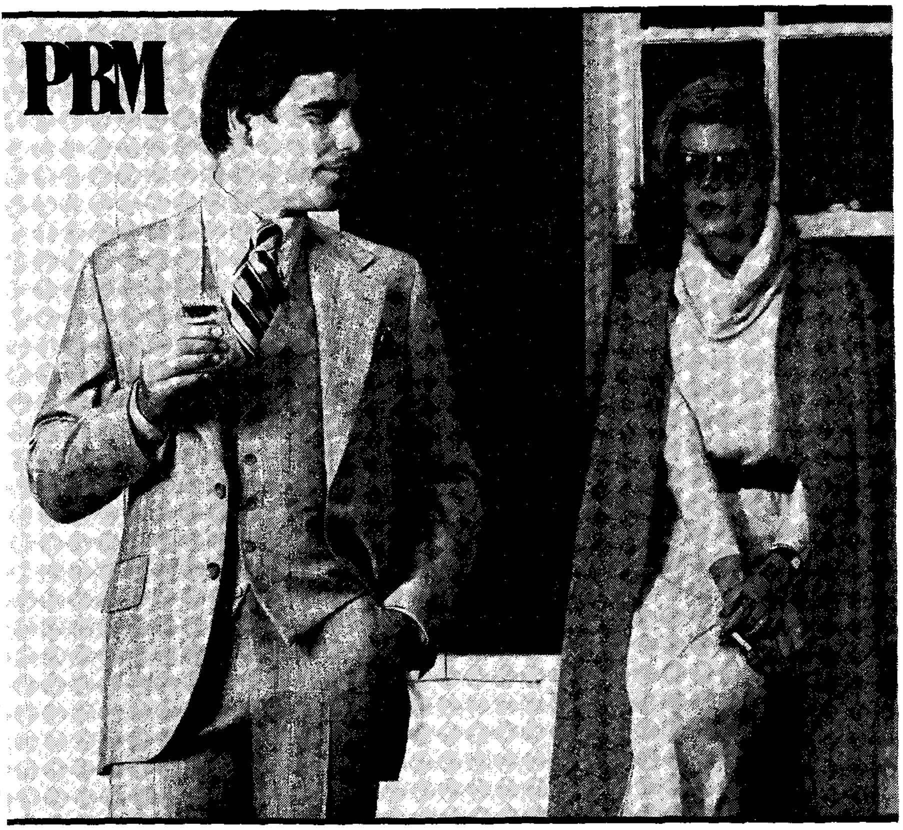

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OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS

NATURALIZED CITIZEN NO. 9845165

ONE fresh autumn day, I present myself with two witnesses at the New York offices of the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service, at 20 West Broadway, to be examined under oath on a petition for naturalization which I am about to file. A rather stylish-looking young man, who introduces himself as Seth Roberts, an attorney for the Service, ushers the three of us into his room and calls on us to raise our right hands and swear to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth. We do. Mr. Roberts asks the witnesses to wait in an outer office. "We will now go through your petition—No. 832653—so that you can confirm your written statements under oath," he says to me. "Please be as direct as possible. Remember, you are under oath."

I slip into the compliant role of one who is known only by his serial number, and give more or less the same old answers to more or less the same old questions that the men of the Service have been putting to me since I first came to America, in August of 1949. I keep my thoughts about who I am and why I want to become an American to myself.

"What is your name?" he asks, rather formally.

"Ved Parkash Mehta," I respond.

"Where do you live?"

"1010 Fifth Avenue, in New York City."

"Have you ever used any other names?"

"No."

"When and where were you born?"

"I was born on March 21, 1934, in Lahore, in British India."

"What is your marital status?"

"Single."

"What is your present occupation?"

"Writer."

"Your sex is . . ."

"Male." The ritual has its absurd side.

"When were you lawfully admitted to the United States as a permanent resident?"

"December 3, 1964."

"How long have you resided continuously in the United States?"

I embark on the complicated answer I have given in my petition—that I have lived in America almost twice as long as in the country of my birth, and the reasons—but Mr. Roberts interrupts me, telling me helpfully that all I need to say is "Ditto."

"For the past five years you have been present in the United States for an aggregate period of . . ." he intones.

"Fifty-two months."

"Do you plan to reside permanently in the United States?"

"Yes, I do."

Questions about my parents, my American employers, my other American residences, my foreign travels, my travelling companions, my willingness to fight in the American armed forces follow quickly. Then, abruptly, my examiner slows down and, with a grave air, reads out from my petition, "The law provides that you may not be regarded as qualified for naturalization under certain conditions: if you knowingly committed certain offenses or crimes, even though you may not have been arrested therefor. Have you ever, in or outside the United States, knowingly committed any crime? Just answer 'Yes' or 'No.' "

"No."

"Or been arrested, charged, indicted, convicted, fined, or imprisoned for breaking or violating any law or ordinance, including traffic regulations?"

"No, never."

"You need only answer 'Yes' or 'No.' "

Now he comes to my present and past membership in or affiliation with organizations, associations, funds, foundations, parties, clubs, societies, and similar groups in the United States and in other countries. He examines me closely about each group that I have listed, and at one point solemnly asks, "Is this Century Club, this Century Association, a subversive organization?"

Next come the clinchers.

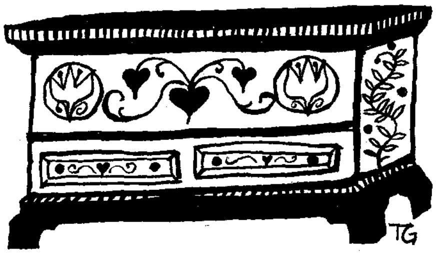
"Are you now, or have you ever, in the United States or in any other place, been a member of, or in any other way connected or associated with, the Communist Party?"

"No."

"Have you ever knowingly aided or supported the Communist Party, directly or indirectly, through another organization, group, or person?"

"No."

"Do you now or have you ever advocated, taught, believed in, or knowingly supported or furthered the interests of Communism?"



"No."

"Have you borne any hereditary title, or have you been of any order of nobility in any foreign state?"

The question, on various applications and petitions, has always interested me, making me wonder if loyalty to a title, class, or caste could be considered as subversive as loyalty to the Communist Party. In any case, I don't have any titles. I do belong to the Kshatriya, or warrior and ruling, caste of the Hindus. But all he wants is a "Yes" or a "No," so I say "No."

"Have you ever been a patient in an institution or been treated anywhere else for a mental or nervous illness or disorder?"

It occurs to me to wonder if psychoanalysis would be considered such treatment, and I put the question to Mr. Roberts.

"No," he says, and he adds, a little flippantly, "That's just arty."

Now come a few relatively simple questions on the order of "Have you ever claimed in writing, or in any other way, to be a United States citizen?" And then he says, "The law further provides that you may not be regarded as qualified for naturalization if, at any time during the period for which you are required to prove good moral character, you believed in polygamy, or have been a polygamist. Have you?"

"No."

"If you have received income mostly from illegal gambling. Have you?"

"No."

"If you have committed adultery. Have you?"

Such questions seem to be an invasion of privacy, and yet they appear on all the applications and examinations for would-be legal aliens or immigrants or naturalized citizens. I've always wondered what people who have never been here and have no knowledge of the country make of the adultery question, for instance. Do they imagine that there are no adulterers here and Americans don't want to start anything new—or that there are already too many adulterers and they don't want any more? But then, of course, adultery is considered a crime.

"No," I reply.

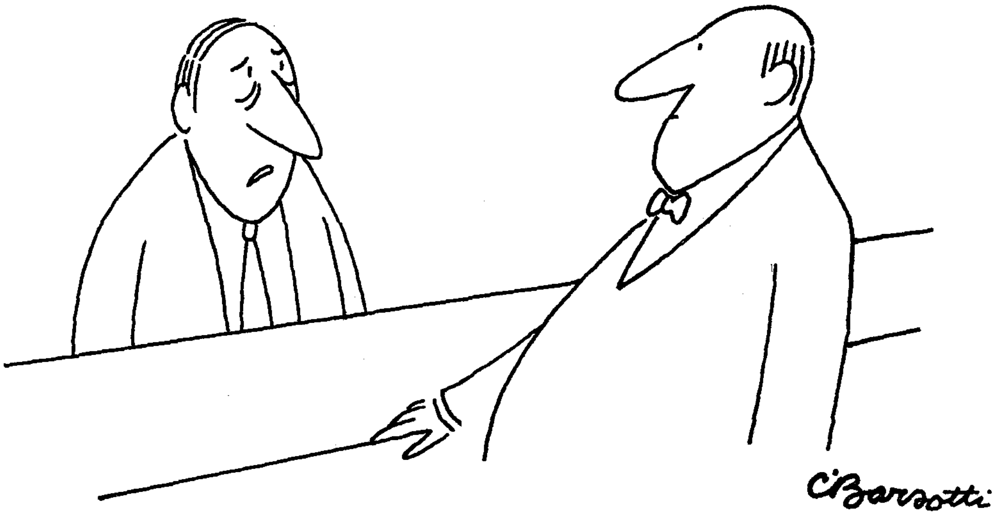
"If you have profited by the immoral earnings of ladies."

"No."

"If you have knowingly, for gain, encouraged or helped an alien to enter the United States illegally. Have you?"

"No."

"If you have trafficked in or profited



"*Whatever's good for what ails me.*"

by the sale or use of narcotics or marijuana. Have you?"

"No."

"I'm sure you haven't been a drunkard."

I shake my head.

"Do you live alone?"

"Yes."

"Congratulations! You have passed your moral examination."

I stand up, relieved, but sit down again immediately, remembering that I still have to pass an examination in American history and the Constitution.

"What is the highest court in the land? . . . How many states are there in the United States? . . . What happens if the President dies? . . . Do you believe in the Constitution and form of government of the United States? . . . That's all. . . . Sign here. . . . And here." It is strange that this examination is so perfunctory when the moral examination was so lengthy.

Mr. Roberts ushers me out and closets himself with my witnesses—first one, then the other—to check up on me and my answers. Finally, all smiles, he conducts the three of us into the office of the supervisory attorney of the Citizenship Section, a kindly elderly man, who has a hefty file open in front of him. Mr. Roberts hands him my signed and attested papers, and the supervisory attorney adds them to the file, shuffling papers of many colors and sizes. "You have a big file," he remarks.

In an adjacent room, a woman with a Spanish accent is being put through her catechism. She seems to be on the verge of hysteria.

"Will you fight for this country?"

"I never fighting. You ask my neighbors. Never fighting."

"The question is," the attorney patiently says, "if someone attacked this country, would you take up arms to protect the country?"

"I no understand."

"You know what a bad man is?"

"Yes."

"Would you stop a bad man doing bad things to America?"

"Yes," the woman says in delight.

"You've passed," says the attorney in the adjacent room.

I have a sudden sense of déjà vu as many similar scenes from my own past rush through my mind.

The supervisory attorney is shaking my hand and saying, "Good luck in court. The judge puts on quite a show when he swears in new citizens."

I FIRST started dreaming of leaving India and coming to the United States when I was five years old and my father sent me to an American missionary boarding school in Bombay, eight hundred and fifty miles away from our home, in Lahore. My father had studied in the West and was a doctor and a government servant. He was so fair-skinned and spoke English so fluently that our servants said he could easily pass for an Englishman. He sported a bowler hat, carried a walking stick, was an avid tennis and bridge player, and was one of the first Indians to be accepted into British clubs. I wanted to grow up to be like him. Soon after I arrived at the boarding school, my father entered into correspondence with one of the missionaries there, Mrs. G. Ross Thomas. He had learned that she would soon be returning to America, and he commissioned her to take me with her and enroll me in a good New England school. It was Mrs. Thomas who gave me my first few lessons in English, and I was soon able to write letters home in English. They were all more or less the same: "My dear Mummy and Daddy, how are you? I'm quite well and happy. Thank you. Your loving son, Vedi." Actually, I was often sick and miserable, but I didn't know how to say that in English.

Mrs. Thomas used to tell me stories about America. I got the impression that no one in America ever told a lie, or stole, or cheated, or needed to be washed. The passengers who rode American trams were so honest that they didn't even use tickets—they just dropped the fare in a piggy bank for the driver to collect when he was ready. There were no newspaper sellers there—just a big newspaper stand with a big hat in front, and people were trusted to pick up the newspaper they wanted and pay for it by dropping change in the hat. At street corners, there were electronic policemen who stopped the traffic and waved it on. They had no whistles or guns—just lights—but the drivers always obeyed. I remember I once asked Mrs. Thomas who did the dirty jobs in America, and she said there was no dirt there. That night, I dreamed that I was turned away at the gates of America because I wasn't clean enough. The Americans had found out that I liked to play in the mud. After I woke up, I began dreading that they would also find out about the tin of sweets: when the school matron was out making her rounds, I would steal into her room, climb onto her dressing table, take a big tin down from a shelf, pry open the top with her comb, and help myself to a fistful of lemon drops and sticky orange sweets. One day, after I had been at the school for a couple of years, Mrs. Thomas did not appear. The matron told me that Mrs. Thomas had left because a war had broken out in America (it was just after Pearl Harbor), and that for the time being America was not open to foreigners like me.

It was not until some seven years later, when I was fourteen or fifteen, that I finally began making serious preparations to go to America as a student. I first had to see an Indian doctor in New Delhi, to get a medical examination for a 4-E, or student, visa. He gave me a complete going over, which took several visits. He inspected my scalp, my gums, my nails, and my feet, checked me for amoebic dysentery, gave me a Wassermann test, took a chest X-ray, and immunized me against smallpox, typhoid, and cholera. He then handed me the record of all this in a folder and sent me over to the American Embassy to get my visa. As I sat waiting to see

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the consul in charge, I had visions of America as the one clean, rich, healthful haven in a poverty-stricken, disease-ridden world. I couldn't get over the idea that all the people in the country—even servants—would speak English, wear shoes, live in their own houses, and ride around in their own motorcars. My English had not made much progress since Mrs. Thomas left, and, according to a test I had taken some time earlier at the American Embassy, I had a vocabulary of only a few hundred words. But I found myself looking forward to the day when I would take out my first "date," talk to her in fluent English, take her to a drive-in movie theatre showing "Forever Amber," and spend the time kissing. My reverie was abruptly interrupted: I was being summoned into the consul's office. The consul started off by lecturing me. He said that I was very lucky to have been certified by a trustworthy Indian doctor as a fit applicant for America. He said that Indian doctors as a breed were known to be susceptible to string-pulling, blandishments, and bribery, and that there were plenty of opportunities for succumbing to such inducements. There were more "go-getting" Indians all the time, and they would stop at nothing to get themselves across to what the consul called "God's country." In fact, he said, if America were to throw open its doors to all comers, hundreds of millions of Indians would migrate there and settle over the land like a plague of frogs. The consul issued me a 4-E, and informed me that it was valid only for a period of twelve months, that if I intended to stay longer I would have to apply for a year's extension, and that if I happened to leave the United States at any time before my 4-E expired I would be forced to reapply for it and to take all the medical tests over again. I was so excited I wanted to touch his feet, but instead I thanked him stiffly, as I imagined that my father and his English friends would have done.

I felt no qualms about saying goodbye to India and having to make do in America from one extension of my visa to the next, for I was already accustomed to migration: a couple of years earlier, I had lost my bicycle, my Meccano sets, my books, my carpentry tools, along with my childhood, in Lahore, when it became part of the new nation of Pakistan, and my family and I, leaving our house and abandoning all our belongings and savings, had to flee for our lives. We were now living in newly independent India as members of a floating population of eight million Hindu and Sikh refugees. I felt that I would be no more a stranger in America than I was in independent India.

I spent my first three years in America as a student in a small boarding school in Little Rock, Arkansas—the only school in America that would take me, with my meagre knowledge of English. (At the start, I was still apt to confuse "chicken" with "kitchen," and say, "Please get me kitchen from the chicken.") The school, it turned out, had never had a student from another state, let alone another country. In fact, much to my surprise, it was an all-white school, and my fellow-students didn't know what to make of me; they seemed to think I was as exotic as a Kalahari Bushman. The girls I tried to persuade to be my dates politely turned me down. They viewed me with curiosity but no romantic interest. I myself felt anything but exotic—even though, every year, to get my 4-E extended, I had to reduce my American experiences to cold forms and send them off to Washington. I also had to go down to the local post office every January and reduce my life to a United States Department of Justice Alien Address Report Card, which, in compliance with a certain law—Section 265, 8 U.S.C. 1305—I would mail to the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service, Alien Address Report Processing Center, in Rockville, Maryland. My father had once told me that foreigners were liable to be stopped and required to show their passports, so I made sure that I had mine in my pocket whenever I left the school grounds. For a time, I even developed a nervous habit of tapping my pocket any time I heard footsteps behind me, expecting a policeman to call out "Halt!"

I took refuge from omnipresent authorities and policemen—and also from the elusive dates and curious students, who were as alien to me as I was to them—in the enveloping walls of the school library, where I set about struggling with Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Johnson, Pope, Byron, and Joyce. I was obliged to compress into my three Arkansas high-school years twelve years of American schooling, feeling all the while like a tadpole washed ashore who had to learn quickly to become a frog—or perhaps even a prince, without ever being kissed by the storybook princess.

With my Arkansas diploma in my suitcase, I headed west to college in southern California, the promised land within the promised land—only to discover, to my dismay, that although I now had at my command a sizable English vocabulary, few people there could understand my Arkansas drawl. To clear up my pronunciation, I launched a self-improvement campaign, American style, and soon became a gung-ho Californian.

During my four years as an undergraduate in California, I made many friends. I remember that one of them used to try to tempt me to sneak across the Mexican border to Tijuana to take in a game of jai alai, but I never went, because I still feared the footsteps of the law—although I had long since come to realize that they weren't always following me. I knew that I could travel anywhere within the country, however, and began planning to go to New England to find out what a Connecticut Yankee might be like. But, as it happened, from California I proceeded to England, to continue my studies. When I arrived at London's Heathrow Airport, I was exhilarated to discover that, as a subject of the British Commonwealth, I was allowed to whiz through Customs and Immigration while "foreigners" impatiently waited in line.

In my ten years in the West—I had spent seven years in America, and I spent three more in England without being able to go home—I became more and more Indian even as I became more and more Western. I would lecture girls—I had no special difficulty getting dates now—on the fecklessness and folly of romantic love, and the wisdom and constancy of arranged marriages. India became a little island in my head, where I could go and speak Punjabi and act like a Punjabi. I would put old 78-r.p.m. records of Indian film music on the gramophone and daydream about an arranged marriage to a beautiful Punjabi girl in a rustling silk sari, the two of us sitting and eating pomegranate seeds in a hill station with fog closing in.

After England, I did return to India, in the summer of 1959, only to have my fantasies about my homeland rudely dispelled. Everywhere I went, I was assaulted by putrid odors rising from the streets, by flies relentlessly swarming around my face, by the octopuslike hands of a hundred scabrous, deformed beggars clutching at my hands and feet; I could not escape the choking dust, the still, oppressive air, and the incinerating heat of a summer in India. I found myself thinking of the cool, gracious comfort of a

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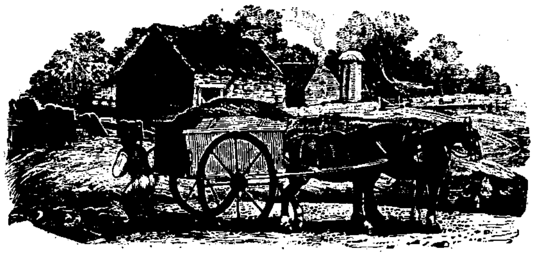

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Southern mansion in Nashville—air-conditioned from wine cellar to maids' quarters—where I had once been the guest of a college friend whose father made his money by importing Indian jute. I found myself longing for the ice-cold pitchers of freshly made mint julep waiting at poolside for the swimmers. My time in the West had spoiled me, and I could now hardly wait to get back. Fortunately, I had arranged to take up graduate studies in New England in the autumn, so I lost no time in getting to the American Embassy in New Delhi to pick up a visa. I submitted to another round of medical and bureaucratic scrutiny, and, at the end of it, again received a single-entry, twelve-month 4-E. It contained no record of my ever having been in America before.

Back in America, I completed my studies, and thereby outgrew my 4-E. I began earning my keep by writing, and was informed by the immigration authorities that I must apply for a change of status and obtain a new kind of visa if I wanted to stay on in the country. They suggested an H-1, which was granted to actors, opera singers, and other artists of "distinguished merit and ability" who wanted to live and work in America for a time. I applied for and eventually got my H-1, and became part of a community of legal aliens and expatriates in New York who had come from many lands and spoke many languages. They were all experts on the advantages and disadvantages of the different kinds of visas. None of them held the H-1 in very high esteem, because every time an H-1 left the country he had to satisfy American officials abroad that he was still an artist of "distinguished merit and ability" before he was allowed back in. Most of them aspired to the "green card"—the popular name for the alien-registration-receipt card, which shows its holder to be a "permanent resident," eligible to apply for naturalization after five years of residence.

After I had been an H-1 for several years, I got tired of proving to the far-flung, intercontinental network of American immigration officials that I was an artist of "distinguished merit and ability," and decided to plump for a green card. As a "permanent resident," I would be able to leave and reënter the country as I pleased and still continue to be an Indian national. I could live and work here as long as I chose without ever committing myself to becoming an American citizen. (Charlie Chaplin had done it for forty years.) But I could not vote, I could not run for political office, and I could not work for the federal government, although I could be drafted into the armed forces and was obliged, if I was called upon, to fight for the United States. Moreover, if I happened to stay *away for more than a year* I would risk losing my new status altogether. I decided to take the limitations along with the privileges, and put in for a green card. I was required to submit numerous documents, including yet another medical report, to swear that I had never been a Communist, never committed adultery, never trafficked in drugs or women, and so on—to answer, in fact, the same questions that the immigration authorities had been asking me on and off for years—and to produce not, this time, proof of "distinguished merit and ability" but "Evidence of *Exceptional Ability in the* Sciences or the Arts." I was obliged to retain counsel to help me find my way through the labyrinthine procedures; to remain in the country for a year while my petition was being reviewed; and, ultimately, to appear, with my counsel, as a petitioner at a hearing in the New York offices of the Immigration and Naturalization Service. My petition was granted, and I received my green card shortly thereafter. It was a bit like a credit card—a laminated affair bearing my photograph, my alien-registration number (A7,828,521), and a list of the conditions governing the card's use. For the next ten years, I possessed dual status as an Indian national and a permanent resident of the United States. Then, one day in September of 1974, I decided to give up my nationality and become a naturalized American.

As a first step, I was required to file another petition with the Immigration and Naturalization Service. The application form was a forbidding document. It read, in part:

> 1. You must send with this application the following items (1), (2), (3), and (4):
> (1) Photographs of your Face. . . .
> (2) Fingerprint Chart—A record of your fingerprints, taken on the fingerprint chart *furnished you with this application*. . . .
> (3) Biographic Information—*Complete every item in the Biographic Information form furnished you with this application and sign your name on the line provided*. . . .
> (4) U.S. Military Service—If your application is based on your military service, obtain and complete Form N-426. . . .
> 2. Fee. . . .
> 3. Alien Registration Receipt Card. . . .
> 4. Date of Arrival. . . .
> 5. Examination on Government and Literacy—Every person applying for naturalization must show that he or she has

> a knowledge and understanding of the history, principles, and form of government of the United States. THERE IS NO EXEMPTION FROM THIS REQUIREMENT, and you will therefore be examined on these subjects when you appear before the examiner with your witnesses. The application details the various public school classes, correspondence courses, and prescribed textbooks available for the purpose. You will also be examined on your ability to read, write, and speak simple English. . . .

My oral examination by Mr. Roberts was one of the requirements for filing this petition. I came away from that examination feeling agitated and ambivalent. By then, I had no particular reservations about renouncing my Indian nationality. My last visit home, in the summer of 1974, had left me profoundly depressed. I felt out of sympathy with the government—the main industry in the country. Its policies bore no relation to the humane ideals of independent India's founding father, Mahatma Gandhi, and were directed more and more toward serving the interests of the middle-class politicians, who had little use for the poor and even less use for civil liberties. Yet I knew I could not become a nationalist reformer, so committed to the land of my birth that I would stay and fight the system from within. I was a writer, not a politician, and, because I had by now spent the better part of my life outside India, I could not think of myself as altogether Indian. I was a member of a worldwide community of expatriates, whose thoughts, feelings, and dreams were a jumble of languages and countries. Now that the moment for becoming an American was at hand, however, I found myself wondering, as I often had before, whether I should not perhaps become an Englishman instead. After all, I had grown up under the British raj and, in a sense, like an English child: playing in my father's clubs, going to a hill station every summer, studying in an English university. But then I had also grown up at the time of India's struggle for independence: going to political rallies, hearing about the heroic deeds of Gandhi and Nehru, spurning many British ways as I grew older—even while I embraced others—and all the time trying to overcome the apish habits of the colonial mind. Could I ever really feel comfortable calling myself an Englishman? Even if I somehow managed to swim against the historical tide, would I not, as a "brown gentleman," always feel inferior to "real" Englishmen? As before, I knew the answers to these questions. I also knew that it was the momentousness of the step that made me dwell on them once more.

On the other hand, it had not been a simple matter to decide to become an American. Few of those who are born and die citizens of the same country, I reflected, ever consciously commit themselves to their own citizenship, but we who change citizenship by choice must commit ourselves voluntarily to the history and the heritage, the pride and the guilt of our adopted homeland. So, just as America, through its Immigration Service, had once again examined my personal history, I once again began conducting a private investigation of America. For instance, there was the matter of the Vietnam war. I had been against it even at the beginning, and had wondered then whether I should become an American while it was still continuing, especially since I had been born an Asian. What if America thought one day that India was going Communist? Would Americans go to fight there also? Then, there was the bomb. No Asian can forget that it was dropped only on an Asian country. And there was the issue of Richard Nixon and Watergate. Was America headed toward totalitarianism? I had reached my decision to file my citizenship papers only after President Nixon resigned. Fighting, though, was still going on in Vietnam. Later, I had taken note of the problem of the Vietnam refugees, whom some Americans were trying to send back to their homeland. I was an Asian about to become an American citizen at a time when many of my countrymen-to-be wanted to expel a group of Asians. But I found reassurance on this point in the remarks of another countryman-to-be—George Meany, the president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. "Frankly, I think the attitude of people who say, 'Dump these refugees in the sea; send them back'—to me it's really deplorable," he said to the press. "We are a nation of immigrants. And to turn our backs on people who are fleeing from oppression, fleeing for their lives, and say to them that we are going to dump them in the sea—this to me is about as contrary to American tradition as anything that I ever heard of. . . . We [would be] denying the history, the background, the traditions of this country as a haven for the oppressed."

Since the American Revolution, the United States had indeed admitted, al-

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together, almost fifty million immigrants and refugees, yet the history of immigration was not as uniformly noble and honorable as Meany made out. The inscription on the Statue of Liberty read, "Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me. I lift my lamp beside the golden door." Until 1921, when a quota system was established, the golden door was open to just about all comers, with the exception of Asians, who were subjected to special restrictions. More than a million and a half poor refugees from the Irish potato famines of the eighteen-forties were among those who readily found a home here. Then, in 1924—the year the Statue of Liberty was designated a national monument—Congress passed a permanent-quota law. It was the first piece of major immigration legislation and, as amended in 1929, rigidly regulated the flow of immigrants to this country for thirty-six years. It fixed the total number of immigrants at a hundred and fifty thousand a year, and apportioned to each country a quota of two per cent of the number of that country's ex-nationals living in the United States at the time of the 1920 census. Immigrants from the countries of northwestern Europe were, in effect, granted an allotment of more than seventy per cent of this so-called national-origins quota, while those from the countries of Southern and Eastern Europe, who had been streaming across the Atlantic since the beginning of the century in ever-increasing numbers and were by then thought to threaten the predominantly Anglo-Saxon complexion of the country, were allotted proportionately low quotas. Historians usually give at least two reasons for the passage of the 1924 act: fear of political radicals, and the influence of contemporary theories of eugenics. At the time, there was much left-wing agitation in the trade unions, and part of the blame for this was placed on Poles, Italians, and Jews; Poles, Italians, and Jews also became targets of eugenicists, who called them "undesirables" and "biological degenerates," and whose ideas loomed prominently in the congressional hearings and debates on the bill. The eugenicists tried to show through laborious research that the human race was divided into superior and inferior types, and that America had been built up by the superior types, who originated in Northern Europe, and was now being inundated by the inferior types, who originated in Southern and Eastern Europe. The eugenicists claimed that the inferior types were genetically incapable of performing "decently" in a free, democratic society, and that they or their children would end up by destroying it. One eugenicist—Dr. Harry H. Laughlin, of the Eugenics Record Office of the Carnegie Institution, of Washington—made several studies for the House of Representatives' Committee on Immigration and Naturalization as its "expert eugenics agent." He testified before the committee on "the relative degeneracies of the several types in each of the nativity groups in the population of the United States," and produced an array of charts and statistics to prove that the more recent immigrants to the United States tended to have a greater incidence of insanity, feeblemindedness, crime, delinquency, leprosy, epilepsy, tuberculosis, blindness, deafness, deformity, and dependency than their predecessors. At one point, he said:

> America is a melting pot.... If we succeed for many centuries as a great nation, historians should be able to look back and always find us exercising great vigor and vigilance in sorting out the immigrant material which applied for admission to the United States. We should be found admitting only sound metals, and those in such proportions as would alloy well with the earlier American elements already in the crucible, and should take great care to reject and eliminate all dross. The American bell should vibrate without discord.

Some of the more fanatical eugenicists actually suggested that the "undesirables" already in the country could be humanely got rid of with carbonic-acid gas. The amended 1924 act continued to govern United States immigration policy until 1965, when the national-origins quota system was finally abolished in favor of a two-part system—one part, for the Western Hemisphere, based on the principle of first-come-first-served, and the other, for the Eastern Hemisphere, on a principle of giving preference to the skilled and the talented. This system, however, continued to regulate the number of immigrants, allotting a hundred and twenty thousand a year to the Western Hemisphere and a hundred and seventy thousand (with a maximum of twenty thousand from a single country) to the Eastern Hemisphere. (Since 1965, the total number of immigrants has actually been about four hundred

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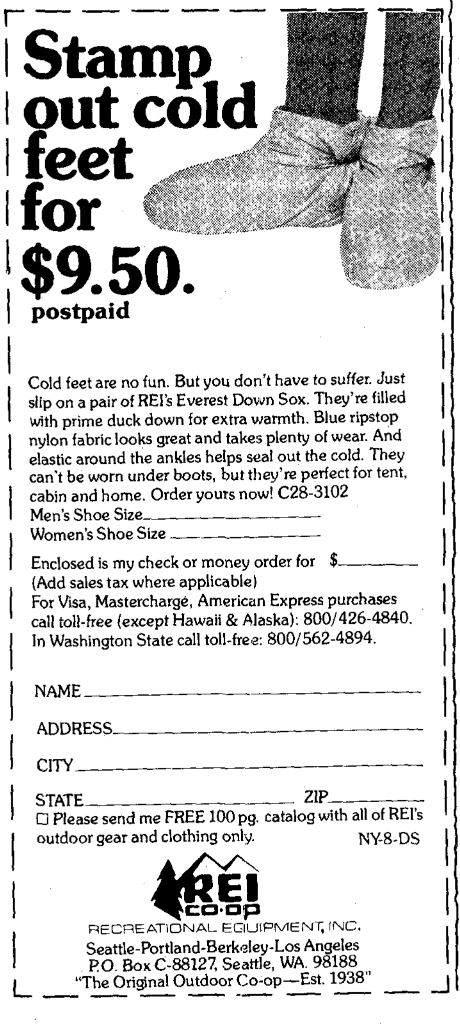
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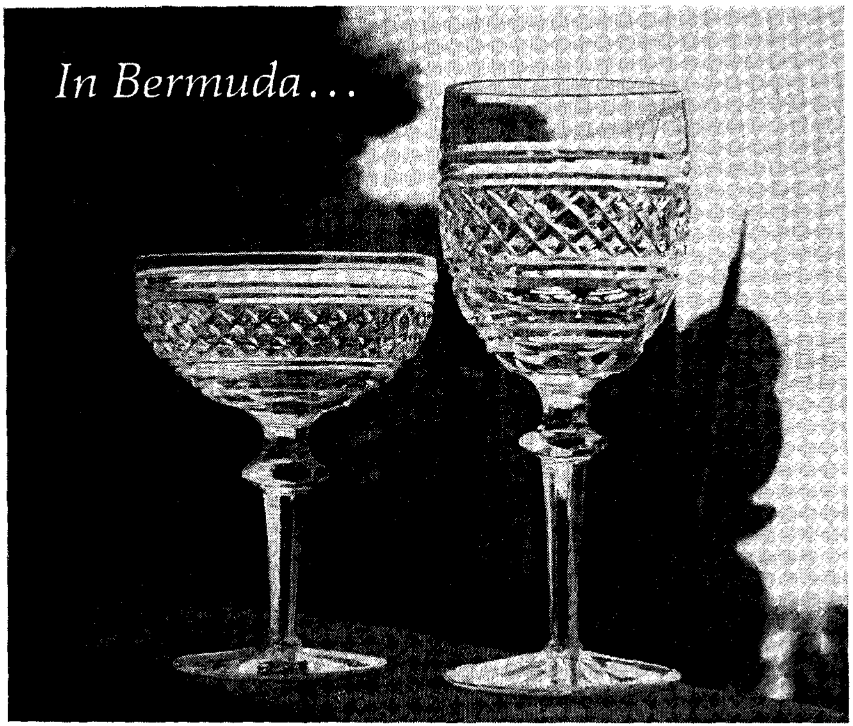
thousand a year, because parents, spouses, and children of American citizens are permitted to immigrate freely.) All the immigrants who had been admitted since 1924, however, constituted a very much smaller proportion of the population, which numbered well over two hundred million, than immigrants did in 1900, when the population was only seventy-six million. But these more recent immigrants, because they tended to congregate in the big cities, seemed much more numerous than they actually were.

It would have been easier, I concluded, to have been born an American in the first place, but since I hadn't, I reasoned, it was easier to make a commitment to America than to most other countries I could think of. Coming from India, I could never become casual about America's open society, with its political freedoms and its economic opportunities. I felt that America, as a "young" country, was less weighed down by history, tradition, class, and caste, which block change in India and in so many other countries. Since America was also an affluent country, the distinctions of class and privilege that did exist here had less importance than they had elsewhere. And, since America was a big country, it could more easily assimilate immigrants. I happened to share some of these feelings and thoughts with an American friend who moves in psychoanalytic circles. "Rationalizations," he said. "Of course, you may consciously think that you are becoming an American citizen because Nixon resigned or because of what Meany said or because of your expectations of America, but, unconsciously, you are trying to reject part of your childhood."

TWO weeks after my naturalization hearing with Mr. Roberts, I receive a letter from the Department of Justice—of which the Immigration and Naturalization Service is a part—summoning me to court, but I am to appear only if in the interval between my naturalization examination and my designated day in court I have not been absent from America; have not been married, divorced, separated, or widowed; have not joined the Communist Party; have not claimed exemption from military service or changed my willingness to bear arms for America; and have not committed crimes of any sort or acted immorally in any of a number of possible ways. Although I had a moment of alarm a few days back, when I received another communication from the Department of Jus-



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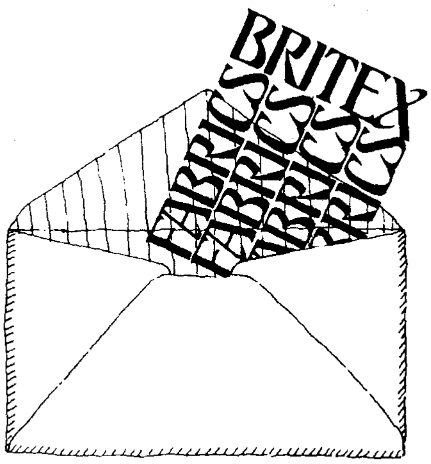

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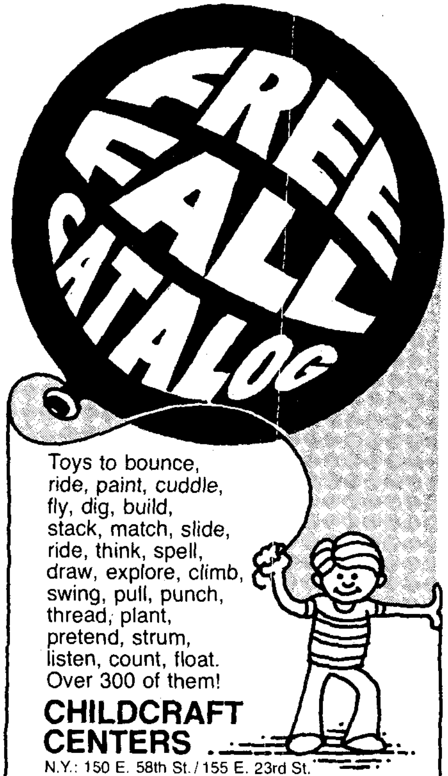

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tice, requiring me to be fingerprinted immediately, because “fingerprints previously submitted are unsatisfactory,” I decide that the latest letter is a good omen, since I know I have kept clean.

And so I duly appear at the imposing United States Courthouse in Foley Square. It is 8 A.M., and with me are two old friends who are part of my “family” here now—a young woman whose ancestors probably came over on the Mayflower, and a young playwright with an ability to bring a sense of occasion to any event. I take my place in a line of would-be citizens from all over the world—on this particular day, West Indians predominate—who are waiting patiently in the corridor outside the courtroom. I wonder about their many countries and their pasts, and what prompted them to converge here today, but there is already something American-seeming about them; they could be a crowd on the platform of a New York subway station. We are called one by one to a desk in the courtroom, where we have to sign our certificates of naturalization and surrender our precious green cards. Many people resist giving up their green cards, especially when they are told that they will have to wait a couple of weeks for their certificates of naturalization to be processed and sent to them by registered mail. I, too, feel a pang of reluctance as I realize that I will be in limbo—no longer a permanent resident and not yet stamped and certified a naturalized citizen. There are about a hundred and fifty of us in line, and it is about two hours before all of us are through with the signing. Those of us who arrived first take seats in the courtroom with our friends and families; the rest have to stand. Everyone has been given a welcome kit, and we pass the time looking it over. There is an individual letter from the President, a thumbnail history of the Pledge of Allegiance and the music to which it is set, and a souvenir booklet containing the text not only of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence but also of “Rules for Saluting the Flag,” “The Star-Spangled Banner,” “American's Creed,” “The Meaning of American Citizenship,” “The Duties of a Citizen,” “Rights and Privileges of a Citizen,” “The Five Qualities of the Good Citizen,” and the song “America,” along with some blank pages for “Memories of the Occasion.”

Shortly, United States District Judge Inzer B. Wyatt, a heavyset elderly man in black robes, comes in and takes his place on the bench, and the hubbub in the room subsides. The court clerk, a big, Italian-looking man, perhaps a naturalized citizen himself, calls out the names of a few people who have not shown up to sign their certificates—he mispronounces even the simplest foreign names—and then says, “In the matter of Audor Baeder.”

The young attorney of my naturalization examination steps up and says, “Good morning, Your Honor. My name is Seth Roberts, and I represent the Immigration and Naturalization Service. In the matter of Petition No. 822451”—apparently, the number refers to the person called Audor Baeder—“petitioner was a member of a proscribed organization while he lived in Hungary. After thorough investigation, the Immigration and Naturalization Service found him eligible for naturalization. I therefore move that his petition be granted.”

“All right. This will be received, and on your statement the recommendation is accepted and the motion granted,” the Judge says, in a big, deep voice.

“In the matter of Mui Lin Ho,” the court clerk says.

Mr. Roberts then explains to the judge that Petition No. 825497 failed her immigration examination, because she was unable to speak, read, or write English, and that she did not appear for reëxamination when summoned on three separate occasions. He therefore moves that her petition be denied for lack of prosecution. He makes half a dozen similar motions to deny petitions, and the Judge accordingly denies all of them.

“Your Honor, I now wish to present one hundred and forty-eight petitioners for naturalization,” Mr. Roberts goes on. “These petitioners have all been examined, and it was determined that they all are eligible for naturalization. I therefore move that their petitions be granted and that they be admitted to citizenship upon taking the Oath of Allegiance. Of these petitioners, twenty-five have requested a change of name. The Service has no objection . . . and I therefore move that their requests for change of name be granted.” He further moves that two of the petitioners be exempted from taking the Oath of Allegiance, on the ground that they are under fourteen years of age, and that a third petitioner be administered a modified Oath, on the ground that he is a conscientious objector.

The Judge, who sounds as though he were from the South, grants these motions, too. He seems to have a little flair: he manages to vary the routine replies, branching out from "The motion is granted" into "So granted," "I think I have no choice but to grant the motion," and the like.

The court clerk tells all of us petitioners who are to take the Oath to stand and raise our right hands.

"I hereby declare . . ." the clerk says, leading us.

"I hereby declare . . ." we respond.

"On oath . . ."

"On oath . . ."

And so he takes us through the Oath of Allegiance: ". . . that I absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty, of whom or which I have heretofore been a subject or citizen; that I will support and defend the Constitution and laws of the United States of America against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I will bear arms on behalf of the United States when required by the law; that I will perform noncombatant service in the armed forces of the United States when required by the law; that I will perform work of national importance under civilian direction when required by the law; and that I take this obligation freely without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion: So help me God." (The conscientious objector is later led through the Oath by himself, and does not have to agree to bear arms.)

I repeat the powerful, magisterial words of the Oath and am moved by them. At the same time, I feel that I can never altogether renounce the country in which I was born: never renounce my mother tongue, my Indian childhood, my Indian memories, my brown skin and distinctive Indian features—never entirely stop being an Indian.

"Fellow-citizens," the Judge is saying, in his sonorous voice. It feels strange to be so addressed. "It is a privilege to be the first to address as fellow-citizens those who have been admitted this morning to citizenship by the Oath just taken. It is also a pleasure and a privilege to welcome on this solemn and significant occasion the relatives and friends of our new fellow-citizens. I am sorry that our accommodations in this, the largest courtroom in the building, are not sufficient to provide a place to sit down for all of you. I observed with regret that some

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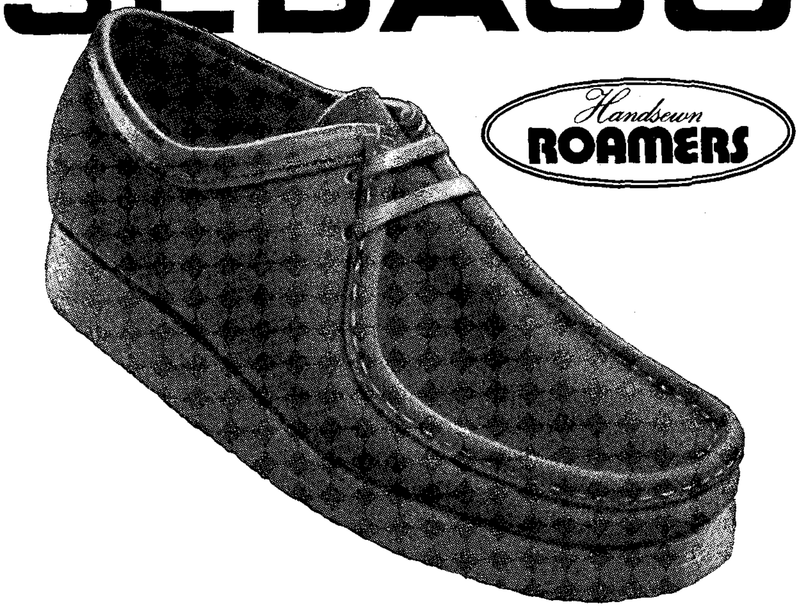

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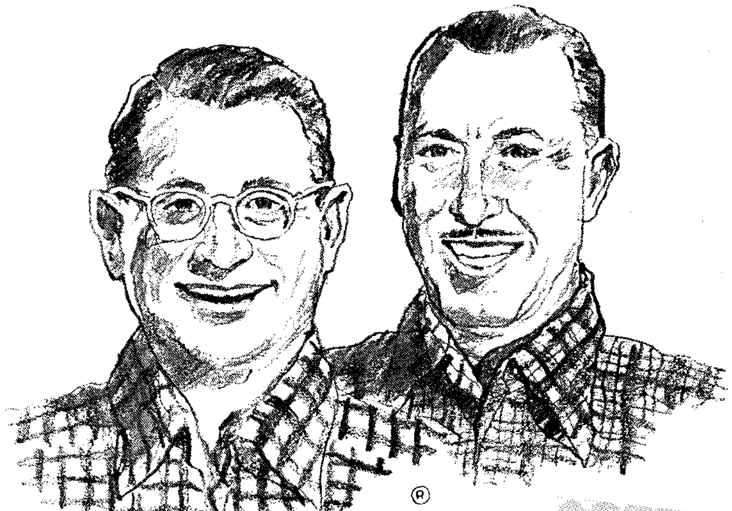

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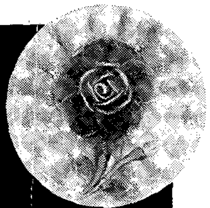

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of you are obliged to stand. But my remarks will be sufficiently short so that you may be consoled by the thought that you will not be obliged to stand very long. First, you have all been found to be of good moral character. That means a lot. It means that you have, to this point in your lives, conducted yourselves uprightly and honorably. And, second, you have been found to be attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States and well disposed toward the good order and happiness of the United States, and that is important also. We like to think on occasions such as this, when we are reminded of it, that this is a government of law, a government by consent of the governed, a government of, by, and for the people. When you go to Washington—and I hope that all of you will someday go to our capital city—I ask you to look at the beautiful white marble building of the Supreme Court of the United States, and, above the towering but graceful columns at the front of the building, read what is written there in only four words: 'EQUAL JUSTICE UNDER LAW' . . . You have doubtless noticed the discussion and debate in the last few days over the refugees who have come to our country from Vietnam. It would be inappropriate for us to consider the merits of that debate and discussion. But you must have been struck, as most of us have been struck, by how often in this debate and discussion it is said we are a nation of immigrants. And it is true. We are a nation of immigrants such as you ladies and gentlemen who are before me as new citizens this morning. The United States has absorbed the strengths of all its immigrants, and this fusion of many different strains and virtues has greatly contributed to our present strength, and it has also greatly—indeed, essentially—helped to make democracy work. . . . We will ask the clerk to lead us all in a Pledge of Allegiance to the flag."

I am touched by the Judge's words. Yet I wonder what he can know of the inner life of each of the immigrants sitting or standing before him, of what each must have gone through to arrive in this courtroom, and of what each must be feeling about this occasion at this moment. As we rise to say the Pledge of Allegiance, my young woman friend kisses me, and my writer friend shakes my hand and says, "Congratulations. This is great. My grandfather, too, was an immigrant. He was from Poland."

As I pledge allegiance, I recall coming across some words of Learned Hand, who, swearing in another generation of citizens some thirty years ago in New York's Central Park, said:

> We have some right to consider ourselves a picked group, a group of those who had the courage to break from the past and brave the dangers and the loneliness of a strange land. What was the object that nerved us, or those who went before us, to this choice? We sought liberty, freedom from oppression, freedom from want, freedom to be ourselves. . . . Liberty lies in the hearts of men and women; when it dies there, no constitution, no law, no court can save it. . . . The spirit of liberty is the spirit of Him who, near two thousand years ago, taught mankind that lesson it has never learned, but has never quite forgotten; that there may be a kingdom where the least shall be heard and considered side by side with the greatest. And now, in that spirit, that spirit of an America which has never been, and which may never be; nay, which never will be except as the conscience and courage of Americans create it; yet in the spirit of that America which lies hidden in some form in the aspirations of us all . . . in that spirit of liberty and of America I ask you to rise and with me pledge our faith in the glorious destiny of our beloved country.

After the ceremony, I go with my friends to have lunch at Fraunces Tavern, the inn dating from American Revolutionary times. We feast on New England chowder, spicy shrimp curry à l'Indienne with Major Grey chutney, and a bottle of Pouilly-Fuissé. "I am no longer a guest in your country," I say. "Now I, too, can sign petitions and march and protest in public when I feel like it, without worrying about abusing hospitality." One of my friends suggests that I wait until I have my certificate of naturalization in hand.

A couple of weeks later, my certificate of naturalization—No. 9845165—arrives in the mail. It looks very much like an A.T. & T. bond, except that it has my photograph on it, and it reads, in part:

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>
> Be it known that at a term of the District Court of The United States held pursuant to law at New York City . . . the Court having found that VED PARKASH MEHTA . . . intends to reside permanently in the United States (when so required by the Naturalization Laws of the United States), had in all other respects complied with the applicable provisions of such naturalization laws, and was entitled to be admitted to citizenship, thereupon ordered that such person be and (s)he was admitted as a citizen of the United States of America.

After using the certificate to obtain an American passport, I put it in my safe-deposit box, which I felt was an appropriate place for the deed to Learned Hand's hidden kingdom.

—VED MEHTA

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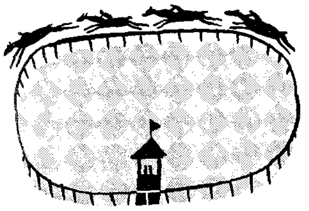
THE RACE TRACK

Jatski's Travers



Run Dusty Run finished first by a nose in the Travers Stakes at Saratoga Springs last Saturday, but the stewards ordered his number down, because he had been bumping and crowding Jatski in a furious tussle through the stretch. The race was awarded to Jatski, who has been running well in the Middle West. It was the second disqualification in the hundred and eight runnings of the midsummer classic for three-year-olds. (The first was in 1915.) According to present custom, Run Dusty Run was placed second; in the old days, a disqualified horse was placed last. Silver Series finished third, nearly five lengths away. A record crowd of 35,530 turned out to watch, and an unusually large field of fourteen went to the post. The mile and a quarter was a merry scramble for all but the first three; Silver Series led to the stretch, where Jatski and Run Dusty Run passed him. Before Saratoga, Jatski, a seventeen-hand dark-bay colt by Jatullah out of Ski who is owned by William Murray, had won the Governor's Cup Handicap at Chicago's Arlington Park and the President's Cup Handicap at Ak-Sar-Ben, in Omaha. I can't help feeling a bit sorry for Run Dusty Run. He finished second in the Belmont Stakes, the Kentucky Derby, the Bluegrass Stakes, and the Louisiana Derby, and third in the Preakness. Smiley Adams, his trainer, is still smiling, though. Seattle Slew skipped the Travers, and that's why there were as many as fourteen runners. He is still resting, but he made a public appearance at the Spa on Tuesday, which Governor Carey had proclaimed Seattle Slew Day, and the crowd cheered him.

If L'Alezane hasn't won the Spinaway—the prize race of the meeting for two-year-old fillies—before you read this, I'll be surprised. Jean-Louis Levesque's runner from Canada, who won the Schuylerville on opening day, followed it up by racing down Sunny Bay in the Adirondack Stakes and winning by three-quarters of a length, with Misgivings third.

It is a tossup, I'd say, whether Calumet Farm's Alydar or Harbor View Farm's Affirmed will be the favorite for the Hopeful Stakes this Saturday, closing day. The latter came through with another smart performance in the Sanford Stakes (a race still remembered as the only one in which Man o' War was beaten). It was the fourth victory in five starts for the good-looking colt by Exclusive Native. Cauthen got him away well, and he was never far behind the leaders, making his run on the turn for home to win by two and three-quarters lengths from Tilt Up, who took the place by a head from Jet Diplomacy. The time for the six furlongs was a lively 1:09⅗.

Saratoga's new fixture, the Empire Stakes, for two-year-olds bred in New York State, had its second running on Thursday. Milfer Farm's Tequillo Boogie brought off a 40–1 chance, coming up in the last few strides in the six furlongs to beat Long Wait by three-quarters of a length. Big Tir was third, and Dame Keys, the 7–10 favorite, who tired in the stretch, was fourth.

The Fall Highweight Handicap will open Belmont Park on August 29th, just like old times.

—Audax Minor

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Contributors' Notes

SS writes: In the November 1975 issue (page 807) I reviewed a pair of Supraphon discs, 110 1641-2, with 10 symphonies ascribed to the Benda brothers—nine to Franz, one (but it was unclear which) to Georg. The annual index ascribes the lot to Georg; the *Gramophone Classical Catalogue* lists them as Franz's and confuses their number. Thanks to a helpful letter from the leading authority on the composers, John D. Drake, I can now set things more nearly straight. The sleeve-note's B flat Symphony by Georg is the one on Side 4; in fact the one in A major on Side 3, called No. 12 and attributed to Franz, is also Georg's work. Further, the D major Symphony on Side 4 is probably not by Franz, either, but more probably by Georg's son Friedrich Ludwig Benda (1752-92)—one source ascribes it to an unknown, and probably non-existent, F. C. Benda. Mr Drake further tells me that the Violin Concerto recorded as by Georg (Supraphon 110 1060) is actually by Franz.

May I add to all this a small plea (which I know Mr Drake would vigorously endorse) that the brothers be known as Franz (not František) and Georg (not Jiří)? These were the names the two men themselves chose to use during their working lives, and were always known by—and have the further advantages of being more easily spelt and pronounced.—*Gramophone.*

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BOOKS

The Naked Emperor

TWO able historians have recently published books about Hitler. "Hitler's War," by David Irving (Viking), is narrative military history. "The Psychopathic God: Adolf Hitler," by Robert G. L. Waite (Basic Books), is descriptive psychohistory. Mr. Waite, a professor of history at Williams, has assailed Mr. Irving, an English military writer, for not judging Hitler harshly enough. Nonetheless, the man they are writing about is recognizably the same, and, indeed, the authors have several points of agreement: both, for example, think Hitler was intelligent. Mr. Waite cites Hitler's good grades in primary school, and ascribes his subsequent academic failure to emotional difficulties. But Hitler reads to me as, at best, cunning, and it seems more likely that the boy was not bright enough to handle higher levels of abstraction. Hitler gives no sign, in either book, of taste, wit, or originality. His conversations were part fantasy, part yammering. Though he was forever talking about Frederick the Great, he adopted the policies that undid Napoleon: he infuriated the English and attacked the Russians, choosing to launch his Operation Barbarossa on the anniversary of Napoleon's invasion. Mr. Irving offers as evidence of Hitler's intelligence occasions on which his military ideas were better than those of his generals. But these examples happened at the wrong level: a national leader is supposed to shape policy, not tactics; to select sound managers at home and secure sure allies abroad. Hitler did none of these things. He started the Second World War on the same gamble that Imperial Germany started the First: Germany could win a fast victory. Hitler's success in reproducing failure does not look like intelligence.

Mr. Irving has attempted a difficult historical and imaginative feat—to see the Second World War through Hitler's eyes—and has done so well that he has misled Mr. Waite into thinking that he himself agrees with all the ideas and actions he records. Waite's book came to reviewers with a leaflet attacking Irving which, I think, demonstrates Waite's misreading as well as his disagreements. He is enraged by Irving's account of Hitler's euthanasia program. But Irving characterizes it as "hideous" in his first sentence on the subject, and besides expressing his moral disapprobation goes out of his way to explain why Hitler's idea of destroying German men, women, and children who were mentally or physically unfit was scientifically unsound. (Waite, by the way, attributes much of the intensity of Hitler's anti-Semitism to the fear that he himself had Jewish blood. He also mentions that Hitler's immediate family abounded in mental and physical defectives. Perhaps there was the same sort of self-hating or fearful motive behind Hitler's orders to murder the most helpless patients in the hospitals of the Third Reich.)

Mr. Waite, who believes that Hitler specifically ordered the murder of Europe's Jews, is also enraged because Mr. Irving cannot find evidence for such an order—nothing comparable to the evidence for the euthanasia order, or the "commissar order" to kill political commissars with the Russian Army, or any of the innumerable barbarous commands that Hitler issued without shame or concealment. Irving finds, instead, that Hitler kept talking as if the Jews were being "resettled" in Eastern Europe long after the extermination program had begun—mainly, Irving believes, on the initiative of Heinrich Himmler and his deputy in the Gestapo, Reinhard Heydrich. Irving says that Heydrich told government officials that "the Führer had sanctioned the evacuation of all Jews to the eastern territories . . ." (Waite says that "the final decision to kill the Jews of Europe was made at the Wannsee Conference, 20 January, 1942." But no historian I know of places Hitler at that conference.) Mr. Irving's thesis is hard to accept: to translate it into American, imagine F.D.R. ignorant of the extermination of every Japanese and Japanese-American in our wartime concentration camps. Yet Mr. Waite's rage is excessive, for Irving is not trying to prove Hitler humane. He thinks that Hitler was too practical to have transported millions of Jews during a war merely to kill them. I myself do not think Hitler was practical or rational, and though Waite insists that Hitler never became psychotic, I wonder whether he understood the nature and quality of the

"Lately I'm into weather."

acts he committed, for he was curiously evasive about the realities of violence. Both authors mention that when he travelled through wartime Germany he pulled down the window shades on his train, but they miss what strikes me as an obvious motive: he was afraid to see the wreckage wrought by Allied bombing. Unlike British wartime leaders, Hitler did not make a habit of visiting bombed areas to cheer or console civilians. Irving mentions that Hitler's military staff did not report casualties to him, and though he often went to the front, he did not include visits to military hospitals in his routine. His vicious rhetoric and savage orders emanated from very sheltered quarters; he seems to have avoided the sight of the shattered bodies and buildings that war brings about.

Mr. Irving takes seriously the possibility that the British should have tried harder to come to terms with Hitler, because he thinks that the outcome of the war profited only Russia and he trusts that Hitler's admiration for the British as his racial brethren would have guaranteed the British Empire. But by the time of the Second World War no foreigner of any account trusted Hitler, and the distrusters included such canny survivors as Franco and Molotov, whose assessments of a man they dealt with seem realistic. For that matter, I have my doubts about the reality of Russian gains—their present empire appears to be even less cohesive than it was in 1941, when the German invaders were at first welcomed as liberators. Another element of this book struck me as exasperating: Irving's sympathy with Hitler's claims that Germany was the first line of defense against Bolshevism. It was, after all, the government of Imperial Germany which shipped Lenin to St. Petersburg, and it was Hitler himself who distracted Stalin from his absorption in killing Russians and in August, 1939, gave him license to kill Poles, Latvians, and Estonians. I am perplexed, too, by Mr. Irving's obsession with the British Empire. He assumes that the British became strong by having an empire, but historically the reverse is true—they acquired their empire because they were strong. Irving also assumes that the British were fighting for their empire, but Hitler's treatment of other "racial brethren"—Dutch, Danes, Norwegians—suggests that the British were right in thinking they were fighting for their lives. In fact, Hitler did not treat Germans very well—the five thousand insane and retarded children he killed were "racial" Germans; so were the

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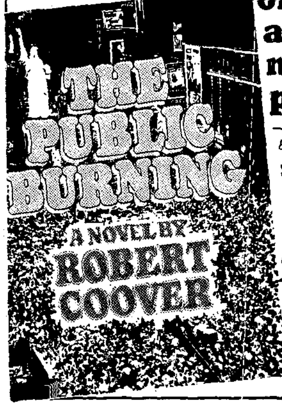
THE PUBLIC BURNING
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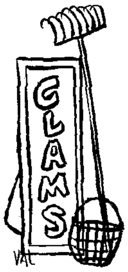
one hundred and fifty "dissidents" guillotined by the Gestapo in August, 1943. Hitler's fantasy G.I. Bill planned not to send German veterans to college but to resettle them on farms in Russia.

Where Mr. Irving is good, he is very, very good. He is remarkable at clarifying the connectedness of the war. For instance, he points out that the sinking of the Bismarck was not an unqualified British success, because the German battleship engaged a British armada in the Atlantic which might have been more useful in the Mediterranean, defending Crete. On a larger scale, although we regard our campaign in Italy as a disappointment—at least, in terms of our expectations—this book shows that in its effect on the Germans the campaign was a second front, drawing forces that were needed in Russia and later in France. The Normandy landings were really a third front. Hitler's war was vast because his ambitions were vast—minimally, he wanted to own or control all of Europe—and it is wonderful how Mr. Irving, without any confusion or any dull stretches, ranges over the entire German war effort. He shows us the precise importance of each problem, from the squabbles between Rumania and Hungary to the decay of the Luftwaffe, from the sources of raw materials to the roles that individual generals played. The book is a brilliant study of war which makes military problems fascinating and—possibly because the losing side becomes so vivid—war loathsome.

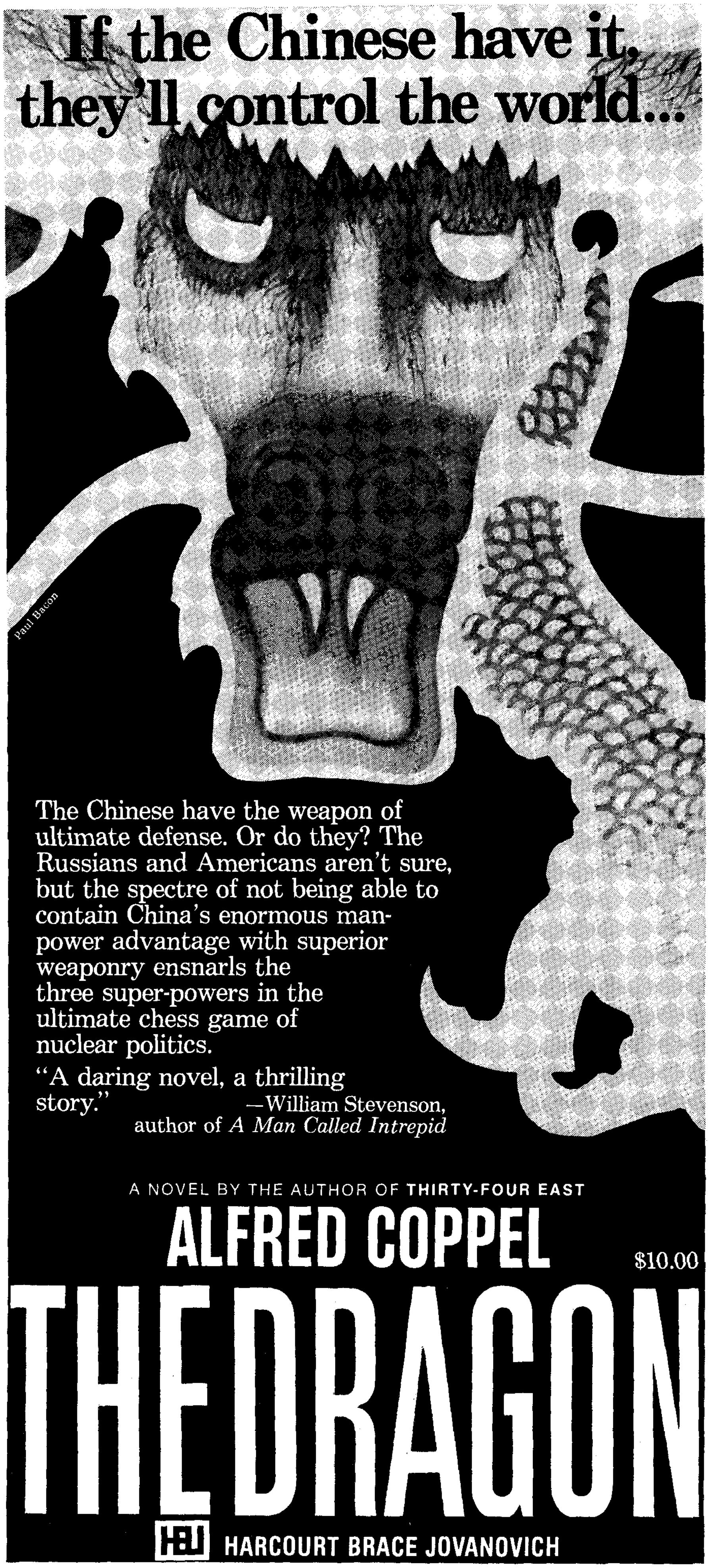
Mr. Waite believes that Hitler was "a pathological personality," and also calls him a "borderline personality"—assessments that seem just, if perhaps mild. This author is attempting to offer a coherent portrait of an incoherent person, and it seems to me that everything that Mr. Irving's Hitler—a weak leader with a "pathological mind" who is nonetheless sane—says and does makes good sense if you think of him as Mr. Waite's Hitler, who, though not "psychotic," is very peculiar indeed. Waite admits that his psychohistory relies on some "conjecture," and readers may find some of that conjecture iffy. Still, he is always careful to distinguish his inferences, opinions, and hypotheses from verifiable facts. There is plenty of supposition in Mr. Waite's account of Hitler's disturbed early home life, but there is proof that both Hitler's parents refused to attend the funeral of one of their own children, a younger son who died when Adolf was eleven. And, whether or not you accept all Mr. Waite's notions about Hitler's sexual abnormality, the author has turned up the fact that six of the seven women with whom Hitler was intimate either committed suicide or "seriously attempted to do so." Hitler was, in all senses, unloving, and Waite believes that his never-failing springs of hatred for others arose from hatred of himself, so that with part of his psyche Hitler willed his own destruction and that of the German people. Mr. Irving quotes Hitler as saying toward the end, "I am beginning to doubt that the German people is worthy of my genius." Mr. Waite records this in a slightly different form, and also records, "Germany is not worthy of me; let her perish." It never crossed Hitler's mind that the German people would survive losing him. Waite, in his chapter about Hitler's death, has an enlightening discussion of the egocentricity of suicides.



Mr. Waite maintains that Hitler could be charming, but his Hitler does not seem charming to me. Perhaps this is a matter of cultural bias. My reading has given me the impression that Germans have been more tolerant than English-speakers of men who throw tantrums, get into flaps, and publicly exhibit wide swings of emotion. Waite mentions Bismarck's nervous crises. Biographies show Prince Albert in identical frenzies over his son's poor grades and Palmerston's conduct of foreign policy. Wilhelm II was always giving offense in England, though his own subjects seem not to have found him unstable or even notably unattractive. It is difficult to imagine someone as lacking in self-control and good manners as Ludendorff achieving high command in an English-speaking army—the English used to send gifted but temperamental military men, like Gordon and Wingate, to places like the Sudan and Burma, the boondocks of empire. Waite, however, alleges that Germans found charm in a man who gobbled all the sweets, made disgusting comments on food at the table, engaged in staring matches, bragged about his intelligence, and flew into a rage when anybody questioned one of his statements. Perhaps it is a matter of other places, other mores.

Having just acknowledged the existence of diverse national cultures, I want to complain that I think Mr. Waite, in seeking the cultural roots of Nazism, goes too far back into the German past. He is not the only author to have done so, yet I have never believed that Germany was destined by her culture in the sixteenth century to become a plague in the twentieth. Waite is careful to mention that Hitler was not the first choice of the German people: he never received a majority of votes in a free election. Even in psychohistory, it is worth seeking political causes of political effects. Hitler became Chancellor primarily because the Weimar Republic, like the Spanish Second Republic and the French Third Republic—both casualties of that era—was burdened with a multiparty system. Once he was installed in office, his armed followers made him unevictable. This is not peculiarly German; it was not easy to get rid of the Ku Klux Klan in several states in the nineteen-twenties. In the sixteenth century, German culture was very different from Italian culture. The common link between the two European countries that became Fascist in the twentieth century is that both were unified in the nineteenth by processes in which their more generous spirits were shunted aside. Bismarck rather than the Frankfurt Assembly of 1848, Cavour rather than the Garibaldini triumphed. As schoolchildren, we may have found it difficult to accept a marmoreal father of our country who could not tell a lie. But think how political traditions suffer when children are taught to admire a founding father who felt no compulsion to tell the truth.

Mr. Waite takes Hitler seriously as a political leader, but his psychohistory seems to me to place Hitler not among statesmen but among criminals. The only people I have ever read about whom Hitler resembles are the subjects of the essays in William Bolitho's "Murder for Profit": five men—William Burke, J.-B. Troppmann, G. J. Smith, Désiré Landru, and Fritz Haarmann—who, between 1829 and 1925, were executed for having murdered many (in some cases no one knows how many) people for money. They were not found insane, and Bolitho does not think they were mad. Nor does he wish to define a mass-murderer type. He does, however, find similarities among his quintet, and Hitler shares them all. "They very commonly construct for themselves a life-romance, a personal myth in which they are the maltreated hero," says Bolitho, adding, "The mass-murderer lies to himself;" Waite writes of Hitler's "extraordinary capacity for self-deception." Bolitho notes that the mass murderer is often "a good family man;"



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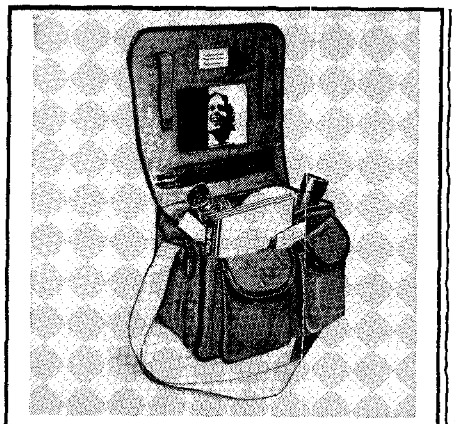

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A mystery by WILLIAM McILVANNEY
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PANTHEON

the doctor who treated Hitler's mother in her last illness, Waite says, remembered Hitler as "a fine and exemplary son." Like Hitler, "the mass-murderer is almost always found to have had dealings . . . with the institution of War . . . often there is a direct history of soldiering." Hitler was abstemious; Smith, Landru, and Haarmann did not drink. "They suffer from an itch of ambition," writes Bolitho. The mass murderer is apt to be an "autodidact" pretending to greater learning than he possesses, just as Hitler, having read a fistful of anti-Semitic pamphlets, claimed, according to Waite, to have found in race "the key to world history." Nineteenth-century "scientific" racism was one aspect of the Low Enlightenment, a movement that the Austrian historian Friedrich Heer characterized as a "destructive, vulgarized rationalism" and as "the expression of an appalling anxiety" that fastened upon science and made "exaggerated desperate attempts to grasp and transmit everything in a few firm formulas of salvation." To some extent, Hitler was a parody intellectual, as Bolitho sees his killers as parody entrepreneurs. By the time I was old enough to read Bolitho's book, which was published in 1926, crime, like business, had become a corporate rather than an individual undertaking, and the world had moved from the Age of Enterprise to the Age of Politics.

The Age of Politics has presented us with the problem of identification: a larger cast than ever appears in public, without a reliable playbill. Hitler's career benefitted from circumstances with which he had nothing to do—for example, he took power when Germany's former enemies had begun to adopt a revisionist attitude toward Germany and the Versailles Treaty. He also benefitted from being misidentified. Mr. Irving quotes General Jodl, who wrote of Hitler after the war, "I keep making the same mistake: I blame his humble origins. But then I remember how many peasants' sons have been blessed by History with the name The Great." What could the General have been thinking of? Hitler was nothing like a peasant's son: he never did a stroke of manual work; besides, he talked too much. Mr. Waite mentions the misidentification of Hitler by Communists, who thought that Nazism, as "the last stage of monopoly capitalism," would lead to a Communist revolution, and his misidentification by the conservative Chancellor Heinrich Brüning, who hoped that Hitler would restore the Hohenzollerns. Clearly, German Communists knew nothing about capitalists, and German conservatives—Brüning and others—knew so little about revolutionaries that they could not identify Hitler as one. The Age of Politics requires us to become critics of human beings, criticism being essentially the art of accurate identification.

Mr. Irving and Mr. Waite do not wish us to identify Hitler with the Devil. They both use the word "de-demonize" to describe their efforts. Both insist on his gifts, which are invisible to me. His war was a stupid enterprise. Mr. Waite sees political gifts in Hitler's reduction of unemployment, but National Socialism was, after all, a form of Socialism that blossomed in the great collective enterprise of the modern state: war. William Shirer has pointed out that after 1934 "the real basis of Germany's recovery was rearmament." I do not see Hitler as the Prince of Darkness; I do not see him as a prince of anything. Historically, the agents of destruction have rarely been epic figures. Pontius Pilate was an incompetent colonial administrator who kept Judaea in an uproar until he was recalled and tried for cruelty. The assassins at Sarajevo were not men of distinction. Perhaps the human attraction to symmetry makes us unwitting Manichaeans—because we have had great good men, we invent great bad men.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

EDITH'S DIARY, by Patricia Highsmith (Simon & Schuster; $8.95). Miss Highsmith has always been a strong and richly imaginative entertainer, and this new novel is her strongest, her most imaginative, and by far her most substantial. Edith, when we meet her, in 1955, is Mrs. Brett Howland, the mother of a ten-year-old son called Cliffie, and an active community worker in the village of Brunswick Corner, Pennsylvania. She is a firmly committed liberal with a clear view of the realities of world affairs, but her diary tells a different story: it gives her satisfaction there to soften, and even beautify, the rough edges of family and domestic truth. And the truth of Edith's life is rough enough. Cliffie is a poor student, a liar, a delinquent, and, as the years pass, increasingly worthless. Brett falls in love with his secretary, and leaves. More than that, he leaves behind his bedridden uncle for Edith to care for. The diary entries take on a brighter and brighter glow. "Edith's Diary" is a work of extraordinary force and feeling.

THE GOAT, THE WOLF, AND THE CRAB, by Gillian Martin (Scribners; $7.95). A middle-aged Englishwoman learns that she has cancer and will die unless she has an operation. She chooses not to have it. This decision, the first she has ever made that defied what people expected of her, becomes the symbol of her independence and self-esteem. There is actually little that she values in life. Her marriage to a bossy dentist is empty, her two sons have moved away, and her suburban friends bore her. Before she goes, however, she decides to have some fun: first, she transforms herself into a butterfly; then she uses a four-letter word at her weekly *Kaffeeklatsch;* and, finally, she has an affair with a young neighbor, in the short course of which she discovers passion and fulfills a lifelong fantasy by purchasing a pair of silk knickers. Unfortunately, the neighbor is a cad, so she also discovers rejection and bitterness, and in the end she spends her last days with her husband, who has understood little of his wife's violent changes in mood. Miss Martin is quite savagely funny about English suburban life, but most readers will find the book's theme a bit cloying.

GENERAL

JUSTICE CRUCIFIED: THE STORY OF SACCO AND VANZETTI, by Roberta Strauss Feuerlicht (McGraw-Hill; $15), and THE NEVER-ENDING WRONG, by Katherine Anne Porter (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $5.95). The Italian anarchists who were convicted of murdering two men while stealing a payroll in South Braintree, Massachusetts, in 1920 were executed on August 23, 1927; these books commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of what many people, including the authors, regard as an injustice. Mrs. Feuerlicht has written a history of the case married to a willful history of the United States, intended to prove that white Protestants of English stock have invariably persecuted other groups, and that Sacco and Vanzetti were only two of many victims of Puritan narcissism. She writes a swift, readable prose, and is very good at describing the personalities of these men, who were linked by misfortune but were temperamentally dissimilar. Miss Porter, the distinguished novelist, has at-

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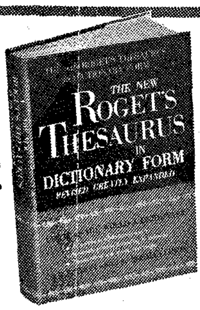

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tempted a more modest work. Relying on her diaries, she re-creates the feelings of those Americans who, like her, went to Boston to protest and demonstrate in an effort to save the lives of the condemned men. She remembers the manipulations of the Communist Party, the innocence and fearfulness of the demonstrators, and the bewilderment of the police. She writes like an angel—a shining style, gleaming candor.

OUR LIKE WILL NOT BE THERE AGAIN, by Lawrence Millman (Little, Brown; $7.95). The author, an American writer and poet, visited the west of Ireland in quest of native "speakers": the men and women practitioners of a once flourishing art form, who in the inglenooks of rural cottages told stories of past wonders—stories that had been passed down the centuries by word of mouth alone. Mr. Millman, who carried a tape recorder with him, had only middling success, for the storytellers are a vanishing race. But, broadening his search, he found that in the fields and pubs, the farmhouses and tinker encampments of the western counties he was able to record what amounts to a collective lament for ways of life that are being lost: the nomadic tinkers are being settled in housing developments; the fishermen, farriers, and sheepherders die and their sons get clerkships in Dublin; the small farmers bow out of the struggle with the "competitive agricultural units" that conform to European Economic Community specifications, and remodel their cabins to give bed and breakfast to tourists. This is a sad book, but there is no sentimentality in it; the people it celebrates are tough, and if they are to go down they will do so in a veritable flood of "talkin'."

NOTE: "Houses and Travellers," prose by W. S. Merwin, has been published by Atheneum ($10). Many of the pieces in this collection originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

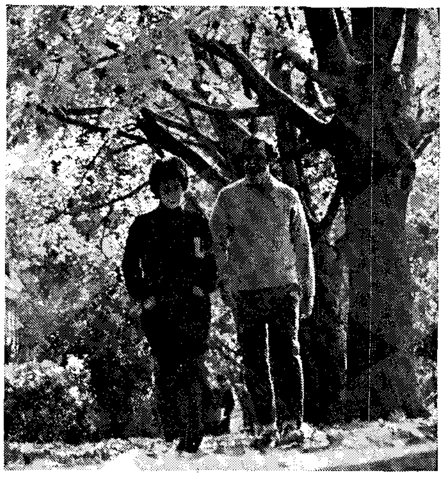
•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Santa Fe New Mexican*]

ST. KITTS, West Indies (UPI)—The man shelled a last peanut, rose, forgetting to put on one shoe, raised his umbrella and walked out the front door, noticing as he did that the dog had dug a hole there.

All seemingly innocent actions. But any expert in West Indies superstitions could have forecast that all hell was about to break loose in that man's life.



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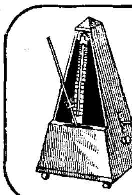

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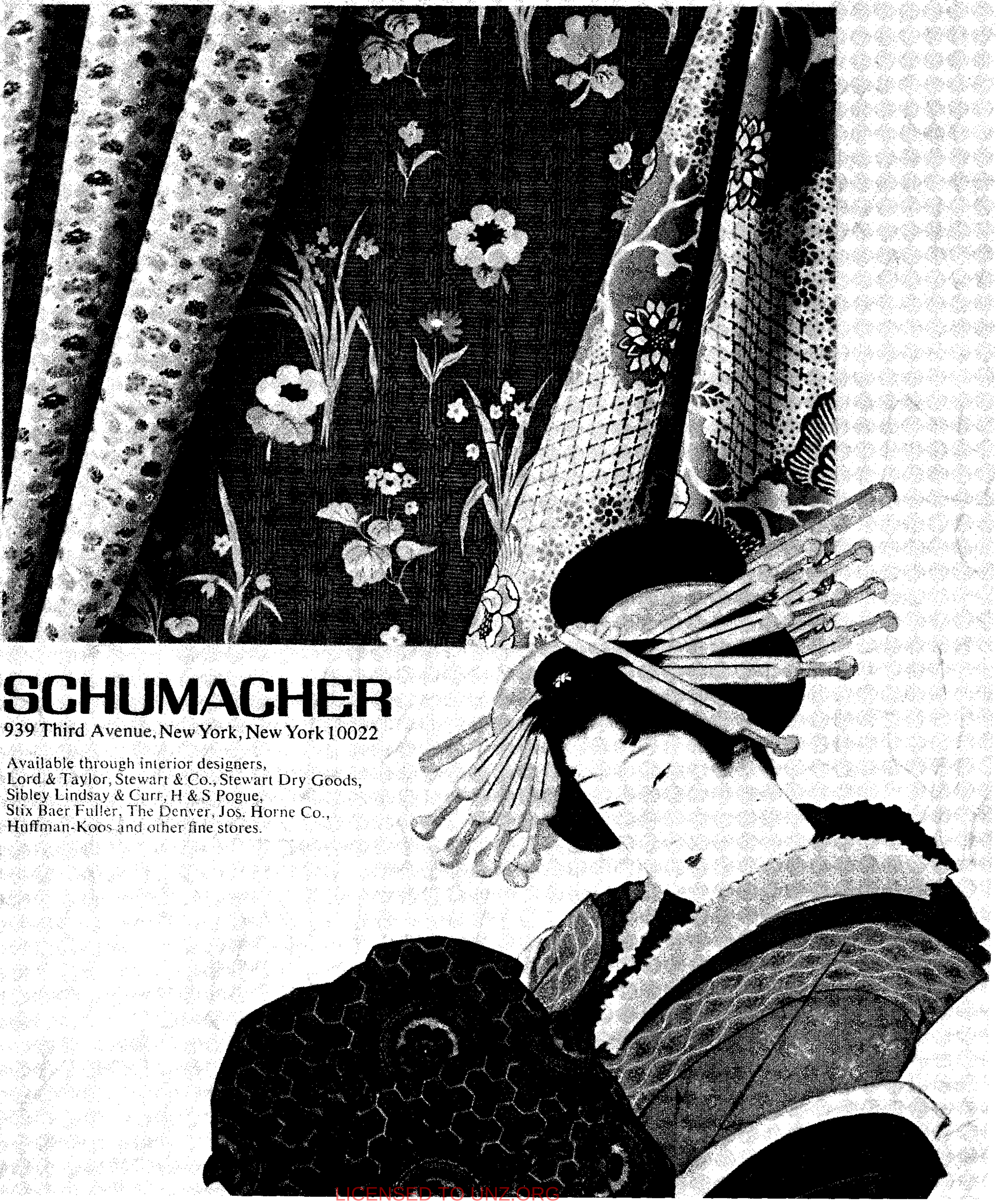

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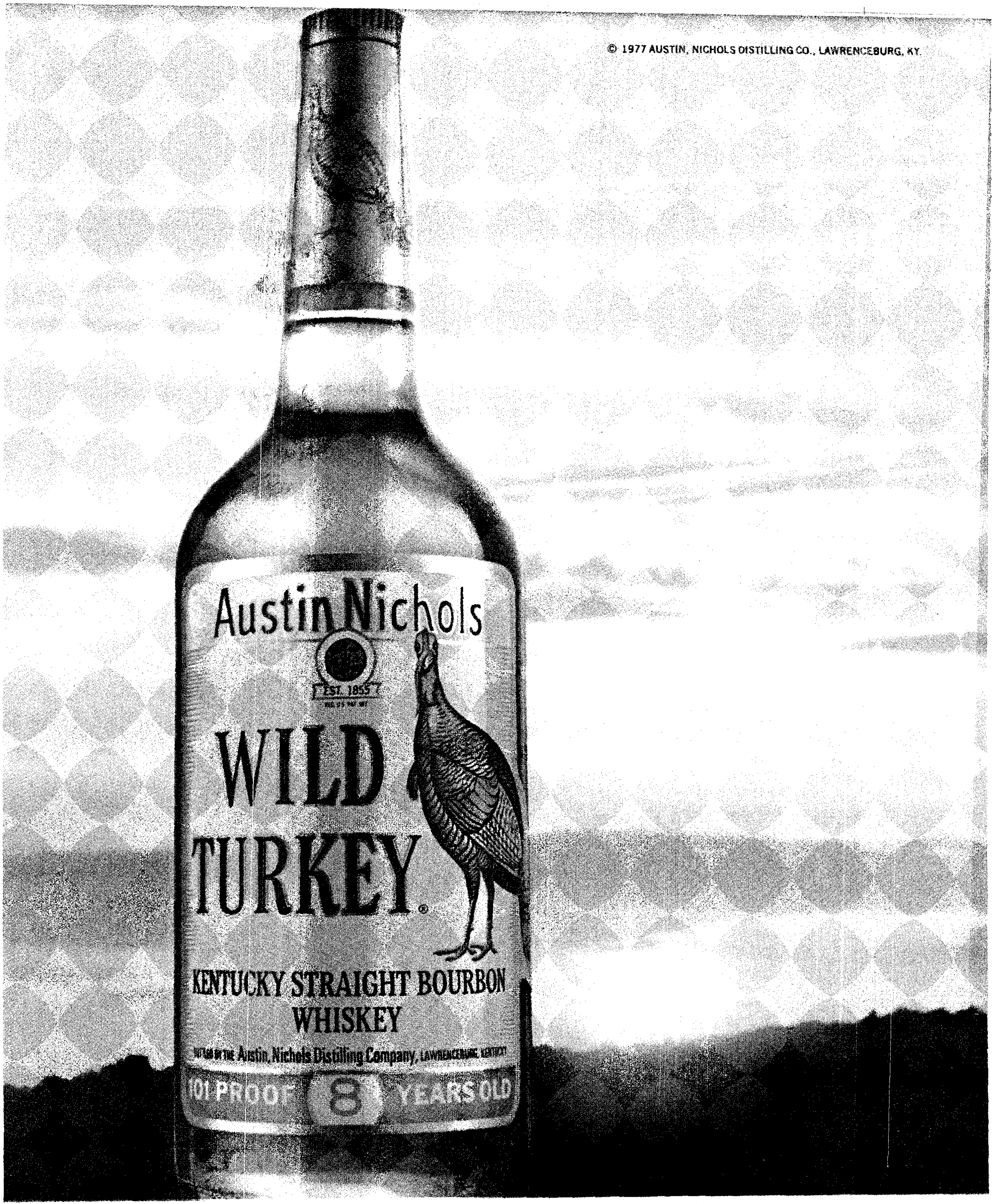
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